Sept. 24, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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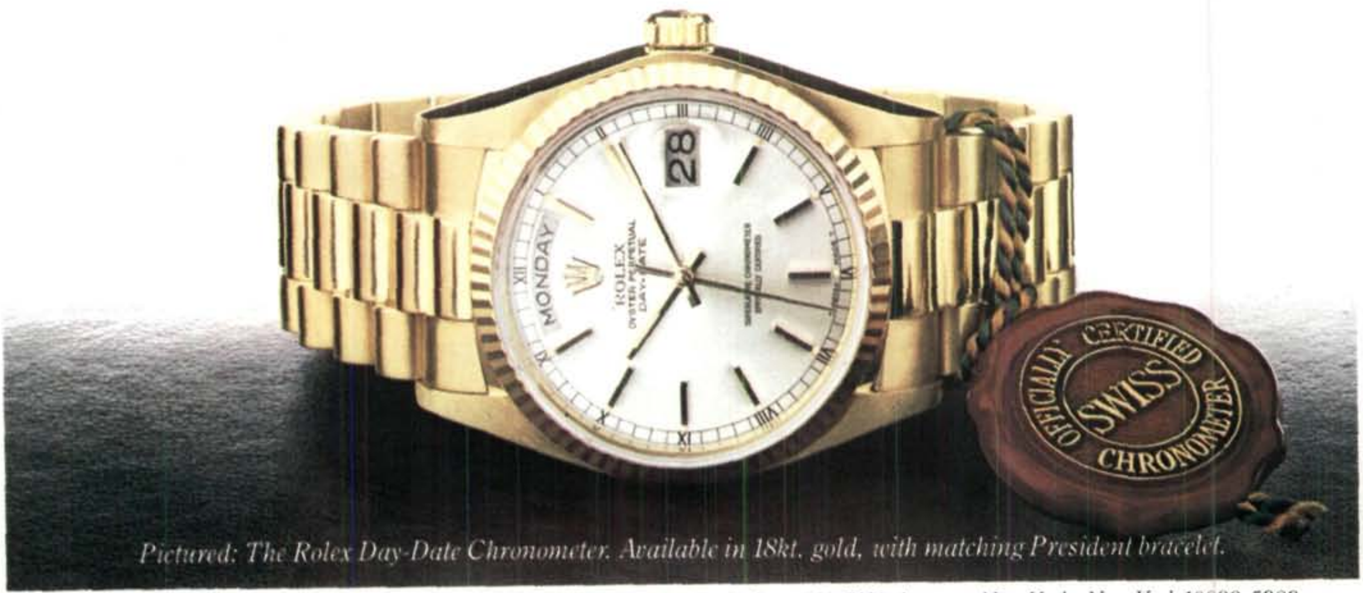

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters —seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) The production, seen recently at the Circle Repertory Company Theatre, has moved to the Minetta Lane Theatre. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 19. Reopens officially on Thursday, Sept. 20, at 6:45. (18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—The first and second in a series of productions by three avant-garde theatre companies from Italy. Falso Movimento's "Otello," a modernization of the Verdi opera, closes Sunday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Krypton's "Eneide," based on the Virgil epic, opens Wednesday, Sept. 26, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 7. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 7:30; festival runs through Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is very well performed by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, Raul Julia, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 23.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Marge Kotlisky, Alan Rosenberg, Nicholas Hormann, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Quilters—A musical with a book by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek and music, lyrics, and direction by Miss Damashek. This production, based on the book "The Quilters: Women and Domestic Art," by Patricia Cooper and Norma Bradley Allen, was originally presented by the Denver Center Theatre Company. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 20-23. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 6:30. (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Sept. 22, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seu-

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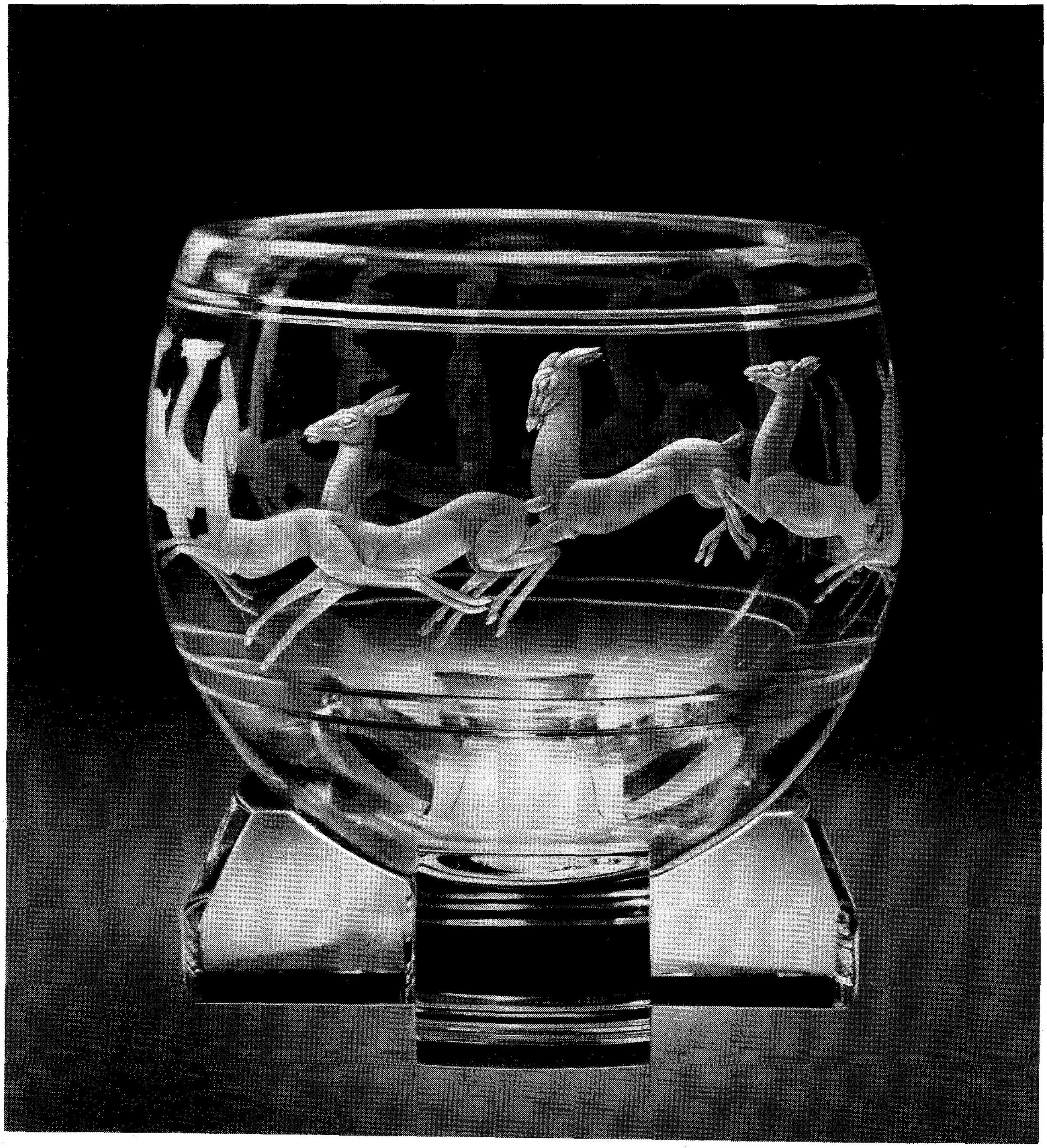

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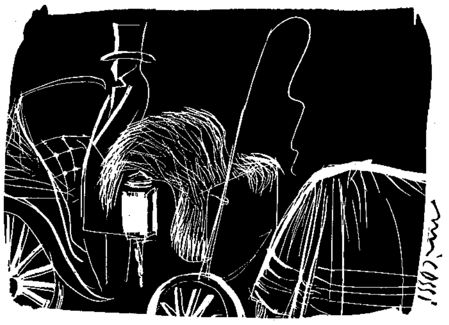
STEUBEN GLASS

rat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does *much to brighten what is otherwise a curious*ly gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Viva Vittorio!—Vittorio Gassman in a two-week engagement of a one-man show. Performed in English and Italian. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 19, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 30. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 23, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are George Hearn and Keith Michell. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,152 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg in a one-man clown show. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 20, at 6:45. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Sept. 19, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ice Show—"Walt Disney's World on Ice," with Rosalynn Sumners. Opens Tuesday, Sept. 25, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 7. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 25-27, at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—A nine-day engagement, presenting a new "Event" each evening. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, at 8; Sundays, Sept. 23 and 30, at 7:30; and Monday through Saturday, Sept. 24-29, at 8.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 14—Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 8; and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8: "Agon" and "Giselle" (company première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Manifestations," "Voluntaries" (company première), and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at the piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Robert Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, will be devoted to the **ERROL PARKER** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Sept. 19, Frank Reeves & the Sneaker Boys, City Beat, and the Poor Boys; Thursday, Sept. 20, a poetry session with Richard Hell; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, the **PERSUASIONS,** the sublime street-corner a-cappella soul group; Sunday, Sept 23, Art, 69, and the Stanlees; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24-25, comedy nights; Wednesday, Sept. 26, the Adults, Secret Life, and Coup d'Etat; Thursday, Sept. 27, Sanction, Frivolous Pursuit, and the Score; Friday, Sept. 28, Jim Dawson (at eight), Wired, and 83; and Saturday, Sept. 29, Jim Dawson (at eight), Big Deal, the Museum, and the Igloos. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN** is here until Sunday, Sept. 23; on Monday, Sept. 24, the Microscopic Septet will drop by; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 25, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** will bring in his quintet. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, Sept. 19, the **TANNAHILL WEAVERS;** Friday, Sept. 21, Jonathan Edwards; Saturday, Sept. 22, **BO DIDDLEY;** Monday, Sept. 24, Ronnie Spector, Shirley Alston, and Darlene Love in a girl-group salute; Friday, Sept. 28, David Van Teighem; and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, Renaissance. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: Joyce Collins and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Sept. 22, and **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Monday, Sept. 24. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

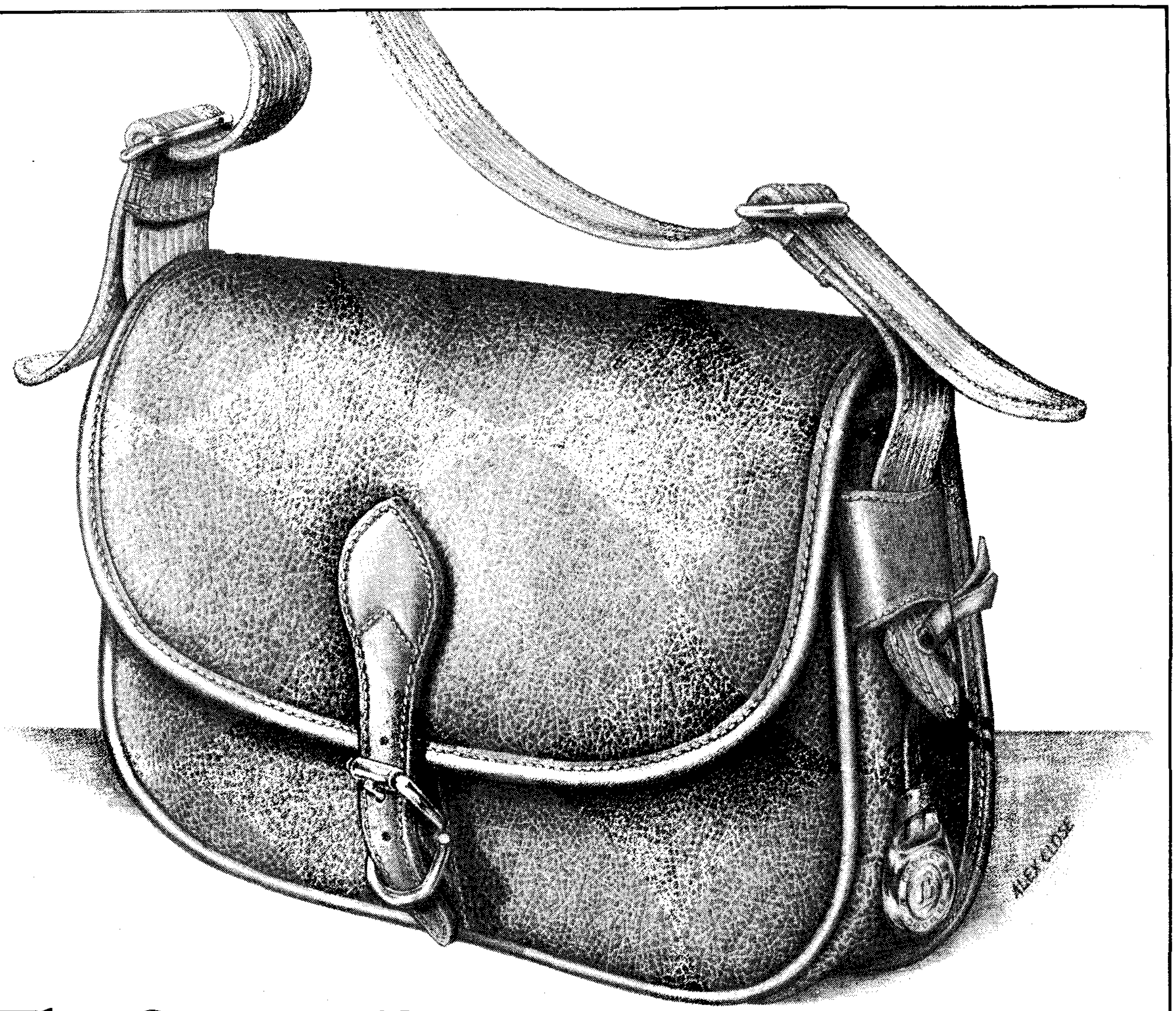
Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, is doing an all-Rodgers and Hart show in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Sept. 19, Danny & the Bleeders and the Why-Os; Thursday, Sept. 20, the Replacements, the Last Roundup, and the Dancing Hoods; Friday, Sept. 21, Butthole Surfers, the Five, and Dick; Saturday, Sept. 22, the Replacements, the Clintons, the Neats, and Dump Truck; Sunday, Sept. 23, Fang, Cause for Alarm, and the Killdozer; and Tuesday, Sept. 25, Short Circuit and the Objects. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Saturday, Sept. 22, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys, and Saturday, Sept. 29, **SKYLINE** with **TONY TRISCHKA.** There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Mondays and Tuesdays are Ed Polcer nights; Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street; Thursdays through Saturdays the tradition-minded house sextet cuts loose; and on Sunday, Sept. 23, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra will take charge. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George



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Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a *subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who* plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Guitarist **GEORGE VAN EPS,** whose solos are pretty and chordal, is here through Sunday, Sept. 23, and on Tuesday, Sept. 25, singer and pianist **BOBBY SCOTT** will move in with his trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and recording-studio innovator **LES PAUL** and a trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Sept. 20, Casselberry & Dupree and Toshi Reagon at nine and eleven; Friday, Sept. 21, Vermont folkie **MICHAEL HURLEY;** Saturday, Sept. 22, **JACK ELLIOTT,** the sophisticated cowboy-folkie, at eight and eleven; Monday, Sept. 24, Sonny Ochs; Wednesday, Sept. 26, Ned Sublette at nine and eleven; and Saturday, Sept. 29, Suzanne Vega at eight and eleven. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: singer **CARMEN LUNDY** through Saturday, Sept. 22; pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** Sunday and Monday, Sept. 23-24; bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 25-27; and bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Stride-piano dynamo **JUDY CARMICHAEL** performs through Saturday, Sept. 22; then on Tuesday, Sept. 25, pianist and singer **JIMMY ROWLES** will come in. The Sunday man is **JIMMY LYON;** and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Sept. 19, singer-bassist **RICK DANKO;** Thursday, Sept. 20, drummer and singer **LEVON HELM;** Monday, Sept. 24, Rare Earth; and Tuesday, Sept. 25, **DAVE MASON.** Dinin'.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**JACK DE JOHNETTE** is here playing piano with his support group, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS,** through Sunday, Sept. 23; on Monday, Sept. 24, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on sax, will take over the bandstand; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 25, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** and his quartet will come in. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays *and Saturdays. Dining.*

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The charming and witty **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is at the piano and singing, with **SANDY STEWART,** the music of Jerome Kern. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Sept. 19, Bill Connors; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Monday, Sept. 24, **JUMP STREET,** a rhythm-and-blues outfit; Tuesday, Sept. 25, Rob Lock; Wednesday, Sept. 26, Emilie Long; and Thursday, Sept. 27, Mirage. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, Sept. 21, Green on Red and Tommy Keane; Saturday, Sept. 22, Michael Jarrette's Tribe; and Friday, Sept. 28, Christy Rose & the Midnight Walkers. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

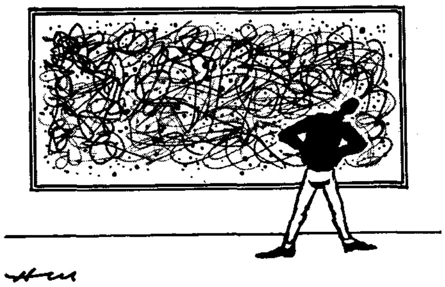
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **BOB HAGGART'S** orchestra provides the music to take it all in by. The music hours run Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Sept. 19, Hi Fi Tie and Andy Fraser; Thursday, Sept. 20, **BLACK UHURU** from Jamaica; Friday, Sept. 21, Dr. Buzzard's Savannah Band and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL,** an a-cappella group; Saturday, Sept. 22, Tracie & the Soul Squad; Sunday, Sept. 23, Southside Johnny; and Saturday, Sept. 29, Spear of Destiny. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **JOE BUSHKIN** and eleven musicians, including (through Saturday, Sept. 22) trumpeter-vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM,** salute Louis Armstrong. Mondays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 19, **JUMP STREET;** Thursday, Sept. 20, singer Connie James; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 21-23, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S BIG BAND;** Monday, Sept. 24, Foreign Legion; Wednesday, Sept. *26, Norbert Sloley; Thursday, Sept. 27, Two* One Two; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **STEPS AHEAD.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be *swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy* weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Sept. 19, Clymax; Thursday, Sept. 20, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Sept. 23, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET;** Wednesday, Sept. 26, Brother Valentino; Thursday, Sept. 27, Kimati Dini*zulu & the Kotoko Society; and Friday and* Saturday, Sept. 28-29, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.



Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** guides a quintet until Sunday, Sept. 23, and on Tuesday, Sept. 25, bassist **DAVE HOLLAND** will arrive with a quintet. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, awestruck aggregation. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. Rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** can be heard on Wednesdays, and Buster Poindexter (**DAVID JOHANSEN** to his mom) and his band are here Thursdays through Saturdays. The Scouts will perform on Tuesday, Sept. 25. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Sept. 24, the **JOSÉ ALBERTO ORCHESTRA** and **HECTOR LAVOE** and his orchestra will be on hand, along with a guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** On Friday, Sept. 28, starting at ten-thirty, the **BLACK SWAN QUINTET,** which features violinist **LEROY JENKINS,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **MILFORD GRAVES,** will share the stage with singer-pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS,** dancers, and a whole slew of other musicians. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace *after nine-thirty, pianist* **JAKI BYARD** *and bass*ist Ralph Hamperian work together until Sunday, Sept. 23. On Tuesday, Sept. 25, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** will take over, and, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** heads up a trio through Sunday, Sept. 23, and on Tuesday, Sept. 25, ex-Mingus-ites pianist **DON PULLEN** and saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** will descend the stairs with their quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians, mostly pianists. Wednesday, Sept. 19, Samir Safwat; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 20-23, Ted Chavis and Bob Hobson; Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 24-26, Frank Jolliffe and Joe Ruddick; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 27-30, Joel Forrester and Dave Hofstra. Music nightly from *eight-thirty until two.*

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University *is* just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday, Sept. 19, **RAY BARRETTO;** Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 20-23, the Dizzy Gillespie-*less* Dizzy Gillespie All-Stars; Monday, Sept. 24, Arlene Smith & the Chantels; Tuesday, Sept. 25, Shelton Gary; Wednesday, Sept. 26, **JERRY GONZALEZ & FORT APACHE;** and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 27-29, **LIONEL HAMPTON** and a quartet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and musicians in it. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** play duets through Saturday, Sept. 22, and on Tuesday, Sept. 25, **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **GEORGE DUVIVIER** will begin their piano-bass adventures. Sundays are given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** and *Mondays to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist* Brian Torff. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Diana Ross—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 20-22, at 8 and midnight; Sunday, Sept. 23, at 3 and 8; and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24-25, at 8.

Peter Allen—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thurs-

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day and Friday, Sept. 20-21, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8 and midnight; and Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 23-25, at 8.

Frank Foster and His Non-Electric Company—With Danny Mixon. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Alice Coltrane—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Sept. 21, at 8 and 11.

Jimmy Rowles Quartet—With Zoot Sims. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 9.)

Menudo—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 29-30, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 1-3, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 5-6, at 7:30.

A Flock of Seagulls—With the Bangles. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Harold Ashby Quartet—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open *Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)*

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Walter Darby Bannard / Friedel Dzubas—Recent paintings. / Monotypes. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Fanny Brennan—Tiny oils painted with a gentle surrealist wit; one of them shows a fluffy white cloud being cut in two by a pair of unaccountably airborne scissors. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—New abstract paintings and sculptures by a New Orleans artist. Through Oct. 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Michel (1897-1983)—Works on paper by a Bauhaus-influenced German artist seldom exhibited here. Through Oct. 27. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henry Moore—Drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Marjorie Strider—Painted-metal wall sculptures by an American Indian artist. Also, four drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Irvin Tepper—Porcelain coffee cups, intentionally flawed in the casting. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Mexican Folk Art—About one tenth of the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller has been selected for a show of more than three hundred pieces which provides examples in many mediums—ceramic, wood, leather, cloth, lacquerware, and papier-mâché. Through Oct. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and works on paper dated 1915 to 1945 by American modernists Marin, Hartley, Maurer, and others. Through Oct. 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by eleven artists, including Joseph Beuys, Susan Rothenberg, and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Oct. 6.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—New diptychs, with his customary high-relief figures (vastly larger than before) on one side and sketchily painted nudes on the other. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Erik Gunnar Asplund (1885-1940)—Architectural drawings for four projects in his native Sweden, including Stockholm's Woodland Chapel and Cemetery. Through Oct. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—The female breast is the main theme of these handsome new sculptures, some done in various kinds of marble and some in bronze. Through Oct. 6. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—A recent series entitled "Flower Gardens," consisting of color-photocopied images cut and pasted onto canvas and handmade paper. Through Oct. 13. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Bush (1909-77)—Acrylic paintings on canvas by a Canadian color-field artist. Through Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Irma Cavat—Realist paintings of delicatessen, hanging cheeses, bakery goods, flowers, and fruits, by a California artist who seems to have a good appetite. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Roz Chast—Colored drawings by a *New Yorker* artist. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Davis—Large bright-colored abstractions whose paint is splashed on, a marked departure from the geometric forms of his previous canvases. Through Oct. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Genn—Twenty-four handmade-paper works. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Nancy Grossman / Robert Gwathmey—Recent pencil and charcoal drawings of androgynous figures in complex scenarios. Also, a fifteen-foot leather totem. Through Friday, Sept. 28. / Paintings (from the forties to the present) whose predominant subjects are flower still-lifes and Southern rural blacks. Through Oct. 6. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Nechvatal—Drawings of figures hidden behind a screen of irregular marks, wood sculptures with photocopies of the drawings applied to them, and photo-enlargements of the drawings. Through Oct. 13. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

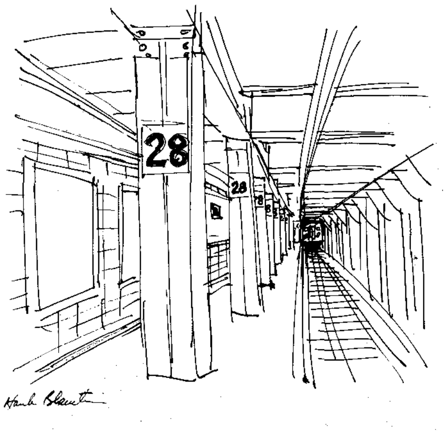
Leo Rabkin—Small boxes, fixed to the wall, which open to reveal little surprises; also abstract pastels on embossed paper. Through Oct. 6. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lore Riess—Free-hanging abstract paintings on canvas strips. Through Oct. 5. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Phil Sims—Contrasting brushstrokes, glossy and matte, enliven these large canvases painted over with a single dominant color—either red, green, brown, or blue. Through Oct. 6. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Gary Stephan—Sculptural notions worked out in acrylic paintings, plus two metal sculptures. Through Oct. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **baskerville-watson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by ten artists, among them Steve Wood, whose sculptures, which meld the organic and the geometric, are made of resin-soaked canvas; Louise Fishman, who paints abstractions; and R. M. Fischer, who is represented by one of his sleek, space-age lamps. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: The gallery's twenty-fifth-anniversary celebration brings together works first seen in the débuts here of such artists as Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and H. C. Westermann. Through Oct. 18. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: *Paintings, drawings, and sculptures* by eight prominent abstractionists: a new wall drawing by LeWitt, relatively recent works by Stella and Judd, and earlier works by Andre, Ryman, and others. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **alex rosenberg,** 20 W. 57th St.: William King, Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning, and other painters and sculptors who live in the Hamptons, in a show that compares current work with work done twenty years ago. Through Oct. 13. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by early-twentieth-century modernists, including Joseph Stella, Rolph Scarlett, and Manierre Dawson. Through Oct. 3. . . . **siegel,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members Douglas Higgins, Robert Jessup, Maria Scotti, and others, as well as works by guest artists, including Robert McCauley and Milton Resnick. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: British artists, 1843 to 1935, represented by works in a variety of mediums, from a pen-and-ink drawing by Walter Crane to Alvin Langdon Coburn's photograph of George Meredith. Through Oct. 20. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Four contemporary sculptors—Paul Bowen, Jeff Mendoza, Mia Westerlund Roosen, and Judith Shea—who share an interest in primitive forms and objects from the past. Through Oct. 6. (Open Mondays.)



GALLERIES—SoHo

Billy Apple—A conceptual-art project in which the artist's head, fore and aft, is seen in a series of photolithographic prints documenting his transition from plain old Barrie Bates to the new Billy Apple. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Nancy Azara—Totemlike wood sculptures painted in bright colors. Also, six works of handmade paper interwoven with twine and rope. Through Oct. 3. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Camille Eskell—Figurative works on paper. Through Wednesday, Sept. 26. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Diane Farrell—Paintings and drawings influenced by Jungian psychology and dream imagery, including a three-by-four-foot oil inspired by a dream of Mt. Rushmore. Through Saturday, Sept. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Edward Lee Hendricks—Large, elegantly balanced kinetic sculptures, ultra high-tech in character and meant to go outside, where the slightest breeze will set their rotors going. There are also smaller, indoor wall pieces. Through Oct. 17. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Ed Kerns—Thickly painted geometrical abstractions done on wood panels in low-key colors—brick red and brown, for instance. Through Oct. 10. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Representative paintings done during the past fourteen years by this West German artist, who works in a sombre vein. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Tom Parish / Charles Parsons—Large oil paintings of imaginary landscapes. / Abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Sept. 22. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Ed Paschke—New paintings that have television pictures as their starting point. Most of them are outsize heads done in garish colors. Through Oct. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Liliana Porter—Multiple images set down on paper and canvas in various mediums (oil, pastel, silk-screen, collage), offering a sort of stream of consciousness of the artist at work—an excerpt from another artist here, a toy boat (drawn and collaged) there, an open book, a still-life. Through Oct. 6. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Mierle Laderman Ukeles—An installation intended to heighten our consciousness of the city's

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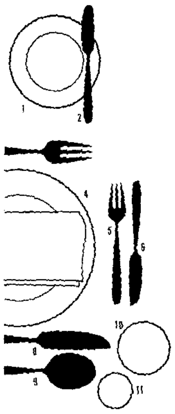
Eat? Or dine? The rise and fall and rise again of the dining room.

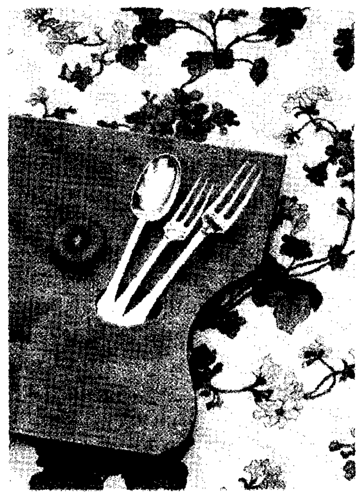


Just a few years ago dining rooms seemed to be on the list of endangered household species, a list that included butler's pantries, libraries and dressing rooms. Even a critically acclaimed off-Broadway play (*The Dining Room* by A.R. Gurney, Jr.) was based on the notion that this room was some sort of archeological artifact now useful only as a clue to the cultural and social changes of recent years.

But the latest news from the Home Front is that dining rooms are now high on many people's most-wanted lists and they're asking architects and designers to put them back into their lives.

This resurgence may be due in part to the Great American Gourmet Revolution now at its zenith. If you're going to shine at *nouvelle* and all those other cuisines, you want a proper theater in which to display your new-found masterpieces.

Whatever the reasons for their comeback, the new dining rooms are very different from those staid rooms of yesterday. Gone is much of the rigid formality. In its place, there's now a feeling of informal ease and comfort, reflecting today's more casual attitudes. In the Southampton dining room designed by Gary Crain shown here, you can feel this current mood. Even though the look is very Country/Traditional, the room is sparked with an informality that is thoroughly contemporary. Part of this effect results from the sprightly flower-strewn wallpaper and the inviting wing chair with its matching upholstery (from Schumacher's *Chez Moi* collection, the pattern is "Belle Isle"). The light-catching DuPont Dacron® and silk draperies and the imported wool Dhurrie rug counterpoint the period table and chairs in a very modern way, too. In all, a harmonious background for the social activity we call "dining."



Historically, separate rooms set aside solely for the purpose of eating didn't show up until well into the 18th century. As with many other things having to do with the cooking and serving of food, the idea of a separate "eating room" can be credited to the French and to the reign of Louis XV. The differentiated dining room helped to transform plain "eating" into fancy "dining." What had been a biologic necessity was turning into a key social ritual.

In keeping with this ritualization of dining, all sorts of customs were developed: England's Charles I had ok'd the use of cutlery several hundred years before with his declaration "It is decent to use a fork"; the central table surrounded by chairs, termed *"table à l'anglais,"* was adopted world-wide; sequential serving of meals, one course at a time "in the Russian manner" became another international standby; special dining room protocol—as well as all kinds of special dining room furniture—soon cluttered the eating rooms of the world.

In the two hundred years after Louis XV, dining rooms ultimately became the focal point of almost every household, no matter how rich or how humble. These high-flying days continued well into the middle of this century. Then, a few decades ago it seemed as though we were back in the pre-dining room era again, and were being asked to

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make do with the bit of space dubbed "the dining area" that was tacked onto some other room. Happily, this trend now seems to be reversed. Great meals are once again being served in great-looking dining rooms.

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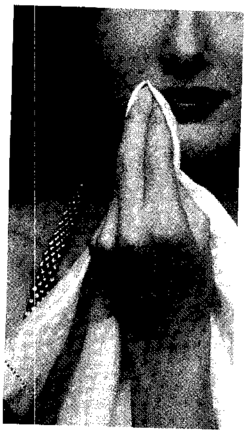
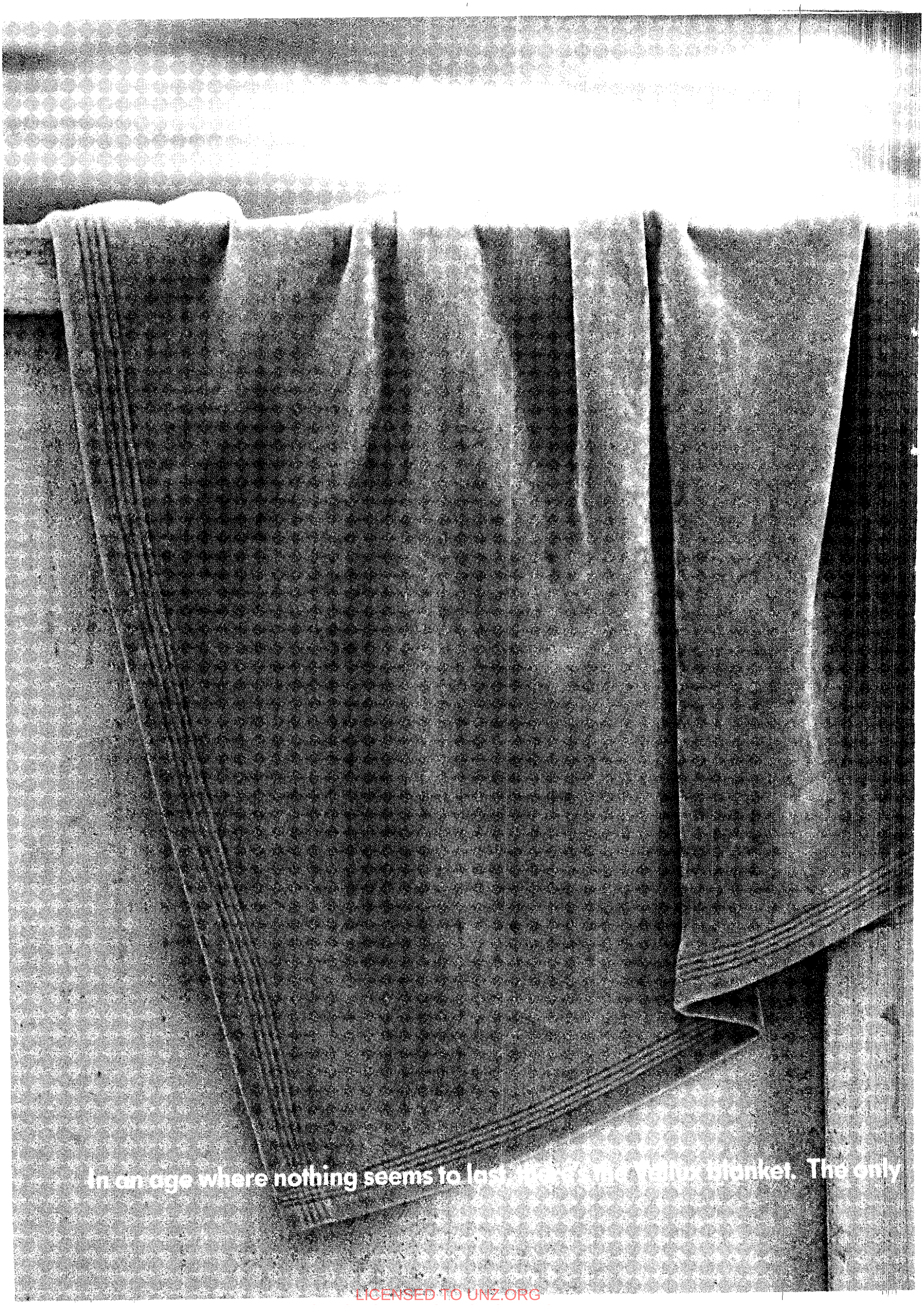
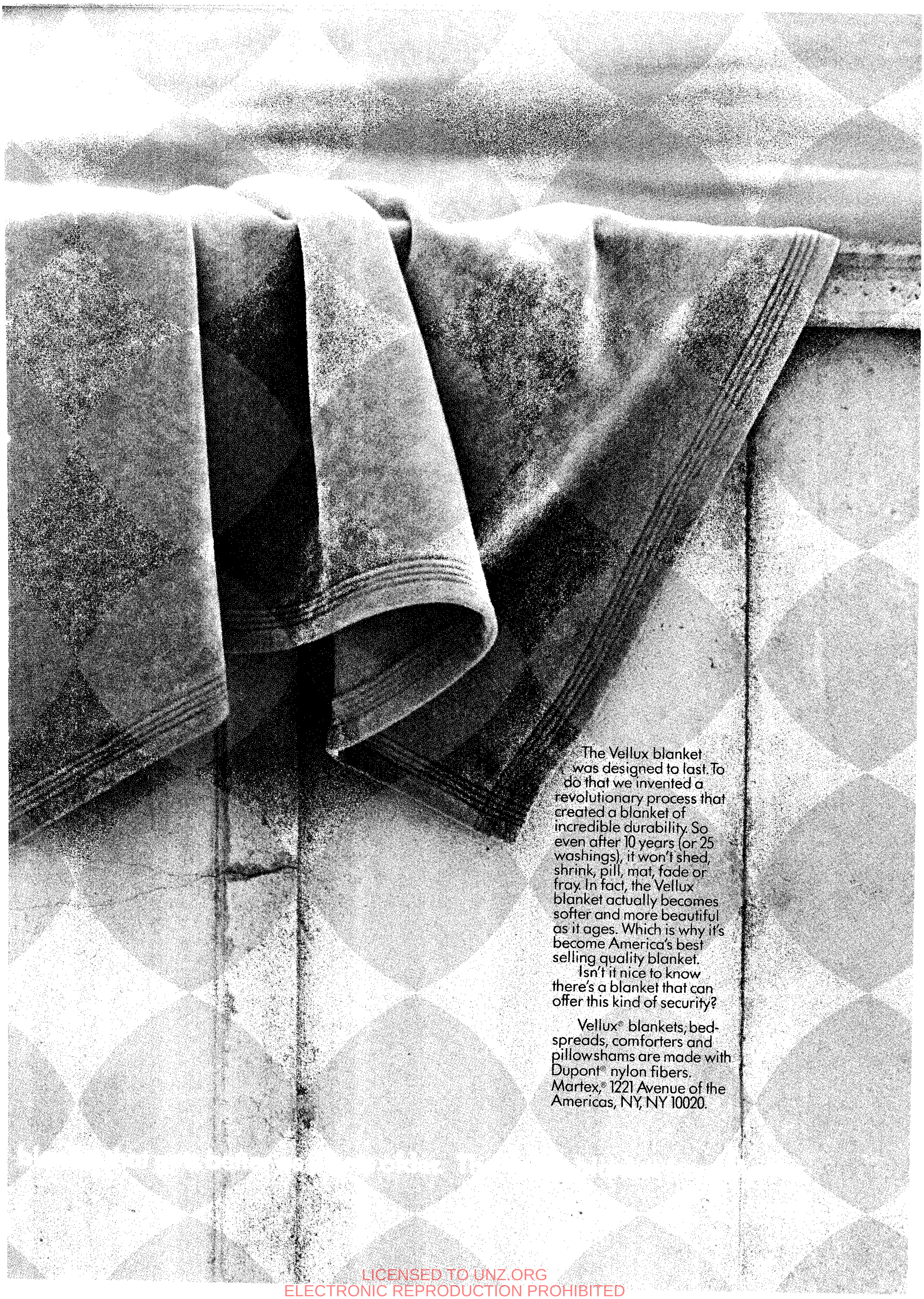
When F. Schumacher and Company opened up its shelves for business in the 1890's dining rooms were often imposingly sumptuous, even regal. All sorts of sumptuous and regal fabrics suited to the era were ordered from those Schumacher shelves. For today's dining room renaissance, Schumacher continues to meet the multiple needs of the present generation of decorators and designers. By offering the world's most comprehensive inventory of decorative fabrics and wall-coverings reflecting every era of design with unequalled authority. By maintaining a color pallete that is unusually sensitive to the nuances of changing times and fashions. And by providing a handpicked selection of the finest rugs and carpets of the world. Whether it's for a new dining room, or a houseful of other distinctive rooms, decorators and designers, wending their busy way in search of perfection, almost daily say to themselves (with an ingrained belief and a sigh of relief), "...surely, Schumacher."




In an age where nothing seems to last, there's the Vellux blanket. The only



The Vellux blanket was designed to last. To do that we invented a revolutionary process that created a blanket of incredible durability. So even after 10 years (or 25 washings), it won't shed, shrink, pill, mat, fade or fray. In fact, the Vellux blanket actually becomes softer and more beautiful as it ages. Which is why it's become America's best selling quality blanket.

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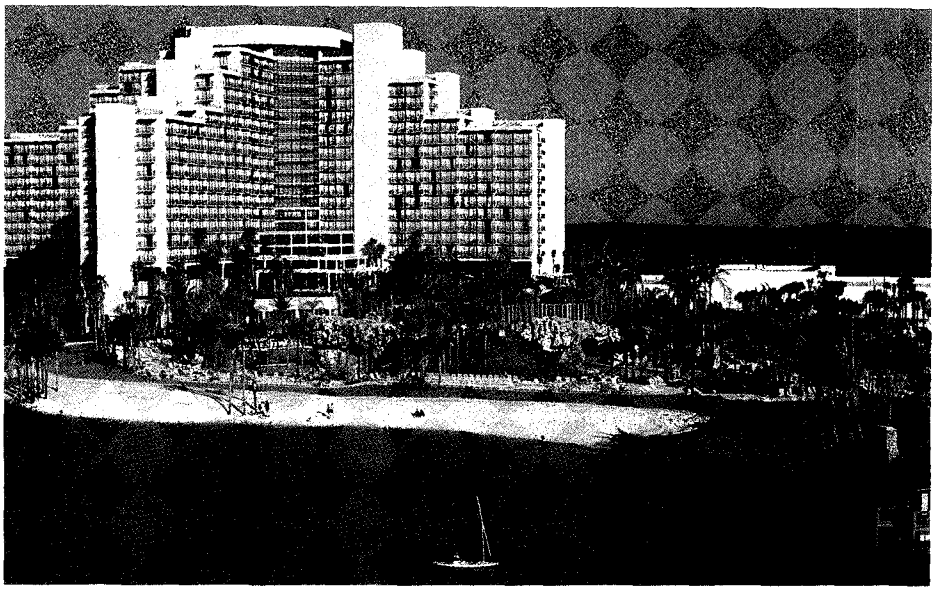

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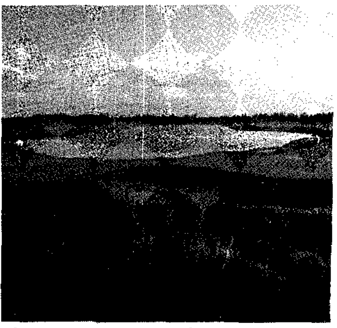

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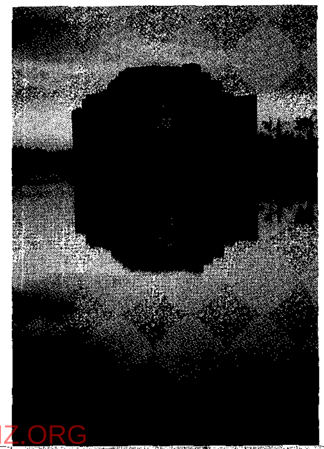

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sanitation Department, assembled by the artist-in-residence of that department. A marvellous Brooklyn locker room is reconstructed here, along with a sleek, high-tech facility. Through Oct. 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ The Department of Sanitation's Marine Transfer Station, West Fifty-ninth Street pier—somewhat transformed, thanks to the artist—is open to the public. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 7.)

Martin Wong—Seamy-side cityscapes painted with infinite, brick-by-brick care; they are accompanied by messages in deaf-mute language, for the benefit—the artist says, deadpan—of those with impaired hearing. Through Oct. 6. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **BLUE MOUNTAIN,** 121 Wooster St.: The summer work of gallery artists Rudy Burckhardt, Lucien Day, Rosemary Naegele, Richard Rappaport, and others. Through Wednesday, Sept. 26. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by fifteen artists. Through Oct. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **49TH PARALLEL,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Canadian artists, among them Elizabeth Ewart, Ron Martin, and Michael Snow. Through Oct. 20. . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: New paintings and drawings by such artists as Juan Gonzalez, Howard Buchwald, and Joe Nicastri, juxtaposed with early works, some of them done more than ten years ago. Through Friday, Sept. 28. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Pat Steir's oil triptych of sunflowers and a Lucas Samaras bronze chair are among more than two dozen works that define curator Nicholas Moufarrege's notion of "ecstasy." Through Oct. 10. . . . **MANHATTAN ART,** 81 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by Gregory Botts, Lori Goodman, Paul Georges, David Kapp, and others. Through Oct. 6. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St.: New work by René Daniels, Mike Kelley, Robert Longo, and Cindy Sherman. Through Oct. 13.

OTHER GALLERIES

Mark Kostabi / Grace Graupe-Pillard—Large paintings, some scatological, in which the mannequinlike figures of this young artist's invention are involved in offbeat adventures. / Life-size and oversize pastels of street people—bag women, break dancers, crazies—done on canvas, cut out, and fixed to the wall. Through Oct. 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: Paintings that combine art-history images with popular images, by such artists as Imants Tillers and Robert Rauschenberg. Through Oct. 6. . . . **STOLER,** 13 White St.: "Grand Gestures in Painting, Sculpture, and Decorative Arts," carried out by twenty-five-plus artists, including Lynda Benglis, R. M. Fischer, and Gerard Garouste. Through Oct. 13.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Oct. 6. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Brassaï (1899-1984)—Forty prints, among them portraits of Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Twenty prints. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Oct. 6.

Mitch Epstein—Photographs reflecting travels to India and Italy. Through Oct. 3. (Manès, 177 Prince St.)

Barbara Kasten—Photographs of abstract black-and-white installations set up by the artist and bathed in variously colored lights. One room is given over to a large, stunning installation, ready to be lit and photographed. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Michel Szulc Krzyzanowski—Black-and-white photographs mounted in sequence. Through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery, has an additional ten prints. (Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **HARDER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Photographs of water by gallery artists Sylvia Plachy, André Kertész, Grace Knowlton, William Clift, and others. Through Oct. 13. . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Four emerging photographers—Elliot Schwartz, Gaylord Herron, Hideji Nagura, and Lorne Greenberg. Through Oct. 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, fishing implements, musical instruments, weapons, and jewelry—carved in wood, stone, jade, ivory, and shell. . . . ¶ A pair of shows devoted to James McNeill Whistler—one a loan of etchings, the other newly acquired lithographs—hang in adjacent galleries on the second floor. Through Nov. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

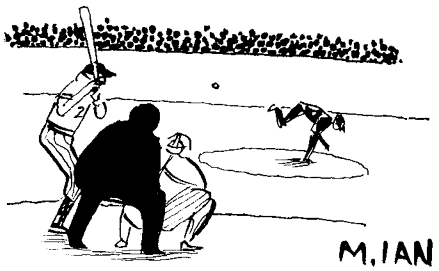
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Irving Penn's photographs from the last four decades constitute an exhibition of about two hundred works. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A second photography show highlights color prints acquired over a five-year period. Artists include Lorie Novak, Jan Groover, and William Eggleston. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—*Will Insley: a show of documents,* from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city that the artist-architect sees covering the area between the Rockies and the Mississippi River. Starts Friday, Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Several re-creations help set the scene for a show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64: Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Starts Thursday, Sept. 20. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection during the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Contemporary color photographs, including Jim Dow's panoramas of empty baseball stadiums, and a French series by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Sept. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Damask fabrics, including silk from the fourteenth century, white linen napkins made for Napoleon Bonaparte and for Czar Nicholas II, and red silk designed for French embassies early in this century. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ A display of tea services which pays homage to the variety of designs over the centuries. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.— Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the library's collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray" and a page of "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of paintings, drawings, and prints by American modernist Arthur B. Carles (1882-1952). Through Nov. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 20—Monday, Sept. 24, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Leo Nucci, and Vladimir Popov; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2: "Eugene Onegin," with Ileana Cotrubas, Cleopatra Ciurca, Leo Nucci, and Vladimir Popov; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Piero Cappuccilli; Nello Santi.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Erie Mills, Joy Davidson, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Viviane Thomas, Alteouise DeVaughn, Riccardo Calleo, and Adib Fazah; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Harry Theyard, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 21, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Mentzer, Bruce Reed, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 22, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Susanne Marsee, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knight-

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on, Claudette Peterson, Barry McCauley, and Stanley Wexler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 23, at 1: “Turandot,” with Linda Kelm, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Kevin Langan; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 23, at 7: “Carmen,” with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8: “The Rake’s Progress” (in English), with Erie Mills, Joy Davidson, Jerry Hadley, and Frederick Burchinal; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 8: “Carmen,” with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Jacque Trussel, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8: “Madame Butterfly,” with Catherine Lamy, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28, at 8: The company’s première of Delibes’ “Lakmé,” with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29 at 2: “Cavalleria Rusticana,” with Viviane Thomas, Alteouise DeVaughn, Riccardo Calleo, and Adib Fazah; and “Pagliacci,” with Marianna Christos, Harry Theyard, and Robert Galbraith; Imre Pallo conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8: “Turandot,” with Linda Kelm, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Kevin Langan; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting “Cavalleria Rusticana” and “Pagliacci.” (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 25—Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8: A nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Philip Smith, trumpet; and Thomas Stacy, English horn. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 28, at 2, and Saturday, Sept. 29, and Monday, Oct. 1, at 8: A Ulysses Kay-Schumann-Elgar program, with Mr. Zukerman.

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet, and André Emelianoff, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 3.)

ST. LUKE’S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Michael Feldman conducting a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg concertos. (St. Joseph’s Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

RECITALS

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of three concerts presenting Mendelssohn and Schoenberg quartets. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

EVELYNE BRUNNER—Soprano, with Michel Block, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

ROBERT DE GAETANO—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

LIESEL SOLEY AND CHERYL SELTZER—Violin and piano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Friday, Sept. 21, at 4. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ The same program: Christ and St. Stephen’s Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Sept. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ROBERT STALLMAN—Flute, with Richard Goode, piano; Dora Schwarzberg, violin; and Toby Hoffman, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

THE GRAND HARP EVENT—Thirty harpists, performing a program of music by John Cage, Wendy Chambers, and Charlie Morrow. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

BENEFIT CONCERTS—Among the participants in a series of three concerts to benefit the New Arts Program of Kutztown, Pa., will be David Gordon, Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane, Johanna Boyce, John Cage, Peter Gordon, Meredith Monk, and Steve Reich. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Sept. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2 and 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, Sept. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Detroit, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 27-28, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Sept. 21, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 22-23, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 24-25, at 7:35, and Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 1:35.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 22:** Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. the United States Merchant Marine Academy, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 7:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 29:** Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. the New York Maritime Academy, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Penn State vs. Texas, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Bucknell, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Cincinnati, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 23: Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

HOCKEY—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Sept. 23, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Sept. 29, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Sept. 28, at 7:35.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Turf Classic, Saturday, Sept. 22; the Fall Highweight Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 23; and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:19.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Friday, Sept. 28.

RUNNING—The Fifth Avenue Mile will start at 4 on Saturday, Sept. 22, at 82nd Street and finish at 62nd Street.

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Wednesday, Sept. 26, at noon; Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8 A.M.; Friday, Sept. 28, at 7 A.M.; and Saturday, Sept. 29, at 8 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 27, at 8 P.M.; Friday, Sept. 28, at 1; Saturday, Sept. 29, at 1:30; and Sunday, Sept. 30, at 11: Free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

YACHTING—The eighteenth annual Mayor’s Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park; south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to a Committee Boat anchored off Battery Park. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Sept. 29. A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at nine-fifteen. For tickets, call 669-9416.

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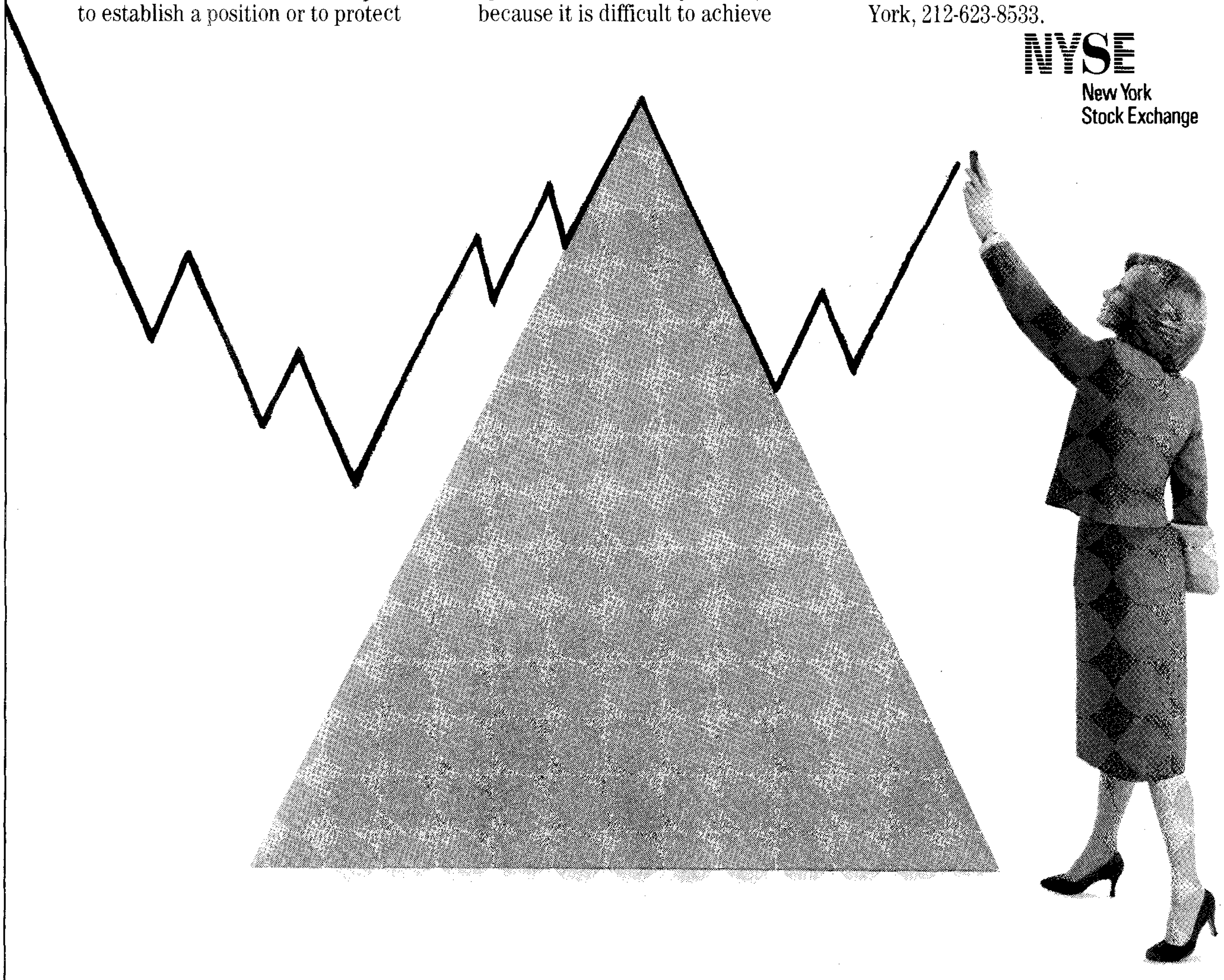
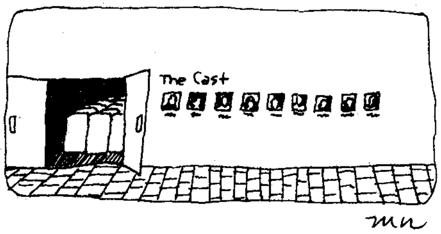


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Scarface" (1932 †).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 27: "Purple Rain" (†).
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (directed by Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 20: "Red Dawn" (John Milius), with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
From Sept. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 20: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
From Sept. 21: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 27: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 20: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.
From Sept. 21: "Entre Nous" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 27: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Joke of Destiny" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Purple Rain" (†). From Sept. 21: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands. From Sept. 21: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field and Lindsay Crouse.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 20: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan.
From Sept. 21: "Purple Rain"(†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Bostonians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch. From Sept. 21: "Windy City" (Armyan Bernstein), with John Shea, Kate Capshaw, and Josh Mostel.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 28: "Utu" (Geoff Murphy; a New Zealand film), with Anzac Wallace and Bruno Lawrence.
From Sept. 29: "Country" (Richard Pearce), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern. From Sept. 21: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
Theatre 2: "The Being."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty. From Sept. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Purple Rain" (†). From Sept. 21: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Bona" (1980; directed by Lino Brocka; a Filipino film, in Tagalog).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Once Upon a Time in the West" (1969; Sergio Leone), with Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale, and Jason Robards. From Sept. 28: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The 4th Man" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Sept. 21: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan. From Sept. 21: "Until September" (Richard Marquand), with Karen Allen and Thierry Lhermitte.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary. From Sept. 21: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "The Jigsaw Man" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Eréndira" (†). From Sept. 28 (tentative): "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Metropolis" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (Volker Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons and Ornella Muti.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "First Name: Carmen" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Sept. 19: "Entre Nous" (†). From Sept. 20: "Bizet's Carmen" (Francesco Rosi; in French), with Placido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
Theatre 2: Sept. 19: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; in Portuguese, French, and English, with English subtitles), with Bruno Ganz. From Sept. 20: "Entre Nous" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "Old Enough" (Marisa Silver).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "The Bounty" (†); and "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin. From Sept. 21: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "The Natural" (†) and "Moscow on the Hudson" (†). From Sept. 21: "Love Streams" (John Cassavetes), with Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 20: "Gremlins" (†). Sept. 21-27: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Sept. 28: "Body Rock."

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty. From Sept. 28: "Purple Rain" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "Revenge of the Nerds" (directed by Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From Sept. 28: "Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Purple Rain" (†). From Sept. 28: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
Theatre 3: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 27: "Ninja Mission" (Mats Helge), with Christopher Kohlberg. From Sept. 28: "The Wild Life" (Art Linson), with Christopher Penn and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 20: "The Being." From Sept. 21: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 6: "Bolero" (John Derek), with Bo Derek.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Red Dawn" (John Milius) with Patrick Swayze and C. Thomas Howell.
Theatre 3: "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.
Theatre 4: "The Philadelphia Experiment" (Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 20: "C.H.U.D." (Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern. From Sept. 21: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Tightrope" (Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Dreamscape" (Joseph Ruben), with Dennis Quaid and Kate Capshaw.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 20: "Flashpoint" (William Tannen), with Kris Kristofferson and Treat Williams. From Sept. 21: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Exterminator 2" (Mark Buntzman), with Robert Ginty.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 20: A program of films directed by King Hu entitled "Zen and the Martial Arts."
A festival of Russ Meyer films:
Sept. 21: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970) and "Good Morning . . . And Goodbye" (1967).
Sept. 22: "Vixen" (1968) and "The Immoral Mr. Teas" (1959).
Sept. 23: "Lorna" (1964) and "Mudhoney" (1965).
Sept. 24: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Motorpsycho" (1965).
Sept. 25: "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1969) and "Common Law Cabin" (1967).
Sept. 26: "Up!" (1976) and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979).
Sept. 27: "Good Morning . . . And Goodbye" and "Mondo Topless" (1966).
Sept. 28: "Supervixens" and "Cherry & Harry & Raquel."
Sept. 29: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" and "Common Law Cabin."

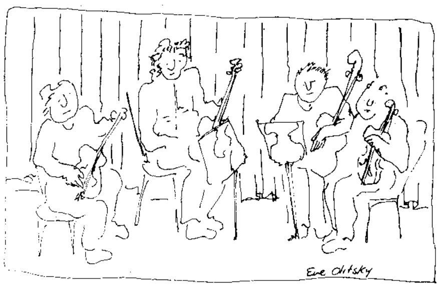
Bleecker St. Cinema 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 20: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Sept. 21: "Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1966; Russ Meyer).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Sept. 20: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Gaston Modot.
Sept. 21: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, Laura Betti, and Andrea Ferreol; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Gérard Depardieu.
Sept. 22: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "The Moon in the Gutter" (1983; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nastassia Kinski.
Sept. 23: "And the Ship Sails On" (1984; Federico Fellini; in Italian), and "The Eyes, the Mouth" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina.
Sept. 24: "La Vie Continue" (1982; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel; and "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Sept. 25: "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow.
Sept. 26: "La Truite" (1983; Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert; and "Invitation au Voyage" (1983; Peter Del Monte; in French).
Sept. 27: "Parsifal" (†).
Sept. 28: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†) and "Tempest" (†).
Sept. 29: "Stripes" (†); and "Neighbors" (1981; John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 20: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Sept. 21-22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
Sept. 23-25: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
Sept. 26-27: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.
Sept. 28-29: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 19: "The Benny Goodman Story" (1956; Valentine Davies), with Steve Allen; "The Glenn Miller Story" (1954; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, June Allyson, and Henry Morgan; and "The Eddy Duchin Story" (1956; George Sidney), with Tyrone Power, Kim Novak, and Victoria Shaw.
Sept. 20-22: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, and Ellen Barkin.
Sept. 23-24: "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman, Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller; and "Midnight Cowboy" (†).
Sept. 25-26: "The Boys from Syracuse" (†), "Roman Scandals" (†), and "Androcles and the Lion" (†).
Sept. 27-29: "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson; and "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 20: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles).
Sept. 21-22: "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
Sept. 23: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Robert Francis, and May Wynn; "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre; and "Dead Reckoning" (†).
Sept. 24-25: "Risky Business" (1983; Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay; and "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Sept. 26-27: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974; Michael Cimino), with Clint Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kennedy, and Geoffrey Lewis; "Play Misty for Me" (1971; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter; and "Escape from Alcatraz" (†).
Sept. 28-29: "Superman II" (†) and "Superman" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Sept. 19: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Sergio Corrieri; and "Before the Revolution" (1964; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Adriana Asti.
Sept. 20: "Coup de Torchon" ("Clean Slate;" 1981; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert, Jean-Pierre Marielle, and Stéphane Audran; and "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
Sept. 21: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).
Sept. 22: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Sept. 23-24: "Nostalghia" (1984; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Sept. 25: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (1983; Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "The Ceremony" (1971; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Sept. 26: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "Diary of a Shinjuku Thief" (1969; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Sept. 27: "Cruel Story of Youth;" and "Boy" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Sept. 28: "Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor; and "The Europeans" (†).
Sept. 29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Body Heat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 19: "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, and Dan Duryea; and "The Show-Off" (1934; Charles Reisner), with Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans.
Sept. 20-22: "Sleuth" (1972; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.
Sept. 23-24: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank

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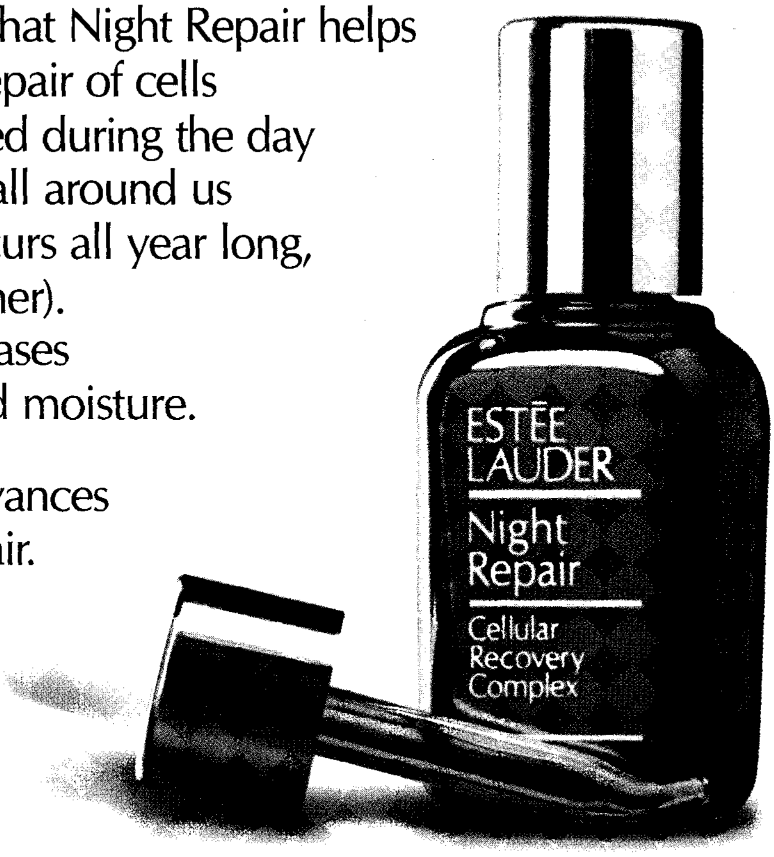

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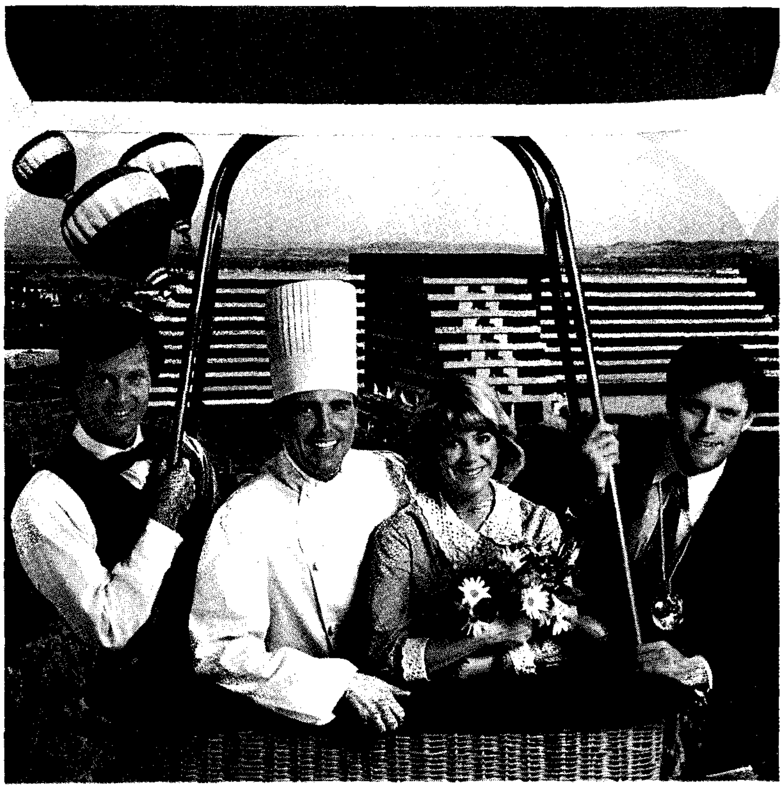

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MERIDIEN

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Groupe Air France Boston Houston Montreal New York
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Sinatra, Jules Munshin, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.

Sept. 25-26: "California Suite" (†) and "Barefoot in the Park" (†).

Sept. 27-29: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 19: "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German), a six-episode film; and "Adventures of St. Francis" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).

Sept. 20: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "The Naked Kiss" (1965; Samuel Fuller), with Constance Towers.

Sept. 21: "Susana" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Demons in the Garden" (1984; Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón; in Spanish), with Angela Molina.

Sept. 22: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

Sept. 23: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Sept. 24: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (1980; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). Parts 7 and 8 will be shown.

Sept. 25: "I Married a Shadow" (1983; Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Sept. 26: "The Gay Divorcée" (†) and "Shall We Dance" (†).

Sept. 27: "Hot Cargo" (1957; a TV film, directed by Tay Garnett), with Yvonne De Carlo and Rory Calhoun; "No. 5 Also Checked Out" (1956; a TV film, directed by Ida Lupino), with Peter Lorre; "The Lineup" (1958; Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson; and "The Glass Web" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Edward G. Robinson and John Forsythe.

Sept. 28: "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and Annette O'Toole.

Sept. 29: "The World of Tomorrow" (1984; Tom Johnson and Lance Bird), a documentary on the 1939 New York World's Fair; and "All's Fair at the World's Fair," a program of cartoons with the theme of the World's Fair.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 19: "Too Many Husbands" (1940; Wesley Ruggles), with Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur, and Melvyn Douglas; and "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

Sept. 20: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame.

Sept. 21-22: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Sept. 23: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers; and "Murder at the Vanities" (†).

Sept. 24: "Le Jour se Lève" (†); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, Jean-Louis Barrault, Michel Simon, and Jean-Pierre Aumont.

Sept. 25: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "The Caretakers" (1963; Hall Bartlett), with Robert Stack and Polly Bergen.

Sept. 26: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937; H. Bruce Humberstone) and "Charlie Chan at the Circus" (1936; Harry Lachman), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

Sept. 27: "Weekend in Havana" (†) and "That Night in Rio" (†).

Sept. 28: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (†).

Sept. 29: "And Then There Were None" (1945; René Clair), with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson; and "Dead of Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Sept. 20 at 2:30: "A Bee in the Rain" (1973; directed by Fernando Lopes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Laura Soveral, João Guedes, and Zita Duarte. . . . ¶ Sept. 20 at 6: "Mountain Wolves" (1942; Jorge Brum Canto; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with António Sousa, Maria Domingas, and António Silva. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 2:30: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Sept. 21 at 6: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 2:30: "The Fall of Troy" (1910; Giovanni Pastrone; a silent film) and "China Express; Blue Express" (1929; Ilya Trauberg; a silent film). . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 5: Another program of animated films. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1968; Peter Hall), with Diana Rigg, Helen Mirren, David Warner, Bill Travers, and the Royal Shakespeare Company. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 5: "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles and Jeanette Nolan. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Les Raquetteurs" (1958; Gilles Groulx and Michel Brault), "The Back-Breaking Leaf" (1959; Terence Macartney-Filgate), and "Lonely Boy" (1961; Roman Kroitor and Wolf Koenig). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "The Sporting Venus" (1925; Marshall Neilan; a silent film), with Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman, and Lew Cody. Miss Sweet will be present. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "Blinkity Blank" (1955; Norman McLaren), "Very Nice, Very Nice" (1961; Arthur Lipsett), and "Bethune" (1964; John Kemeny and Donald Brittain). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: "The Fall of Troy" and "China Express; Blue Express." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "The Little Train Robbery" (1905; Edwin S. Porter), "The 'Teddy' Bears" (1907; Edwin S. Porter), and "Rumpelstiltskin" (1915; Thomas H. Ince). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Macbeth." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Cherkasov. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30: A program of six silent films by D. W. Griffith—"Over Silent Paths" (1910); "The Unchanging Sea" (1910), with Mary Pickford; "Her Awakening" (1911), with Mabel Normand; "The Eternal Mother" (1912), with Blanche Sweet; "A House Divided" (1913), with Alice Guy-Blaché; and "Her Defiance" (1916), with Cleo Madison and Joe King. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 5: "Ballad of Love" (1965; Mikhail Bogin; in Russian, with English subtitles), "A Boring Afternoon" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech, with English subtitles), and "A Private Life" (1980; Mikhail Bogin). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

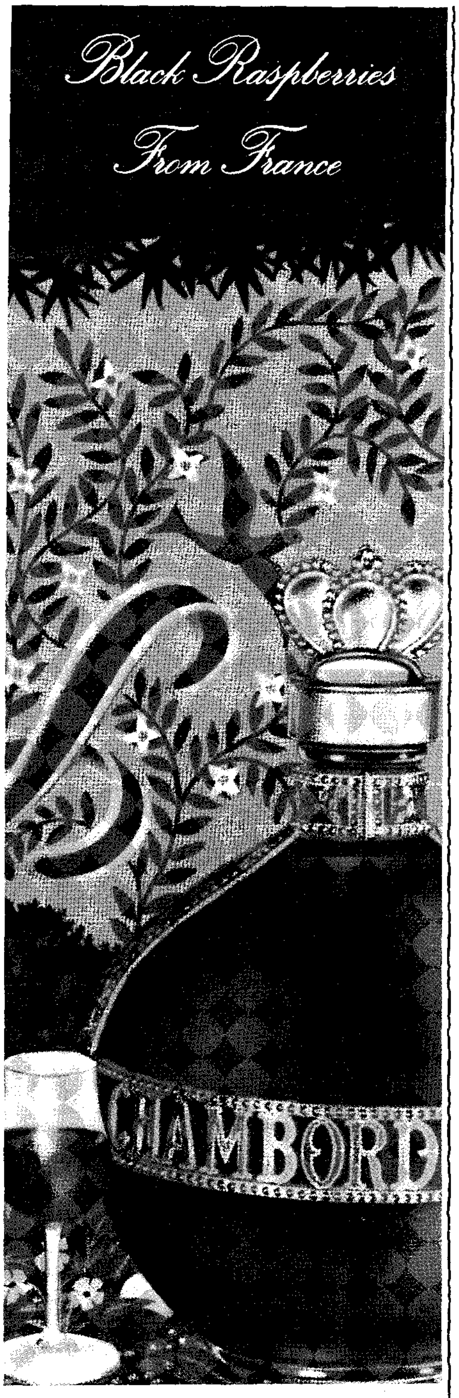
Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A survey of American independent films, 1958-64. Sept. 20-22 at noon: "Cry of Jazz" (1958; Ed Bland) and "Come Back, Africa" (1958; Lionel Rogosin). . . . ¶ Sept. 20-22 at 3: "Science Friction" (1959; Stan VanDerBeek), "Dance Chromatic" (1959; Ed Emshwiller), "Bridges-Go-Round" (1959; Shirley Clarke), and "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (1960; Bert Stern). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 12:30, Sept. 25 at 2, and Sept. 26 at noon: "Star Spangled to Death" (1959; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 4, Sept. 25 at 6:15, and Sept. 26 at 3:15: "Anticipation of the Night" (1958; Stan Brakhage), "A Movie" (1958; Bruce Conner), "Triptych in Four Parts" (1958; Larry Jordan), "Window Water Baby Moving" (1959; Stan Brakhage), and "Eye Wash" (1959; Robert Breer). . . . ¶ Sept. 27-29 at noon: "Pull My Daisy" (1959; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie) and "The Savage Eye" (1959; Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick). . . . ¶ Sept. 27-29 at 3: "The Flower Thief" (1960; Ron Rice). Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 28 at 7:30: "Country" (Richard Pearce; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 28 at 9: a repeat showing of "Country." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 29 at 12:30: "Becky Sharp" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 3: "The Holy Innocents" (Mario Camus; Spain). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "America and Lewis Hine" (Nina Rosenblum; United States) and "Los Sures" (Diego Echeverria; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch; United States). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer and would chuck it if he had the guts to take his chances as a jazz guitarist. Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and has never really had a life. Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. (Though she talks to him all the time, she's visible only when he looks in the mirror.) This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Martin and Tomlin are both uninhibited physical comics. They tune in to each other's timing the way lovers do in life, only more so, and in her early scenes Tomlin presents a distinctive enough caricature for us to sense Edwina's presence when Martin simulates her being inside him—he's a wizard at keeping her vivid for us. And the director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers—with the two leads, with Libertini as the disoriented Tibetan, and with Jason Bernard, who plays a black musician pal of Roger's, and with the talented Madolyn Smith, who plays Roger's nasty fiancée. Reiner's weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations; the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. It also has a halfhearted subplot about Dana Elcar as Roger's philandering boss, and it suffers a dip in energy when Edwina's spirit finally enters Terry's body, since the beautiful, mild Victoria Tennant doesn't seem at all changed—because of this, Edwina seems to disappear. But she comes back at the end. And the film has a lot of charm. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robin-



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son, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Loews State; starting Sept. 21.)

Androcles and the Lion (1952)—After Shaw's death, Gabriel Pascal, who had produced Shaw adaptations in England with considerable success but had come a cropper with the lavish "Caesar and Cleopatra," produced his last Shaw work in Hollywood, at R.K.O. He hired Jean Simmons, who had had a small part in "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Robert Newton, who had attracted attention in "Major Barbara," and Maurice Evans, Elsa Lanchester, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Gardiner, and John Hoyt. The part of Androcles was assigned to the American comedian Alan Young, but since Victor Mature was put in as a Roman captain, opposite Jean Simmons, and his role beefed up to match his physique, Androcles dwindled in importance. Shaw's comedy of ancient Rome came to resemble the Hollywood Roman spectacles of the early-fifties period. But if the film isn't one thing or the other, it isn't a total travesty, either—it's rather pleasant. Simmons is lovely to watch and to listen to, and some parts have the Shaw waggishness and charm. Chester Erskine directed, and did the adaptation with Ken Englund; cinematography by Harry Stradling. The cast includes Jim Backus and Gene Lockhart. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 25-26.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—Jane Fonda and Robert Redford are the spatting newlyweds—he's a hardworking lawyer and she, living in a romantic fantasy, has rented them a miserable fifth-floor walkup in Greenwich Village. This movie version of a Neil Simon comedy hit is a trifle and almost amusing in a harmlessly, pleasantly stupid way. What Neil Simon can't seem to get rid of are those terrible moments of dramatic untruth—"I love you very much" and "I want a divorce;" they crunch like nutshells in a candy bar. If he could manage without them, he'd have a candy bar so perfectly digestible people wouldn't know if they'd eaten it or just seen an ad for it. You can still feel the stage origins of this material and the director, Gene Saks, leaves pauses for laughs that don't come. But at least it's livelier than Fonda's 1966 picture "Any Wednesday," and Mildred Natwick, as Fonda's mother, and Charles Boyer, as a Village neighbor, do their damnedest to make the lines seem witty. Also with Herbert Edelman, Mabel Albertson, Fritz Feld, and James Stone. Adapted by Simon; the play, directed by Mike Nichols, ran on Broadway from 1963 to 1967—Redford, Natwick, and Edelman were in the original cast. (Regency; Sept. 25-26.)

Body Heat (1981)—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds, as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her, to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna). As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Bombshell (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blonde movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyable, snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 28.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema I.)

The Bounty—Based on a script condensed from Robert Bolt's scripts for two projected films about the 1789 mutiny, this misshapen movie doesn't work as an epic—it doesn't have the scope or the emotional surge of epic storytelling. It's certainly not boring, though. The director, Roger Donaldson, shoots very close in for dynamic power—you're thrust right in among the men on the crowded British naval vessel—and Anthony Hopkins, who plays Captain Bligh, gives his vocal cords a workout, ordering Fletcher Christian (Mel Gibson) to stop "mixing with the damned degenerate natives" and shouting that "the ship is filthy." In this version, Bligh is no worse than ambitious, repressed, and somewhat harsh, and Christian is an open-shirted man of impulse—a moody flower child who's drugged on love. Whether because of the condensing or cuts in the editing room or just plain miscalculation, Gibson's romanticism seems faintly absurd, and in his big scene—his emotional outburst during the mutiny—he seems to be having a nervous breakdown. With Wi Kuki Kaa as King Tynah, Tevaite Vernette as Princess Mauatua, skinny-faced Daniel Day-Lewis as Fryer, and, among the effete aristocrats who sit on the court-martial, Laurence Olivier and Edward Fox (who has this performance down pat by now—he lets his crooked front tooth do his acting for him). Adapted from Richard Hough's 1972 book "Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian;" the music is by Vangelis, who goes in for effects such as ominous boom-booms when Christian first touches Mauatua's hair. (6/11/84) (Olympia Quad.; through Sept. 20.)

The Boys from Syracuse (1940)—Hollywood, or at least Universal, should be hanged for what it did to the celebrated Broadway show by George Abbott and Rodgers and Hart (based on "A Comedy of Errors"). The rewriting was so disastrous that the studio finally cut the picture down to seventy-four minutes, which doesn't leave much time for Martha Raye and Charles Butterworth or for the wonderful songs—"Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," and "This Can't Be Love." The cast includes Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Rosemary Lane, Irene Hervey, and Alan Mowbray. Directed by Eddie Sutherland; the dance director was Dave Gould. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 25-26.)

California Suite (1978)—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the two mawkish,

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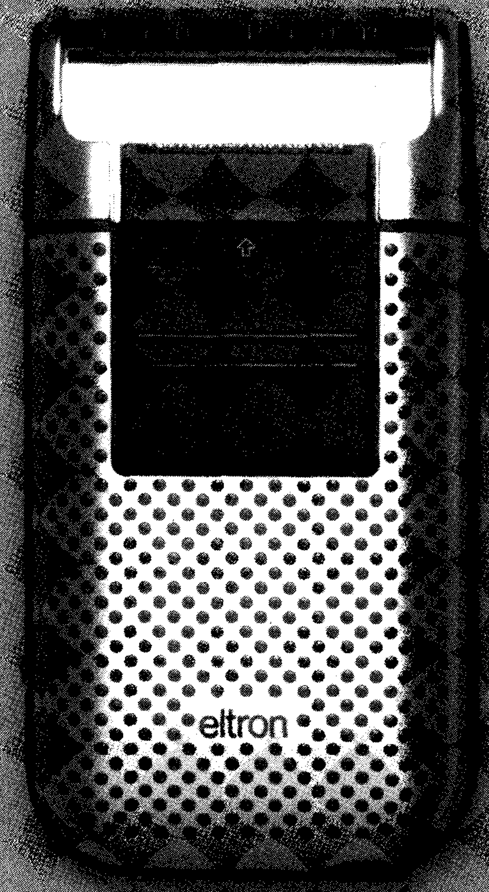

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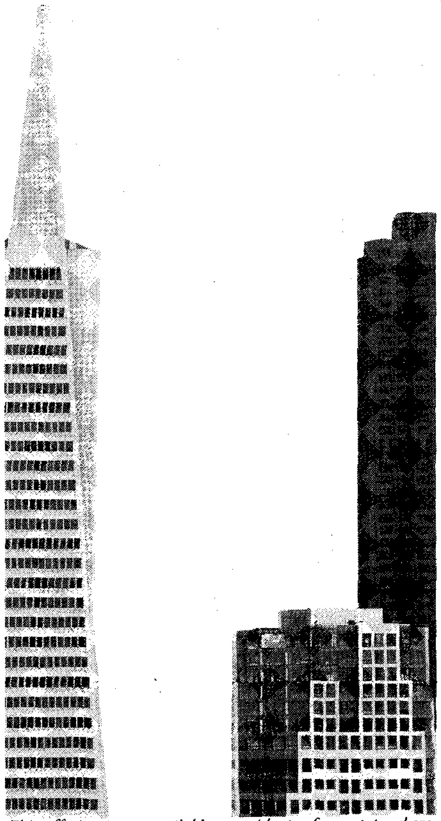

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bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda, Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (Regency; Sept. 25-26.)

DEAD RECKONING (1947)—A forgettable Bogart melodrama that was already familiar when it came out; it had been synthesized from several of his hits, with Lizabeth Scott's role processed out of Mary Astor and Lauren Bacall routines. Scott double-crosses a friend of Bogart's, and as he takes her to the authorities he snarls, "You're going to fry." "Ah," she says yearningly, flaring her nostrils, "can't we put this behind us? Don't you love me?" He sneers heavily, though you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries. John Cromwell directed; with Morris Carnovsky, Wallace Ford, and William Prince. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 23.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.) . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 21.)

ERÉNDIRA—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 27.)

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ (1979)—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Don Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 26-27.)

THE EUROPEANS (1979)—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 28.)

FIRST NAME: CARMEN—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. He displaces the sensuality that people expect from a Carmen movie onto images that have no specific relation to her story—waves breaking against rocks, Paris traffic at dusk, views of a string quartet that is practicing and (sometimes) performing the Beethoven we hear on the soundtrack. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. The picture is Godardian in a dissociated way that is sometimes amusing but makes us condescend to it, fondly—and, after a while, not so fondly. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. Godard gives the impression that maybe he'd rather sit around listening to Beethoven quartets than make movies. He wryly (and ambivalently, of course) celebrates being out of it. The basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Uncle Jean's niece Carmen is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (9/17/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THE 4TH MAN—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce (about mistaken identities), but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, E. E. Clive, Lillian Miles, Paul Porcasi, and Betty Grable—a cuddly pixie in satin pajamas dancing "Let's K-nock K-neez." Directed by Mark Sandrich; adapted from the stage musical "The Gay Divorce." (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

GHOSTBUSTERS—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Sept. 20.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 20.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Le Jour se Lève (1939; "Daybreak")—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of a man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills, played by Jules Berry (who had had a warmup for this role in Renoir's 1935 "The Crime of Monsieur Lange," also from a script by Prévert). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas, it's a definitive example of sensuous, atmospheric moviemaking—you feel that you're breathing the air that Gabin breathes. With Arletty and Jacqueline Laurent, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. (Remade in the U.S. in 1947, by Anatole Litvak, as "The Long Night," with Henry Fonda in the Gabin role.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing Lord Jim—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a

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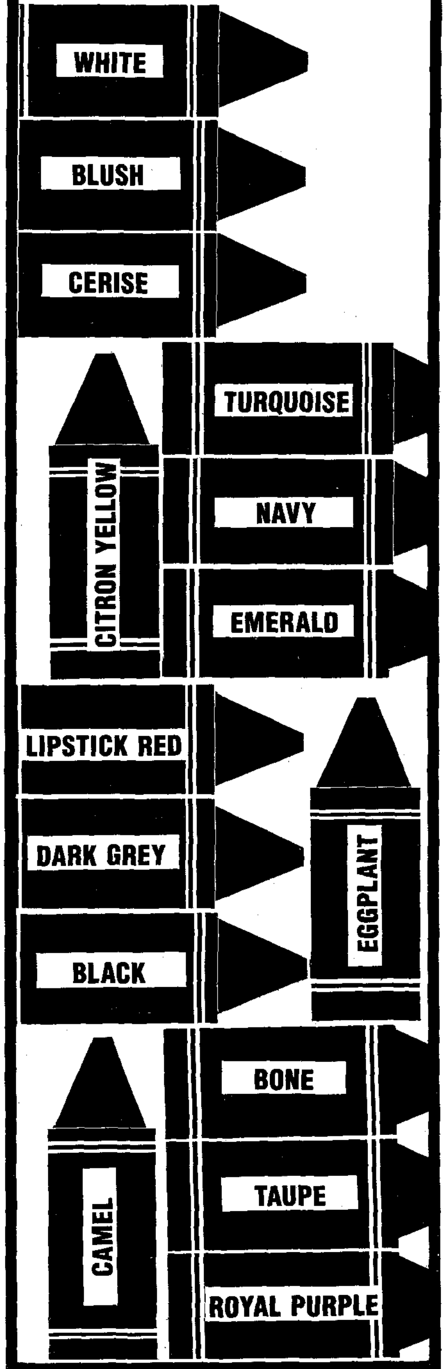

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handsome sheik with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. Ali, an old-fashioned movie hero, was more at home in what, despite the literacy, was a big action movie. And as it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was: Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? Fortunately for this particular spectacle, audiences seemed to be satisfied with the explanation that the Turks were more cruel than the Arabs, and although the movie's Lawrence became cruel, too, there was warmhearted Ali to take over. (When Bolt and Lean cast Sharif as their poetic enigma in their next film, "Dr. Zhivago," they forgot to provide a simpler fellow as a standby.) With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Ziegfeld.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that attempts to follow Lang's original specifications, and with a modern pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, a dishwasher from a small town in Texas who hopes to make a living in New York by servicing rich women, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo, the crippled petty thief and con man he meets. The director, John Schlesinger, uses fast cutting and tricky camerawork to provide a satirical background as enrichment of the story, but the satire is offensively inaccurate—it cheapens the story and gives it a veneer of almost hysterical cleverness. The point of the movie must be to offer us some insight into the two derelicts—two of the many kinds of dreamers and failures in the city. But Schlesinger keeps pounding away at America, determined to expose how horrible its inhabitants are—he dehumanizes the people Joe Buck and Ratso are part of. If he could extend the same sympathy to the other Americans that he extends to them, the picture might make better sense. The spray of venom is just about overpowering, yet the two actors and the simple "Of Mice and Men" kind of relationship at the heart of the story save the picture. Hoffman's raspy voice and jumpy walk and Jon Voight's pallor and blue eyes and hurt, bewildered stare give a core of feeling. With Brenda Vaccaro, Sylvia Miles, John McGiver, Barnard Hughes, Ruth White, Gil Rankin, Jennifer Salt, Anthony Holland, Bob Balaban, Viva, Taylor Mead, Paul Morrissey, Ultra Violet, Paul Jabara, and International Velvet. From James Leo Herlihy's novel, adapted by Waldo Salt; cinematography by Adam Holender. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 23-24.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. The star is the dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, Gertrude Michael (who sings "Marahuana"), and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; written by Carey Wilson, Joseph Gollomb, and Sam Hellman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 20.)

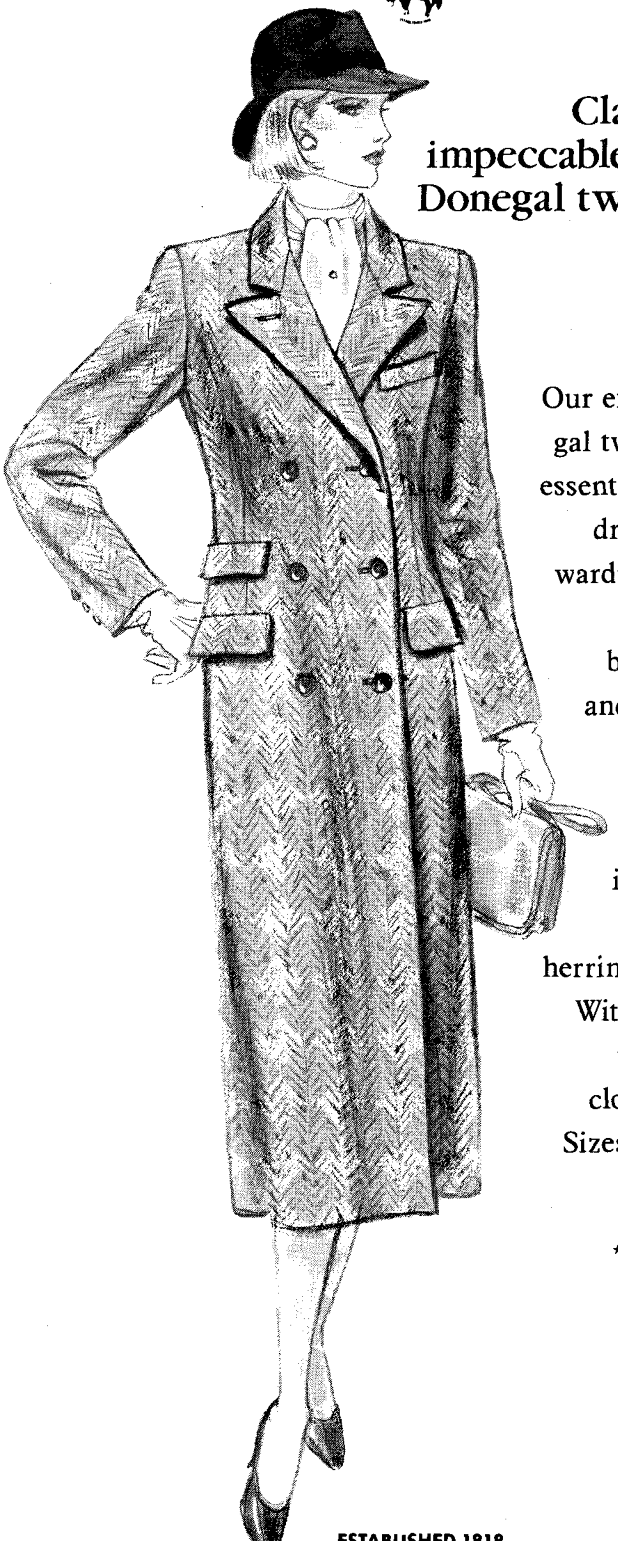
Parsifal (1983)—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 27.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, and Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 28.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Roman Scandals (1933)—Posh and popular musical comedy, starring Eddie Cantor, with the luscious, ripe Ruth Etting, and Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Verree Teasdale, Alan Mowbray, Edward Arnold, and the Goldwyn Girls. They're a toothsome bunch of sirens in this one—parading in revealing dresses or just in long, blond calendar-art wigs, and with their dances choreographed by Busby Berkeley. (It's easy to spot Lucille Ball and Paulette Goddard among them.) The picture has a wonderful, silvery bright light; the cinematographer, Gregg Toland, keeps everything sparkling—everything visual, that is. It's the star, Eddie Cantor, who's stale. The material is credited to half a dozen writers (including George S. Kaufman and Robert E. Sherwood, who wrote the stage version), but Cantor's material is one thudder after another. As the American who dreams himself back in ancient Rome, he's a limp presence, telegraphing how darling and naughty he is, especially when he sings and rolls his eyes. He can't seem to do anything but play the sissy who's always in panic. Frank Tuttle directed; the score by Al Dubin and Harry Warren includes "No More Love," which Ruth Etting sings, and "When We Build a Little Home." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 25-26.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." Over all, it's a terrific movie, even though the pacing doesn't always seem quite right. The opening sequence is a beauty: the camera moves from a street lamp with stylized skyscrapers in the background and follows a milkman into a speakeasy, where we see the remnants of a gangland New Year's Eve party and finally pick up the shadow of Scarface, who kills the gangland leader. The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni, with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal,



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childlike, fixating way. Truffaut suggests that Hawks "deliberately directed Paul Muni to make him look like a monkey, his arms hanging loosely and slightly curved, his face caught in a perpetual grimace." The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. Here's Truffaut again: "The most striking scene in the movie is unquestionably Boris Karloff's death. He squats down to throw a ball in a game of ninepins and doesn't get up; a rifle shot prostrates him. The camera follows the ball he's thrown as it knocks down all the pins except one that keeps spinning until it finally falls over, the exact symbol of Karloff himself, the last survivor of a rival gang that's been wiped out by Muni. This isn't literature. It may be dance or poetry. It is certainly cinema." The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems; the scene in the publisher's office wasn't directed by Hawks—it was inserted to appease pressure groups. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Thalia; Sept. 26.)

Stripes (1981)—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy, Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, P. J. Soles, and Second City people—such as Joseph P. Flaherty, as a border guard spouting Slavic gibberish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

Superman (1978)—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the picture: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. The film is also likable, but disappointing—it gives the impression of having been made in panic, in fear that style or "too much" imagination might endanger its appeal to the literal-minded. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies made up to that date, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit or miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner, though there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. (Richard Lester is said to have worked on parts of it.) With an enormous cast that includes Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, Margot Kidder, Valerie Perrine, Ned Beatty, Glenn Ford, Phyllis Thaxter, Terence Stamp, Susannah York, Jeff East, Marc McClure, Trevor Howard, Harry Andrews, Maria Schell, Jackie Cooper, and Aaron Smolinski, who plays Superman as a child. The writers involved in adapting the comic strip created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster include Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, Robert Benton, Tom Mankiewicz, and Norman Enfield. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth; music by John Williams. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 28-29.)

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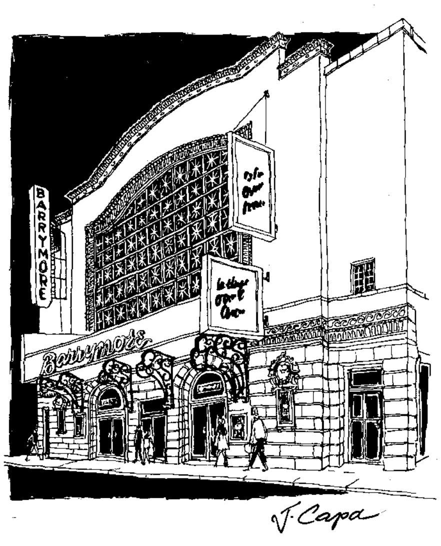
Superman II (1981)—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman" (see above), brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. Written by Mario Puzo, David Newman, Leslie Newman, and Tom Mankiewicz. (The special effects are highly variable in quality, and the whole film—blown up from 35 mm. to 70 mm. for the big-theatre showings—is grainy and bleached and often poorly framed. You're much better off if you see it, as shown here, in 35 mm.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 28-29.)

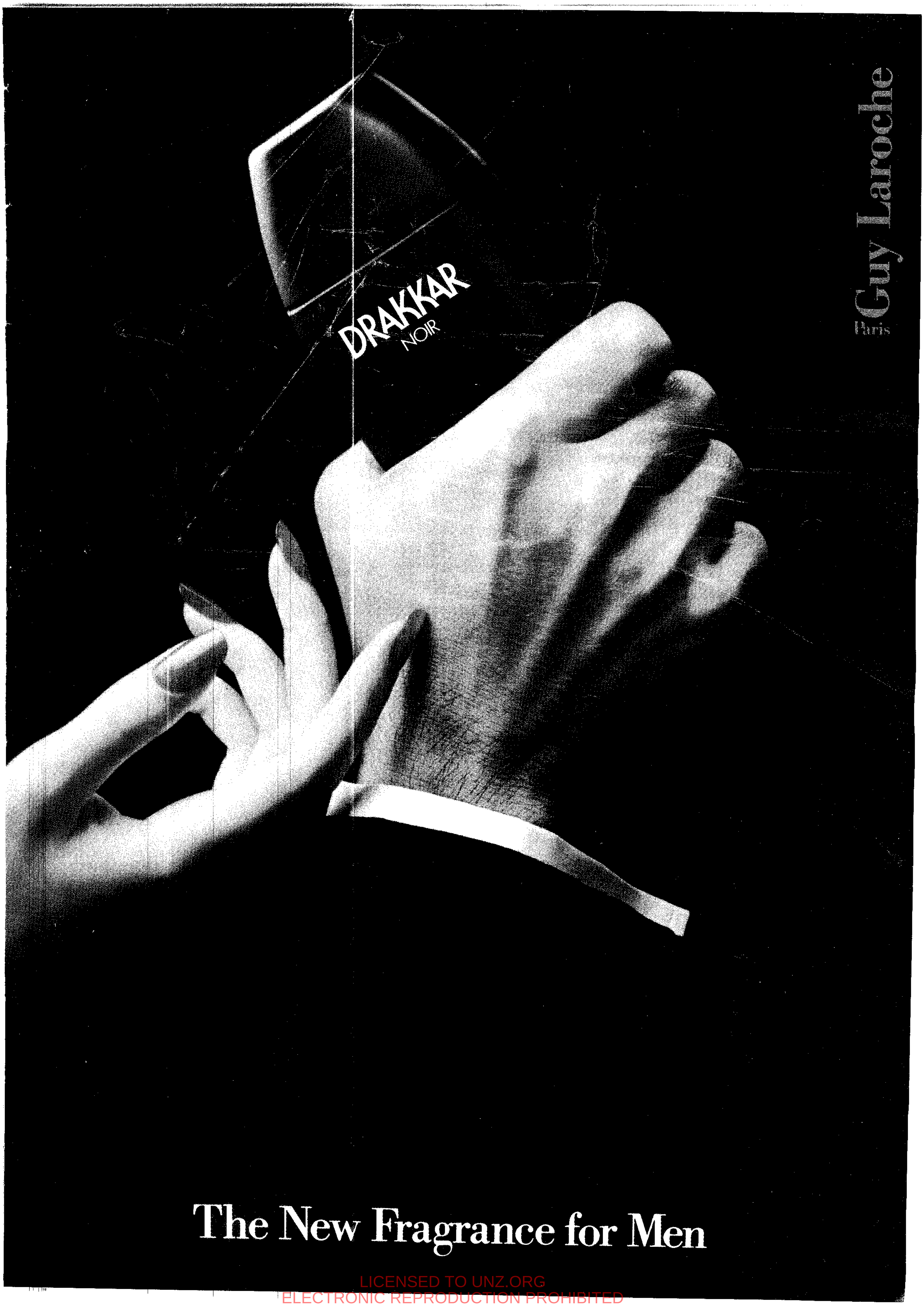
Tempest (1982)—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flickering wit and there are charming bits by Susan Sarandon and the talented young actress Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't find an original tone that the audience can respond to, and he has put John Cassavetes—one of the most dour and alienating of actors—at the film's center. And worse, the picture has delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour; set mostly in Manhattan and on a Greek island, it's overblown and luxuriantly elegant. You feel you should ooh and ah the vistas (courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McAlpine). It has the polished pictorial extravagance of stupe classics, such as Albert Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." (It even has the swank blue skies that "Pandora" had.) And it's a sophisticated fantasy in the same mode: the images might be used to advertise a new *parfum.* This is an absurd movie, but what an artifact! It takes a high degree of civilization to produce something so hollow. With Raul Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Paul Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jerry Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. From a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos; with a modern score by Stomu Yamashta. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 28.)



That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance, and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses," in "On the Avenue"), but in this low-camp musical her co-star is Don Ameche, the cipher that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. As the wife of a Brazilian baron (Ameche), she is weighed down by huge, glassy necklaces and by the other characters' references to her great beauty; she keeps staring, in misery and embarrassment. The mistaken-identity plot, with the neglected wife falling in love with the night-club entertainer (also Ameche) hired to impersonate her husband, is just a farce variation on "The Prisoner of Zenda." The film, directed by Irving Cummings, for Twentieth Century-Fox, features the studio's Brazilian Bombshell, Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile. She plays the entertainer's girlfriend, wears fruit on her head, and sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier–Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. With Maria Montez as Inez, and S. Z. Sakall, J. Carrol Naish, Curt Bois, Leonid Kinskey, Fortunio Bonanova, and Frank Puglia. From a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler; at least five writers worked on the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 27.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 27.)

The Year of Living Dangerously (1983)—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. But movie squalor has its own glamour, and scene by scene this film is fascinating; despite a certain amount of mystical-East blather, it's alive on the screen. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 20.)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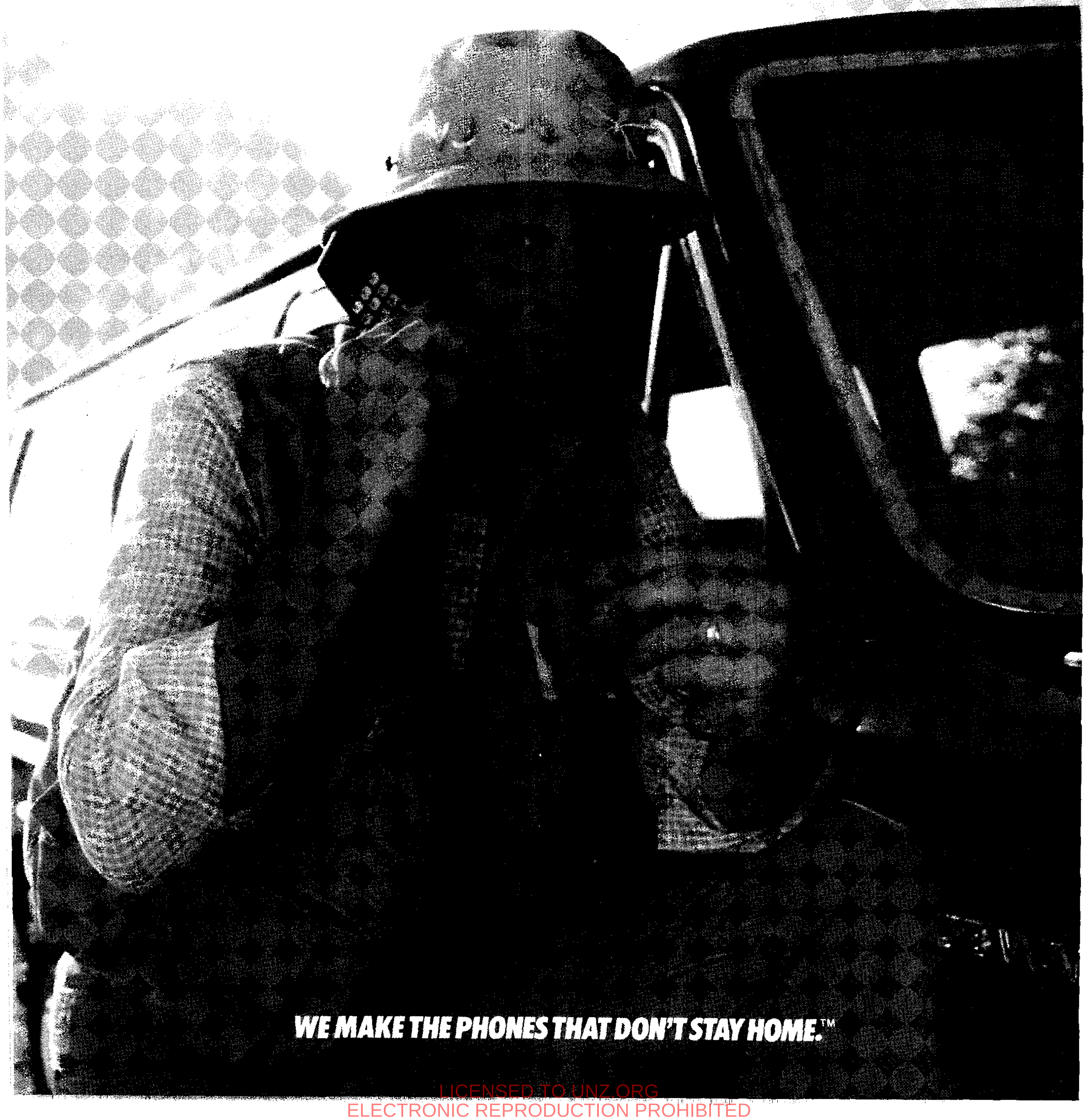
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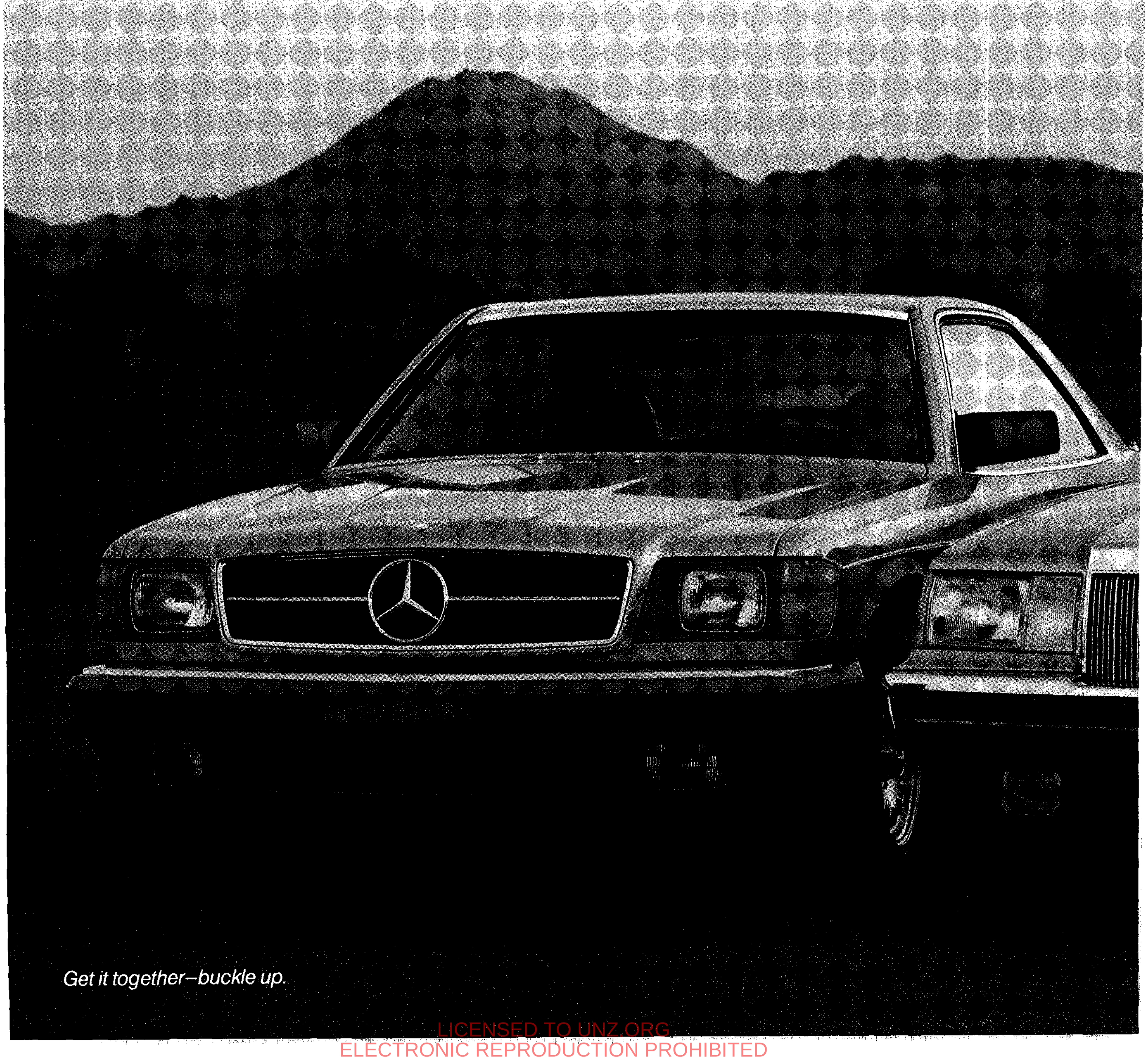

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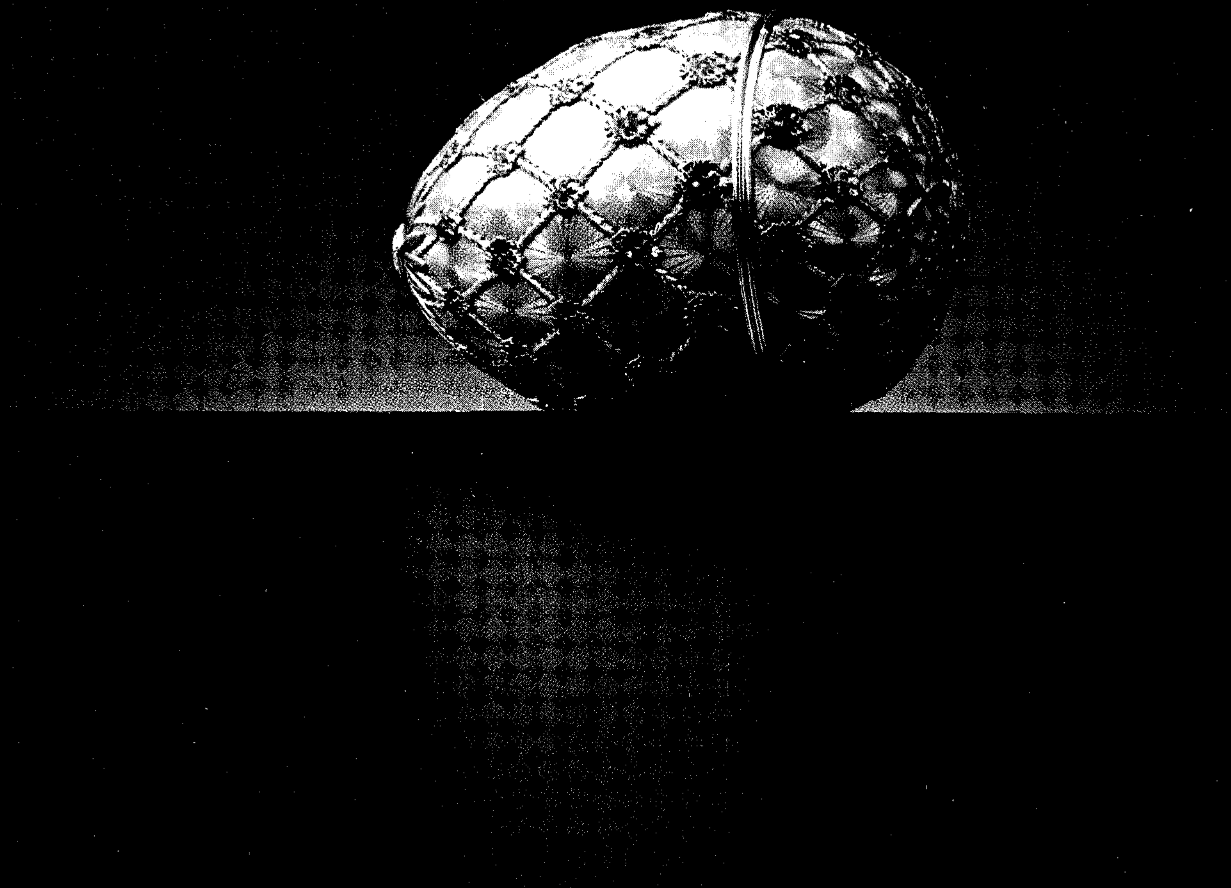

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN "history" overtakes some new chunk of the recent past, it always comes as a relief—one thing that history does, among many others, is to fumigate experience, making it safe and sterile. That is why people like to hope that Vietnam and the nineteen-sixties and racial trouble (but especially Vietnam) will soon be fit subjects for the historians, and that objective judgments will soon be rendered: when that day comes, the rest of us won't have to worry about those subjects anymore—won't have to worry about how we addressed them, what we did. Experience undergoes eternal gentrification; the past, all the parts of it that are dirty and exciting and dangerous and uncomfortable and real, turns gradually into the East Village, and one can sit in a café on St. Mark's Place and eat fresh pasta and chat about what a wild place it used to be, without any fear that the wildness will rise up again and take one's wallet. What is extraordinary, however, is that it is not just bad experiences we want to protect ourselves from but good experiences as well, and for some of the same reasons. It scares us to turn over a rock and find some worm of history we thought dead still crawling about; it scares us, too, though, to find the darkened present illuminated by some flickering light from the past.

Abdul Ghaffar Khan, born in 1890 in the area of India the British called the Northwest Frontier Province, eventually became to his people, the Pathans, a *badshah*, or chief of chiefs; to the British he became an unbeatable, unbearable goad; to Mahatma Gandhi he became the closest of disciples and the best living proof of the power of nonviolence—in fact, he was called the Frontier Gandhi. That was a long time ago. Gandhi has been dead nearly forty years, and many people who know of him today know of him because of a movie. But it happens that Ghaffar Khan is still alive, and still apparently politically active, though "politics" is perhaps too debased a word for what he has spent his life at. He is currently in Afghanistan; last year, though, he was in Pakistan, under house arrest at the age of ninety-three. (Throughout his life, he has spent one day in three in jail.) What little we ourself know of his life we have read in a straightforward yet devoted biography, "A Man to Match His Mountains," by Eknath Easwaran, which will be published here in February by the Nilgiri Press, a small California concern.

Easwaran's biography begins with Khan's youth among the Pathans, a Muslim people living in the vast mountainous area that is now part Pakistan and part Afghanistan. For the most part, they were agricultural, and for the most part they were violent; a cult of revenge dominated the life of the Pathans, Easwaran writes. "Honor! *Izzat!* Probably no word in Pushtu stirs a Pathan more deeply. . . . A poem of the immortal Khushal Khattak [begins]:

> The young men have dyed red
> their hands
> As the falcon dyes his talons in
> the blood of his prey!
> They have reddened their pale
> swords with blood:
> They have made the tulip-bed
> blossom in the middle of the
> summer."

To make a very long story much too short, Khan set out to help his people, first by educating them and talking to them about how to end their poverty. He trekked ceaselessly from village to village, talking and teaching, setting up schools, winning followers. He came under the influence of Gandhi's writings, and began to understand that the violence that rent his people prevented their progress.

Khan knew his people well enough to figure out how to convert them to nonviolence. He organized an army, with soldiers and officers but no weapons; all who joined had to vow that they would not fight, declaring, "I am a Khudai Khidmatgar, and as God needs no service, but serving His creation is serving Him, I promise to serve humanity in the name of God." So well did they keep their vows that hundreds were killed by the British. Gene Sharp, the author of a history titled "Gandhi Wields the Weapon of Moral Power," reports that following Gandhi's two-hundred-mile march to protest the British tax on salt the British sealed off the Northwest Frontier Province to outsiders and turned it into a shooting gallery. He describes the massacre at the Kissa Khani Bazaar, in the provincial capital of Peshawar: "When those in front fell down wounded by the shots, those behind came forward with their breasts bared and exposed themselves to the fire, so much so that some people got as many as twenty-one bullet wounds in their bodies, and all the people stood their ground without getting into a panic." He goes on, "At one point the government ordered its crack Garwhali Rifles to fire on the crowds. Faced with unarmed men, women and children lying down to be slaughtered, the Garwhalis refused." Eventually, Khan's fight paid off: the Northwest Frontier Province won the right, for the first time, to set up its own provincial government—a small concession, perhaps, but one that a century of infinitely bloodier battling had not extracted. And before long the British quit India, fleeing Gandhi and those who, like Khan, followed him.

Khan, like Gandhi, bitterly opposed the Partition of India; even though much of the Muslim Pathans' area would be part of Muslim Pakistan, he did not attend the celebration of Independence, and he continued for the next decades to fight for the rights of his Pathan brethren. Again and again, he wound up in jail; though Easwaran knows little of this period, he says his sense is that Khan is now largely forgotten even among his own people, and is fighting a lonely battle. That could change: he has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize this year, and perhaps, as Easwaran hopes, "A Man to Match His Mountains" will be read in Pakistan and the rest of the Islamic world. "I am terribly concerned about the explosion of violence—especially in the Islamic world," Easwaran says. "Islam doesn't cultivate violence, even though it is often misunderstood in that way. Khan could be a shining figure for the people in Iran and Iraq and Afghanistan and Syria and so many other places."

Newspapers interview the aged children of former slaves, and everyone pays attention when one of those Japanese soldiers is discovered still fighting the Second World War on some forgotten Pacific island, and people visit Gettysburg and stand on its low ridges instead of just reading about it in books, and the reason is that we like the human dimension of history. But, for the most part, other people's stories are a curiosity, not a challenge. Soldiers and slaves, swept along by history, are artifacts, as most of us will someday be—our lives fit for some Williamsburg-like restoration, interesting because they typify something. Other, rarer histories throw down a gauntlet—the histories of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., and a few others who refused to be swept along by the strong yet gentle currents of custom and ease, and instead realized that history can be ours to make, and went out and tried to shape it for the better. After a while, they die and become icons, great holy men—and then we don't have to concern ourselves about them so much, because they are from another time, when that sort of thing was possible. But someone like Khan, simply by being alive, like us, shows those excuses up for what they are. By his example, he asks what we ourselves, as individuals made from the same stuff as he, are doing to shape history.

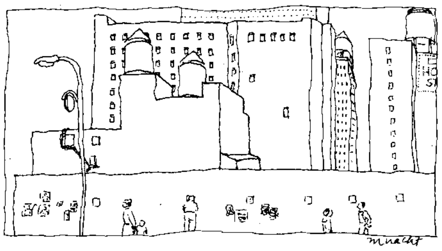
* * *

Elephant Extravaganza

SIX elephants worked at the Bronx Zoo during Elephant Weekend IV, on Saturday and Sunday, September 8th and 9th. Their names are Happy, Grumpy, Tus, Patty, Maxine, and Groucho. Ordinarily, Happy, Grumpy, and Tus work at ordinary zoo-elephant jobs, giving rides, a regular exhibition of tricks, and so on, but Patty, Maxine, and Groucho live in Wild Asia, one of the Bronx Zoo's breeding departments, and just—well, breed. They were all on duty on Saturday and Sunday, however, taking baths, displaying a variety of acrobatic talents, and generally delighting a large number of children, who were on hand with their parents.

"The most exciting elephant extravaganza ever" was what the Zoo's P.R. people planned, according to their printed announcement, and they may have succeeded in their plans, though there are people in India and Sri Lanka who would dispute the claim. All six of the elephants named above are Indian—a fact that would have been easy to observe (for one thing, Indian elephants' ears are smaller than those of African elephants) if it hadn't been for the children. But the children were everywhere, running races, wearing sparkly elephant masks, rooting for their side in the tug-of-war, and just generally getting in the way.

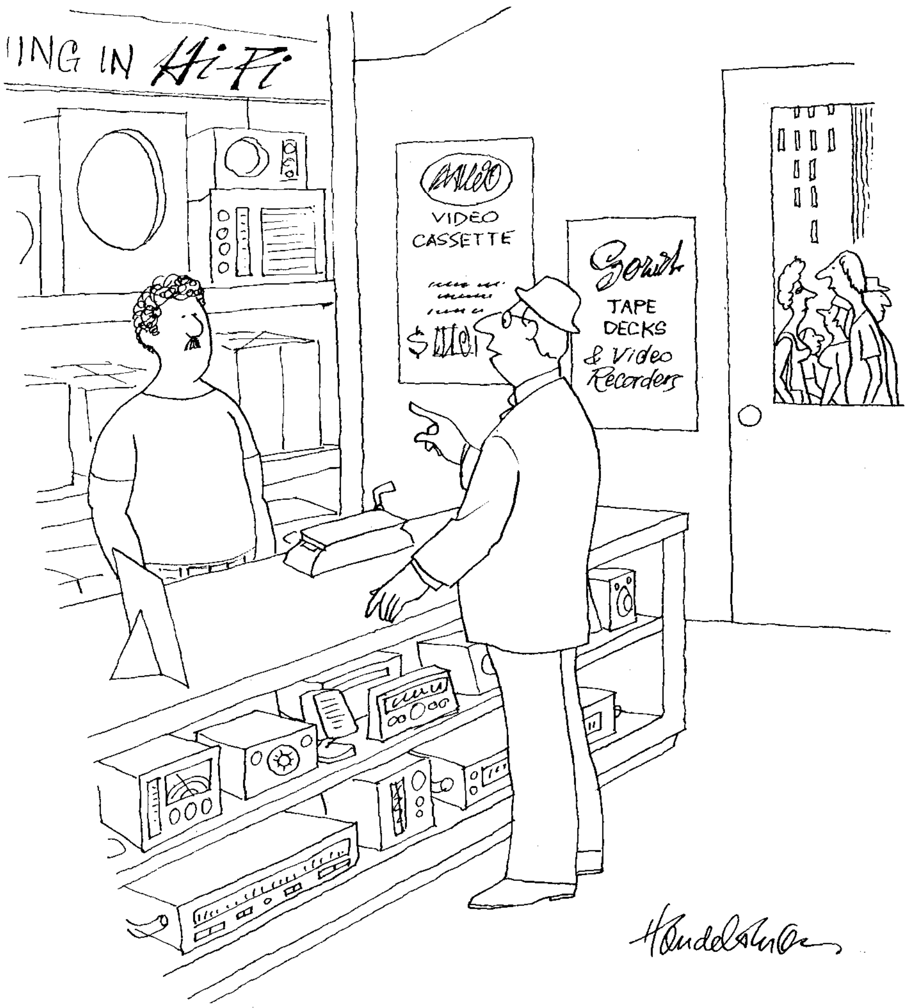
On the lawn of the Zoo Court were black pads representing elephant footprints, on which the children played hopscotch, or would eventually play hopscotch: when we arrived, we found an enormously long trunk-shaped balloon emanating from a papier-mâché elephant face and stretched across the lawn like a tape for racers. Not that all these racers could possibly have breasted it, as it had been slung at least two and a half feet in the air. A loudspeaker blared, "On your mark—get set—go!" We had arrived, it seemed, at the start of the Blanket Races, in which teams of three contestants apiece lined up, each team under one blanket with one eyehole in front. Naturally, collisions ensued. The first contestants to extricate themselves from their blankets were the first to crawl under the extended trunk, and were rewarded with a pinch of peanuts. The trunk-to-tail races were even more difficult, one of each two children holding a hand of the other, but through the legs of both of them. This was so hard as to be almost impossible. True, the children didn't have very far to fall, but the noise they made when they did fall was disproportionate to their size.



Meanwhile, on the Reptile House lawn the Padmini Institute performed Indian folk dances, spelled now and then by the dance team Sujana and Sumana, who did the traditional dance that in India honors Ganesa, the elephant-headed god, promoter of prosperity and also, oddly, of writers. By this time, Grumpy was patiently waiting for what may well have been the high point of the afternoon: the elephant tug-of-war. There, again, the kids were very much in the way, but fortunately one could learn from the literature that during the past four years' history of Elephant Weekends the non-elephant team has won the tug-of-war only once—that was in 1982, when the victors were the Fordham Rams football team. On Saturday, the challengers were members of the Purchase, New York, Volunteer Fire Department. They didn't win. Nor did the Fordham Rams on Sunday. Grumpy won. Grumpy is fifteen years old and weighs seven thousand pounds.

Te Maori

"DAWN is nature's time, not man's time. At daybreak, the world of nature is up and about. After that, everything else during the day is secondary." We learned this from Professor Sidney Moko Mead, a member of the Ngati Awa tribe, in New Zealand, who was in town last week for the opening of "Te Maori: Maori Art from New Zealand Collections," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Originally from eastern Polynesia, the Maoris have been in New Zealand since about the ninth century and now number about three hundred and eighty-five thousand, or twelve per cent of the population. Last Monday at daybreak, we were on hand for the Maori



"Just the kit, please. I don't need the caboodle."

ritual that opened the exhibit, and after that everything else we saw during the day indeed seemed secondary. Shortly before dawn, amid early-morning joggers, an official delegation of about a hundred Maori men, women, and children assembled by the north fountain in front of the museum. In the dimness, the building seemed to loom even larger than usual, and, with the interior, artificial light reflecting off the brass of the entrance, it had an otherworldly glow. At 6:32 A.M., the moment of dawn, five elderly Maori women, wearing cloaks of flax fibre and kiwi feathers and skirts of flax, ascended the steps, turned toward the street, and called out to the gathering. Answering their calls with more calls, and with chants and wails, the rest of the group moved forward and began the ascent in their turn. Leading the procession were half a dozen elders, all of whom looked to be over sixty, and whose bearing was proud and elegant, giving them an air of wisdom and authority. Their faces were painted with designs we later saw in the art works—on their cheeks were scrolls, and on their foreheads lines sprouting outward and upward—and several wore cloaks as elaborate as those of the women, over Western-style suits. Flanking the elders were scantily clad warriors, dancing and darting about, flicking their tongues in and out, and baring the whites of their eyes.

"The women begin the ceremony by calling the men into the house—or, in this case, the building," we were told by Mr. Piri Sciascia, a Maori, who is the assistant director of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council of New Zealand. "Traditionally, women begin things: you come into the world via a woman, and it is the women who make the house comfortable and sociable. Calling people into the house is deeply spiritual, and invokes the past. Literally, they are saying, 'Welcome! Come into the house of your ancestors.' The warriors are there to protect the elders. The warriors are called *kai-tiaki*, which means caretakers, or *kai-arahi*, which means leaders, or *kai-whakawatea*, which means path-clearers."

From the top of the steps, the women called out again to the group, and the calling, chanting, and wailing continued as the procession made its way into the museum, normally dark and deserted at such an hour, and through the Egyptian Wing. Arriving at the Sackler Exhibition Hall, where the Maori works were assembled, the Maoris were quiet for a moment, but they resumed chanting as they wove cautiously through the collection of intricately carved gateways, lintels, weapons, pendants, figureheads, clubs, and other objects of wood, stone, and bone—chanting now directed to the objects themselves. The warriors darted along the walls, and the group finally stopped before the Fort, a large, totemlike doorway of red-ochre and muted-green wood on which is a large carved head with abalone-shell eyes of iridescent green. The chanting stopped, three elders sat down, and the group was addressed by some of the exhibition's sponsors. J. Richardson Dilworth, of the Metropolitan, and Donald Cox, of the American Federation of Arts (which had organized the show), assured the Maoris of the care and respect their art would be accorded; Sir James Henare, a *kaumatua* (elder), spoke of his wish that the United States and New Zealand be separated in the future only by the great Pacific Ocean; and R. J. McCool, of Mobil, spoke of Mobil's plans to convert natural gas into gasoline in New Zealand. At 7:30 A.M., the Honorable Mr. Koro Tainui Wetere, the Minister of Maori Affairs, first speaking in Maori and then smoothly switching to English, declared the exhibition officially open. As the elders and the Americans began shaking hands and touching noses—the traditional Maori greeting—several of the warriors broke jubilantly into a loud, energetic dance, which lasted only a minute or two.

"That dance happened spontaneously," Mr. Sciascia told us. "I think everybody was keyed up and felt that things were getting too serious—there was a need to yell a bit."

Kara Puketapu, a tall, handsome Maori with animated dark eyes, who was a principal New Zealand organizer of the exhibit, told us more. "This is the first time such a large collection has been seen all together, anywhere in the world," he said. "And, since the works of art represent our ancestors, persuading the different tribes to allow the objects to leave New Zealand presented some difficulty. An artist living five hundred years ago would have viewed his work as an expression of his culture, his world—as something to be shared. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the English took away much of our art, and that action created a natural resistance to letting pieces go." Smiling at an elder seated nearby, and waving a hand toward the Fort, Mr. Puketapu said, "That man over there has eighteen or nineteen generations represented in this work of art. For a long time, we didn't have a written language, so genealogy was handed down through oral literature and represented in works such as this. It's not witchcraft—it's a practical thing."

"Every work of art has *mana*, which translates roughly as power, prestige, and a sort of psychic force, and also has *mauri*, which refers to the life principle," Professor Mead told us. "An object created by the hand of a human creator has built into it the quality of *mauri* and assumes a life force of its own. It has both a class name and a personal name. This morning, we were talking to the objects not because we're mad but because they have the *mauri* and *mana* derived from the group that owns them. The ceremony as a whole was a ritual of encounter—two groups of people coming into contact with each other. The greater the event, the greater the formality. Today, it wouldn't have been enough to serve the perfunctory wine and cheese and then say, 'Go look.' It was considered right that the elders come, to prepare the art objects for their life here, where they'll be seen by thousands of strangers. We were concerned that our ancestors shouldn't feel lonely or abandoned."

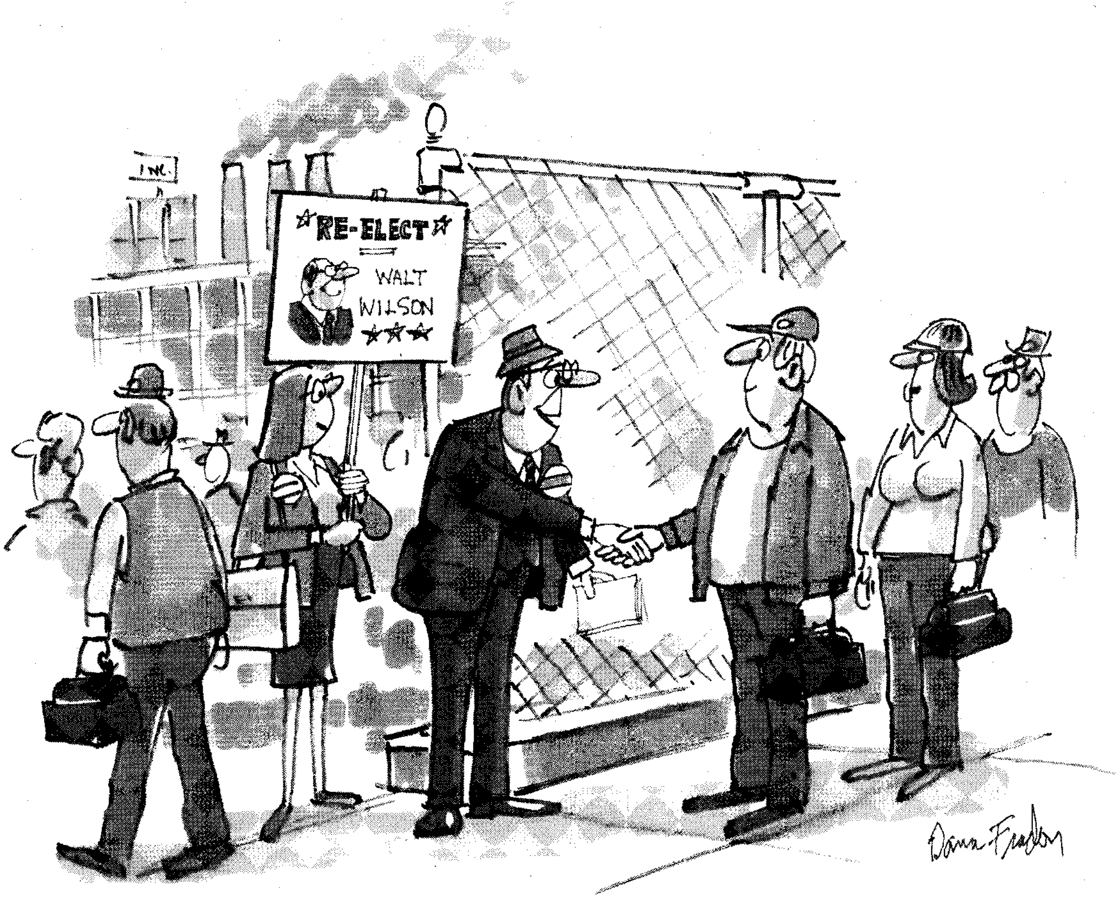
Clean

We couldn't find a place to throw out an empty potato-chip bag as we walked west on Fifty-ninth Street last week, but, starting this fall, it's going to be easy to spot a litter basket on the Coney Island boardwalk from the Hayden Planetarium, in Manhattan, or aim for one in the Bronx from the roof of the Swingline Staple Building, in Queens. The Sanitation Department's new baskets will be painted a color called ten-mile orange, and we had a chance to preview them on Pier 99, at the West Fifty-ninth Street Marine Transfer Station, a long, dark shed open at one end to allow garbage trucks to dump their contents into waiting barges. The baskets were there as part of an art installation—a world away from the Met and the Maoris—by a woman named Mierle Laderman Ukeles, who is the official but unsalaried artist-in-residence at the New York City Department of Sanitation. The exhibit is packed with the impressive tools and vehicles that keep the city from going to wrack and ruin, among them a Bombardier Snowplow, which, according to its manufacturer, "goes where all others fear to tread," more than a thousand gloves actually used by the Sanitation Department over the past year (Mierle received the collection from individual workers, and suspended it in a kind of wire trough), and a Rear Loader M-truck, plucked from its regular lower-East Side route for its display of thoroughgoing, flamboyant graffiti.

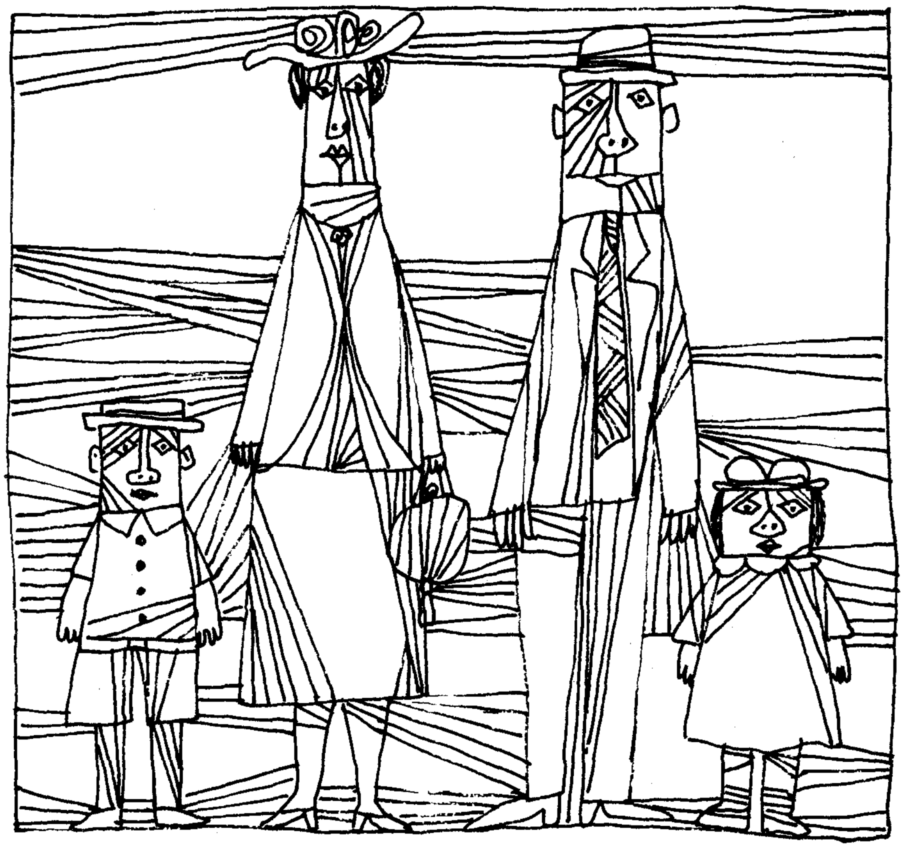
There were a lot of people on hand for the opening of the show, and some of them took the microphone to say a few words. Mayor Koch, who was a little late, said, "Only in New York could you have a sanitation facility where you could also have an art gallery. Notice there's no stench on anything—even our garbage."

John Coleman, who is an important man in foundations, said, "In the human language, there's no word more important than 'love,' except maybe 'dignity.' "

Norman Steisel, the Commissioner of Sanitation, was relatively silent, but Mierle, who is tall and Titian-haired, said that Mr. Steisel, who cleared the way for the show, reminded her most of the Medicis in



"Hi! I'm Walt Wilson. I'm hated by both the extreme left and the extreme right, so I must be doing something right! Hi! I'm Walt Wilson. I'm hated by both the extreme left and the extreme right, so I must be doing something right! Hi! I'm Walt Wilson . . ."



W. Steig

Family Group

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Renaissance Italy. "I'm not making a joke, though it sounds like that," she said. "After all, the Sanitation Department didn't say, 'O.K., we're doing art for a few months, forget about picking up the garbage.' " For the finale of the New York City Art Parade last year, Mierle choreographed a dance called "Ballet Méchanique for Six Mechanical Sweepers," and to open this exhibit, which is called "Touch Sanitation Show," she choreographed another—a ballet called "Marrying the Barges." "Barges travel in couples—lashed to both sides of a tug—as they make their way to Staten Island," Mierle went on. "When the couples are joined together, it's called marriage."

Looking downstream, we saw a tug that said "McAllister Bros." on its beam. It was one of two tugs and six barges that were about to go into their dance. The tug near us had been attached to orange cleats on a blue barge with lengths of heavy white line; earlier, we had talked to a man who showed us how to splice a rope, and now it gave us a little secret pleasure to know that inside each of the lines was a plastic strip that read, over and over, "City of New York." Soon the barges, which were empty of garbage, were doing glissades out in the Hudson, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves. They floated a way off from the Marine Transfer Station, from which they normally head for the dumping ground in Fresh Kills, and in the final moments of the ballet the tug maneuvered the blue barge safely into its slip. Before we left to go on to our next stop, we leaned over the railing and peered down into the cavern of the barge. There was an inch or so of water in its hull, and it looked vast and deep and patient.

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LATER that afternoon, many of the same people reconvened on Mercer Street, in SoHo, outside the Ronald Feldman gallery, to watch a non-Maori ritual called "Cleansing the Bad Names." The bad names were names that people had called garbagemen over the years; in fact, one of the bad names was Garbageman. "The day of mingling the person with the waste that's not even his own must be over," Mierle said. "It's your garbage, not their garbage. Anyone who *makes* garbage is a garbageperson." Some other bad names were: Scavenger, Can Man, Slob, Trash Hound, and Goof. Mierle Ukeles got her list straight from the sanitation workers—she shook the hand of every member of the department during an eleven-month performance-art project five years ago. One man told her about a hot, humid day seventeen years back when he and his colleagues stopped for their break and sat on the porch steps of a house in Brooklyn. "The lady opened the door and yelled at them, 'Get off my porch, you stinking garbagemen!' " Mierle said. "The man told me that those words had stuck in his throat ever since." Mierle had painted all the bad names on the windows of the gallery, and she handed out sponges to city officials and just about anyone else who wanted to help scrub them off. "It is our right as free human beings to say the time of the smelly garbageman is over," Mierle said.

A nicer name than Garbageman is Sanman, and inside the gallery Mierle had built an exhibit called "Sanman's Place," which was a painstaking reproduction of a department locker room. The walls sagged with what artists call found objects, and what Sanmen call "mongo;" in fact, this locker room contained a number of artifacts from the departmentally famous "mongo wall" of Brooklyn's District 10, complete with beer signs, velvet paintings, and Elvis bumper stickers. "Sanman's Place" was a shrine dedicated to refuse, and we were moved. Next to it was a reproduction of a state-of-the-art locker room, boasting a Universal weight machine and a computer on a desk. Everything was very neat.

On the gallery walls Mierle had silk-screened eleven hundred and sixty-nine clock faces—one for each eight-hour shift in a year, and seventy-four more for symmetry. Her empathy with the sanitation workers is obviously immense, and it is catching. Outside, a woman in a stylish black dress stood listening to speeches by Mierle and others. She was smoking, and she casually dropped her cigarette butt to the ground. A few minutes later, though, right around the time Mierle was saying, "They've got to do their job every day—they never get to wake up and think, Perhaps no one put anything out this morning," the woman reached down and picked up her butt and tossed it into the wire-mesh trash basket provided for that purpose. Which, not to make a big deal out of it, is precisely where it belonged.

SIMON

SIMON is in bed with a poet. The poet's long red hair strays out over the pale-blue pillowcase; her right foot taps in time to a Pointer Sisters record. "The dust in your poems," Simon asks, "is it always the same dust? Does it always mean the same thing? Or does it mean one thing in one poem and another thing in another poem?" The poet places a hand under a bare breast, as if to weigh it. "My dust," she says, "my excellent dust. You're a layman, Simon, shut up about my dust."

The poet lives in the country, in an old Putnam County farmhouse that she has not touched except to paint the walls pale blue. She has painted over the old wallpaper, and the walls puff and wrinkle in places. The furniture is junk golden oak, one piece to a room except in the kitchen, where there is a table and two mismatched chairs. "This one is Biedermeier," the poet says, "from my mother, and the other, the potato-chip jobbie, is Eames, from my father. That tell you anything?"

Twice a week, oftener when he can, Simon takes the train from Grand Central to Putnam County. He doesn't like the train, almost always in miserable repair and without air-conditioning, and he hates changing at Croton, the rush from one train to another more like a stampede than anything else, but the views of the stately Hudson from the discolored windows are wonderful, and when he alights at Garrison at the end of this trip she is sitting on the hood of her circus-red Toyota pickup, drinking apple juice from a paper cup.

The poet sings to him:

Row, row, row your bed
Gently down the stream . . .

SIMON can't see her this week because he has jury duty. The benches on the fifteenth floor of the Criminal Courts Building are filled with readers. He spots at least twenty paperback copies of Le Carré's "The Little Drummer Girl," which Simon himself has read and greatly enjoyed. He falls into conversation with a young woman who is, he learns, the editor of a trade journal dealing with lingerie. She's knitting furiously, a sleeveless sweater, as she talks. "We make nine hundred thousand a year for the company, profit," she says. "Can you believe it?" She produces fourteen issues a year, with each issue running to sixty-four pages, sometimes more. "It's hard to think of things to say after a while," she confesses. Simon reflects that the poet has, on another level, the same problem.

The lingerie editor tells him that her assistant is a berserko and that it's impossible to find good subordinates these days. Simon, empanelled, is knocked off a murder case, empanelled again, is knocked off a rape case. "The defendant is accused of sexual misconduct," the blond woman judge tells the jurors. "Will the defendant stand up so that the jurors can see him?" The defendant stands and almost involuntarily takes a little bow. When the attorneys, questioning Simon in the jury box, ask him what he is, he says that he is an architect.

THE poet gives him a picture of herself posed naked as a Maja on a couch. The Polaroid is ill-lit, badly composed, unflattering to her stomach, and she is shiny of nose. Furthermore, the couch is ugly, done in inch-square black-and-white hound's-tooth check. "Who took the picture?" Simon asks. "Someone," she says, and snatches it away from him.

He is a layman, not a figure in her world. "You're not a poet, you're a real person," she says. "Of course poets are funnier than real people." She names for his entertainment the second, third, fourth, and fifth most beautiful male poets in the country. "But who's the first?" the layman asks. "We keep the position open so that the guys will have something to aspire to," she says. Does she know all these beautiful poets? Are they all present or former lovers? Simon has no idea how poets behave. *Outrageously* would be his best guess, but what does that mean in practice? For long stretches she works harder than a young lawyer who's not yet made partner. Then she disappears for a time. She's going to Leningrad for five days. "With whom?" he asks, cursing himself for asking. "It's not important," she says. He won't drive her to Kennedy, let her get herself to Kennedy. "I'm glad you got rid of that couch," he says, "that couch was a real winner." "Wasn't mine," she says.

She was raised in Kansas, where her father is a wholesale grocer. "He gave me this," she says. She opens a book and removes a twenty-thousand-dollar bond. "It was supposed to put me through medical school. I didn't want to go to medical school." The bond is pretty and blue with some kind of noble statuary on it. "Shouldn't this be in a money-market fund or something?" asks the layman. "I guess so," she says. "If you're not from Kansas, people in Kansas ask you: What do you think about Kansas? What do you think about our sky? What do you think about people in Kansas? Are we dumb?" She replaces the bond in the book. "You find a high degree of sadness in Kansas."

SIMON sits at his drafting table, sketching on tracing paper with a felt pen. He's doing an office for a small foundation. The foundation has leased space on a very good block in the East Seventies. The problem is that although there are floor-to-ceiling windows facing the street, very little light penetrates to the nether regions. He's designed a light scoop to be affixed to the rear of the building, but, he figures, the cost would be prohibitive. The existing fire escape is placed precisely where the tubing for the light scoop should go, and light scoops don't work very well anyhow, as both the tygers of wrath and the horses of instruction have taught him. Blake is the poet's favorite poet. When he told her he was doing a job for a foundation she quoted:

Pity is become a trade, and generosity
a science,
That men get rich by . . .

But that's a little hard, he thinks, these people are doing the best they can, piloting worthy projects through the swamps of Inanition (his own imagery has become a bit Blake-ish). She doesn't like the U.N. either. "The U.N. no longer exists," she says. "Shocking, don't you think? A whole

U.N. vanishing? Nobody has had a thought for the U.N. for the last five years. Isn't that true? Isn't it?"

Almost.

Simon strips the tracing paper from his board and, on a new sheet, begins roughing out the placement of ceiling fixtures.

Simon meets the poet at the International Arrivals Building, holding one hand behind him. The nine-hour Finnair flight from Helsinki has been exhausting, but she has met A, B, C, and D—Russian poets so fabulously gifted that none of them has been allowed to publish so much as a weather report. "That's terrific," he says. "You look beautiful." "They all speak English," she says, "this half-misunderstood English which is three times as good as regular English." She notices that he is holding something behind his back. "What's that?" He produces a large, naked steak, a steak big as a Sunday *Times*. She is embarrassed and pops the steak into her canvas carryall. "I don't get your metaphor," she says in the car. "Is it hunger?"

She's right, it is hunger. Don't tell her.

They are sitting in her kitchen. "The burning barns in your poems," he says, "why so many? Isn't that a little . . . repetitive?" "My burning barns," she says, "my splendid burning barns, I'll burn as many barns as I damn please, Pappy." He is older than she is, by ten years, and she has given him this not altogether welcome nickname. The poet looks absolutely stunning. She is wearing a black three-quarter-length skirt embossed with black bird figures, a knitted sleeveless jacket, a yellow long-sleeved blouse, a red ascot. "Why are you so dressed up?" Simon asks. "Because you were coming," she says. "Seriously, do you think there are too many? Barns?" It's the first time she's asked his opinion about anything connected with her work. "I was half teasing," he says. "But they did burn," she says. "Every one I've ever known."

She is, he has discovered, a good citizen, a voter, a bundler and recycler of newspapers, a friend of the whale, has gotten her head cracked by a cop's baton in New London, has chained herself to nuclear-plant gates across half the Northeast. She's *done more* than he has (her trip to Nicaragua) and this is galling. Simon can talk about Vietnam and his time there and, for that matter, his shot-up knee, but who wants to hear this? "Well, let's look at this knee," she says, in bed, taking it in her two hands and peering at it closely. "Well, this knee looks like the soldier was just doing what he thought he was supposed to do. The poor kludge."

Simon is in bed with a poet. Their time together, he knows, will be brief. "Simon says," Simon says, "Simon needs a beer." She rises and moves to fetch a St. Pauli Girl from the refrigerator.

—Donald Barthelme

SUMMER PEOPLE

THE first weekend at their summer house in Vermont, Jo, Tom, and Byron went out for pizza. Afterward, Tom decided that he wanted to go dancing at a roadside bar. Byron had come with his father and Jo grudgingly, enthusiastic about the pizza but fearing that it would be a longer night than he wanted. "They have Pac-Man here," Tom said to his son, as he swung the car into the bar parking strip, and for a couple of seconds it was obvious that Byron was debating whether or not to go in with them. "Nah," he said. "I don't want to hang out with a bunch of drunks while you two dance."

Byron had his sleeping bag with him in the car. The sleeping bag and a pile of comic books were his constant companions. He was using the rolled-up bag as a headrest. Now he turned and punched it flatter, making it more a pillow, and then stretched out to emphasize that he wouldn't go in with them.

"Maybe we should just go home," Jo said, as Tom pulled open the door to the bar.

"What for?"

"Byron—"

"Oh, Byron's overindulged," Tom said, putting his hand on her shoulder and pushing her forward with his fingertips.

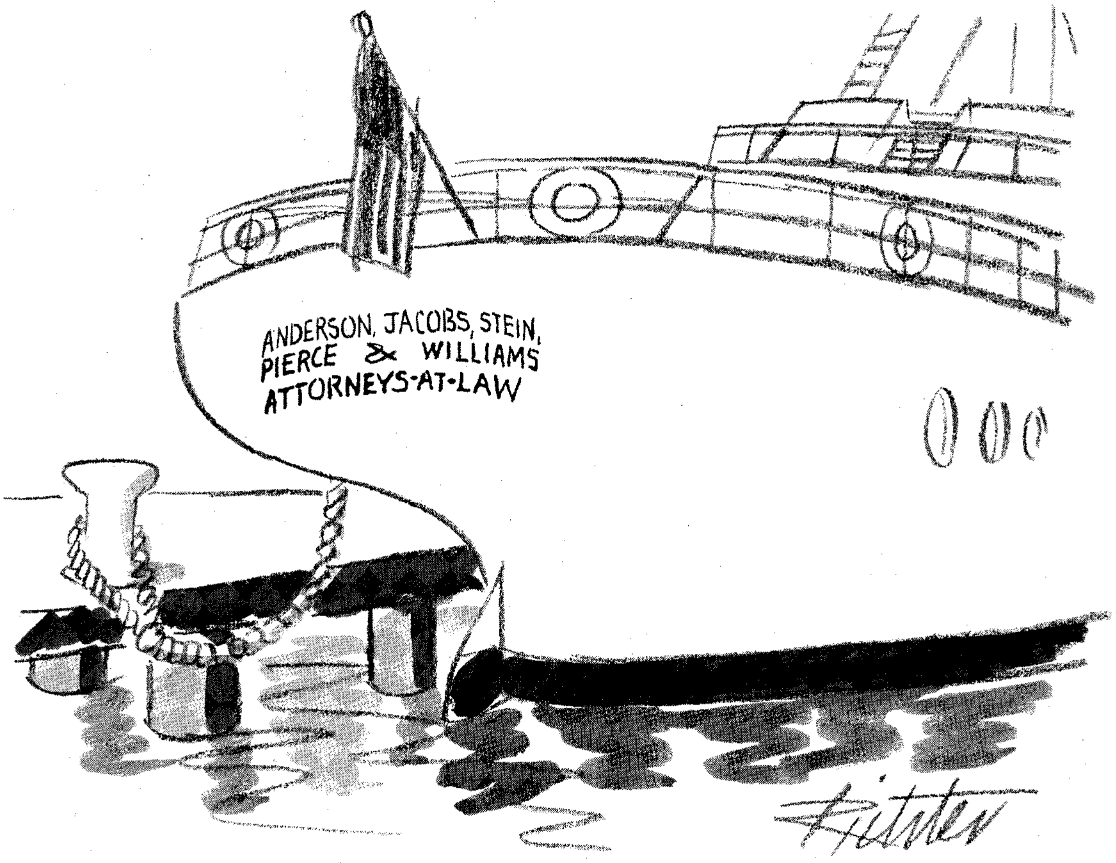
Byron was Tom's son from his first marriage. It was the second summer that he was spending with them on vacation in Vermont. He'd been allowed to decide, and he had chosen to come with them. In the school year, he lived with his mother in Philadelphia. This year, he was suddenly square and sturdy, like the Japanese robots he collected—compact, complicated robots, capable of doing useful but frequently unnecessary tasks, like a Swiss Army knife. It was difficult for Tom to realize that his son was ten years old now. The child he conjured up when he closed his eyes at night was always an infant, the tangled hair still as smooth as peach fuzz, with the scars and bruises of summer erased, so that Byron was again a sleek, seal-like baby.

The band's instruments were piled on the stage. Here and there, amps rose out of tangled wire like trees growing from the forest's tangled floor. A pretty young woman with a blond pompadour was on the dance floor, shaking her puff of hair and smiling at her partner, with her Sony earphones clamped on, so that she heard her own music while the band took a break and the jukebox played. The man stood there shuffling, making almost no attempt to dance. Tom recognized them as the couple who had outbid him on a chain saw he wanted at an auction he had gone to earlier in the day.

On the jukebox, Dolly Parton was doing the speaking part of "I Will Always Love You." Green bottles of Rolling Rock, scattered across the bar top, had the odd configuration of misplaced bowling pins. Dolly Parton's sadness was coupled with great sincerity. The interlude over, she began to sing again, with greater feeling. "I'm not kidding you," a man wearing an orange football jersey said, squeezing the biceps of the burly man who sat next to him. "I says to him, 'I don't understand your question. What is tuna fish *like*? It's tuna fish.' " The burly man's face contorted with laughter.

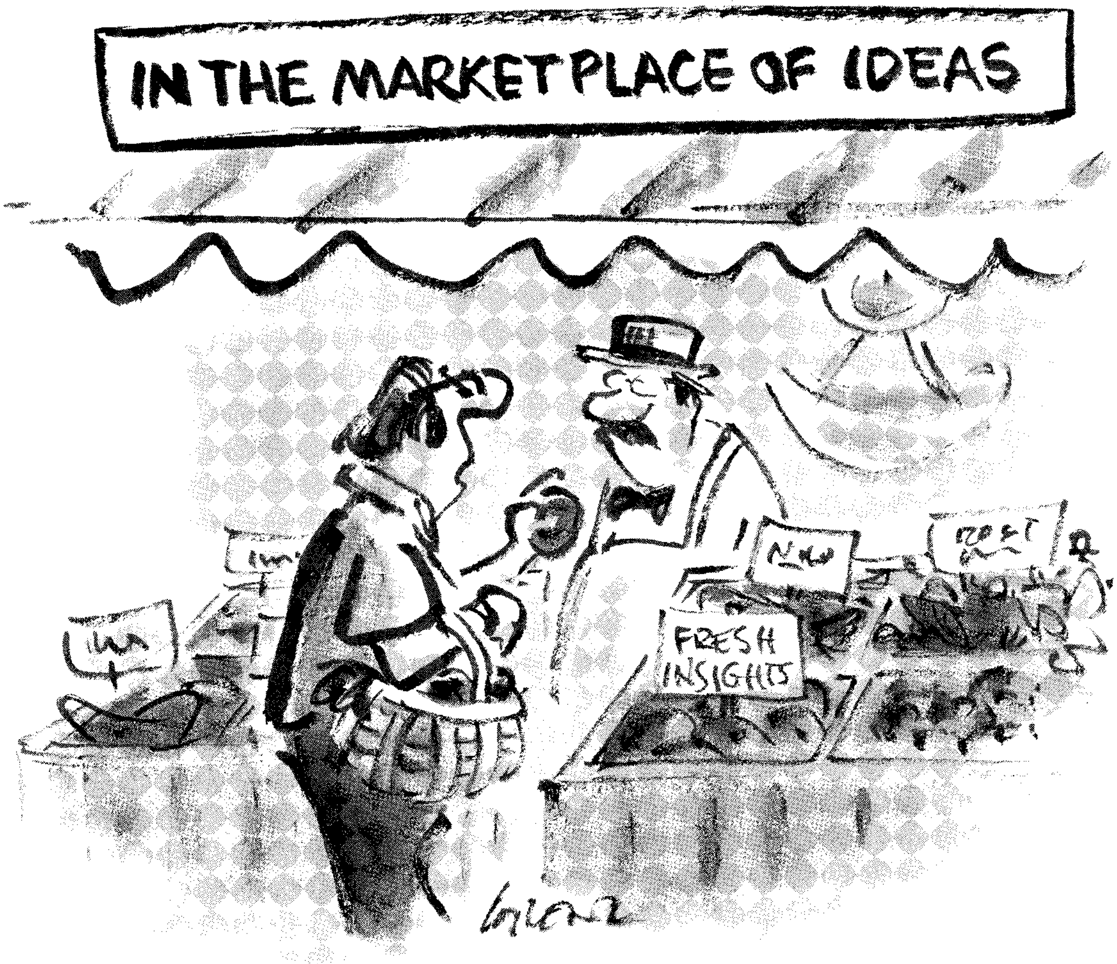
There was a neon sign behind the bar, with shining bubbles moving through a bottle of Miller. When Tom was with his first wife, back when Byron was about three years old, he had taken the lights off the Christmas tree one year while needles rained down on the bedsheet snowbank they had mounded around the tree stand. He had never seen a tree dry out so fast. He remembered snapping off branches, then going to get a garbage bag to put them in. He snapped off branch after branch, stuffing them inside, feeling clever that he had figured out a way to get the dried-out tree down four flights of stairs without needles dropping everywhere. Byron came out of the back room while this was going on, saw the limbs disappearing into the black bag, and began to cry. His wife never let him forget all the wrong things he had said and done to Byron. He was still not entirely sure what Byron had been upset about that day, but he had made it worse by getting angry and saying that the tree was only a tree, not a member of the family.

The bartender passed by, clutching beer bottles by their necks as



if they were birds he had shot. Tom tried to get his eye, but he was gone, involved in some story being told at the far end of the bar. “Let’s dance,” Tom said, and Jo moved into his arms. They walked to the dance floor and slow-danced to an old Dylan song. The harmonica cut through the air like a party blower, shrilly unrolling.

When they left and went back to the car, Byron pretended to be asleep. If he had really been sleeping, he would have stirred when they opened and closed the car doors. He was lying on his back, eyes squeezed shut a little too tightly, enclosed in the padded blue chrysalis of the sleeping bag.


IN THE MARKET PLACE OF IDEAS
NEW
FRESH INSIGHTS

“Just how fresh are these insights?”

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THE next morning, Tom worked in the garden, moving from row to row as he planted tomato seedlings and marigolds. He had a two-month vacation because he was changing jobs, and he was determined to stay ahead of things in the garden this year. It was a very carefully planned bed, more like a well-woven rug than like a vegetable patch. Jo was on the porch, reading “Moll Flanders” and watching him.

He was flattered but also slightly worried that she wanted to make love every night. The month before, on her thirty-fourth birthday, they had drunk a bottle of Dom Pérignon and she had asked him if he was still sure he didn’t want to have a child with her. He told her that he didn’t, and reminded her that they had agreed on that before they got married. He had thought, from the look on her face, that she was about to argue with him—she was a teacher and she loved debate—but she dropped the subject, saying, “You might change your mind someday.” Since then, she had begun to tease him. “Change your mind?” she would whisper, curling up next to him on the sofa and unbuttoning his shirt. She even wanted to make love in the living room. He was afraid Byron would wake up and come downstairs for some reason, so he would turn off the television and go upstairs with her. “What *is* this?” he asked once lightly, hoping it wouldn’t provoke her into a discussion of whether he had changed his mind about having a child.

“I always feel this way about you,” she said. “Do you think I like it the rest of the time, when teaching takes all my energy?”

On another evening, she whispered something else that surprised him—something he didn’t want to pursue. She said that it made her feel old to realize that having friends she could stay up all night talking to was a thing of the past. “Do you remember that from college?” she said. “All those people who took themselves so seriously that everything they felt was a fact.”

He was glad that she had fallen asleep without really wanting an answer. Byron puzzled him less these days and Jo puzzled him more. He looked up at the sky now: bright blue, with clouds trailing out thinly, so that the ends looked as if kite strings were attached. He was rinsing his hands with the garden hose at the side of the house when a car came up the driveway and coasted to a stop. He turned off the water and shook his hands, walking forward to investigate.

A man in his forties was getting out of the car—clean-cut, pudgy. He reached back into the car for a briefcase, then straightened up. “I’m Ed Rickman!” he called. “How are you today?”

Tom nodded. A salesman, and he was trapped. He wiped his hands on his jeans.

“To get right to the point, there are only two roads in this whole part of the world I really love, and this is one of them,” Rickman said. “You’re one of the new people—hell, everybody who didn’t crash up against Plymouth Rock is new in New England, right? I tried to buy this acreage years ago, and the farmer who owned it wouldn’t sell. Made an offer way back then, when money meant something, and the man wouldn't sell. You own all these acres now?"

"Two," Tom said.

"Hell," Ed Rickman said. "You'd be crazy not to be happy here, right?" He looked over Tom's shoulder. "Have a garden?" Rickman said.

"Out back," Tom said.

"You'd be crazy not to have a garden," Rickman said.

Rickman walked past Tom and across the lawn. Tom wanted the visitor to be the one to back off, but Rickman took his time, squinting and slowly staring about the place. Tom was reminded of the way so many people perused box lots at the auction—the cartons they wouldn't let you root around in, because the good things thrown on top covered a boxful of junk.

"I never knew this place was up for grabs," Rickman said. "I was given to understand the house and land were an eight-acre parcel, and not for sale."

"I guess two of them were," Tom said.

Rickman ran his tongue over his teeth a few times. One of his front teeth was discolored—almost black.

"Get this from the farmer himself?" he said.

"Real-estate agent, three years ago. Advertised in the paper."

Rickman looked surprised. He looked down at his Top-Siders. He sighed deeply and looked at the house. "I guess my timing was bad," he said. "That or a question of style. These New Englanders are kind of like dogs. Slow to move. Sniff around before they decide what they think." He held his briefcase in front of his body. He slapped it a couple of times. It reminded Tom of a beer drinker patting his belly.

"Everything changes," Rickman said. "Not so hard to imagine that one day this'll all be skyscrapers. Condominiums or what have you." He looked at the sky. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm not a developer. I don't even have a card to leave with you in case you ever change your mind. In my experience, the only people who change their minds are women. There was a time when you could state that view without having somebody jump all over you, too."

Rickman held out his hand. Tom shook it.

"Just a lovely place you got here," Rickman said. "Thank you for your time."

"Sure," Tom said.

THE SOUND OF THE LIGHT

I hear sheep running on the path of broken limestone
through brown curled leaves fallen early from walnut limbs
at the end of a summer how light the bony
flutter of their passage I can
hear their coughing their calling and wheezing even the warm
greased wool rubbing on the worn walls I hear them
passing passing in the hollow lane and there is still time

the shuffle of black shoes of women climbing
stone ledges to church keeps flowing up the dazzling hill
around the grassy rustle of voices
on the far side of a slatted shutter
and the small waves go on whispering on the shingle
in the heat of an hour without wind it is Sunday
none of the sentences begins or ends there is time

again the unbroken rumble of trucks and the hiss
of brakes roll upward out of the avenue
I forget what season they are exploding through
what year the drill on the sidewalk is smashing
it is the year in which you are sitting there as you are
in the morning speaking to me and I hear
you through the burning day and I touch you
to be sure and there is time there is still time

—W. S. Merwin

• •

Rickman walked away, swinging the briefcase. His trousers were too big; they wrinkled across the seat like an opening accordion. When he got to the car, he looked back and smiled. Then he threw the briefcase onto the passenger seat—not a toss but a throw—got in, slammed the door, and drove away.

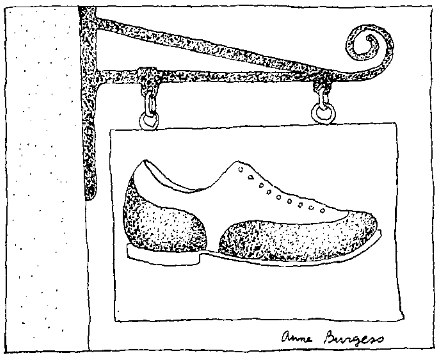
Tom walked around to the back of the house. On the porch, Jo was still reading. There was a pile of paperbacks on the small wicker stool beside her chair. It made him a little angry to think that she had been happily reading while he had wasted so much time with Ed Rickman.

"Some crazy guy pulled up and wanted to buy the house," he said.

"Tell him we'd sell for a million?" she said.

"I wouldn't," he said.

Jo looked up. He turned and went into the kitchen. Byron had left the top off a jar, and a fly had died in the peanut butter. Tom opened the refrigerator and looked over the possibilities.



Later that same week, Tom discovered that Rickman had been talking to Byron. The boy said he had been walking down the road just then, returning from fishing, when a car rolled up alongside him and a man pointed to the house and asked him if he lived there.

Byron was in a bad mood. He hadn't caught anything. He propped his rod beside the porch door and started into the house, but Tom stopped him. "Then what?" Tom said.

"He had this black tooth," Byron said, tapping his own front tooth. "He said he had a house around here, and a kid my age who needed somebody to hang out with. He asked if he could bring this dumb kid over, and I said no, because I wouldn't be around after today."

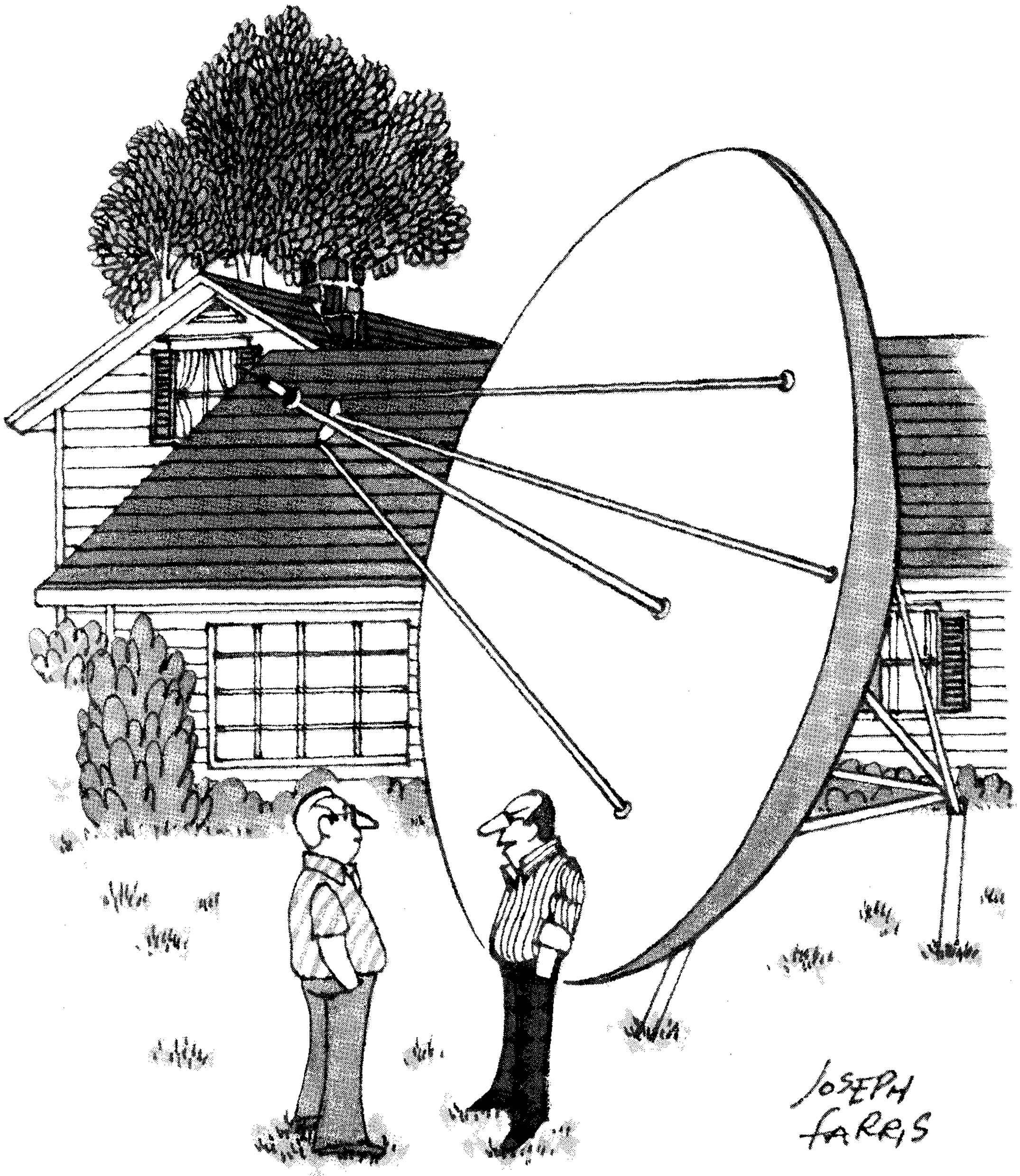
Byron sounded so self-assured that Tom did a double take, wondering where Byron was going.

"I don't want to meet some creepy kid," Byron said. "If the guy comes and asks you, say no—O.K.?"

"Then what did he say?"

"Talked about some part of the river where it was good fishing. Where the river curved, or something. It's no big deal. I've met a lot of guys like him."

"What do you mean?" Tom said.



"There isn't a damn thing worth watching anywhere in the world."

"Guys that talk just to talk," Byron said. "Why are you making a big deal out of it?"

"Byron, the guy's nuts," Tom said. "I don't want you to talk to him anymore. If you see him around here again, run and get me."

"Right," Byron said. "Should I scream, too?"

Tom shivered. The image of Byron screaming frightened him, and for a few seconds he let himself believe that he should call the police. But if he called, what would he say—that someone had asked if his house was for sale and later asked Byron if he'd play with his son?

Tom pulled out a cigarette and lit it. He'd drive across town to see the farmer who'd owned the land, he decided, and find out what he knew about Rickman. He didn't remember exactly how to get to the farmer's house, and he couldn't remember his name. The real-estate agent had pointed out the place, at the top of a hill, the summer he showed Tom the property, so he could call him and find out. But first he was going to make sure that Jo got home safely from the grocery store.

The phone rang, and Byron turned to pick it up.

"Hello?" Byron said. Byron frowned. He avoided Tom's eyes. Then, just when Tom felt sure that it was Rickman, Byron said, "Nothing much." A long pause. "Yeah, sure," he said. "I'm thinking about ornithology."

It was Byron's mother.

THE real-estate agent remembered him. Tom told him about Rickman. "*De de de de, De de de de*," the agent sang—the notes of the theme music from "The Twilight Zone." The agent laughed. He told him the farmer whose land he had bought was named Albright. He didn't have the man's telephone number, but was sure it was in the directory. It was.

Tom got in the car and drove to the farm. A young woman working in a flower garden stood up and held her trowel up like a torch when his car pulled into the drive. Then she looked surprised that he was a stranger. He introduced himself. She said her name. It turned out she was Mr. Albright's niece, who had come with her family to watch the place while her aunt and uncle were in New Zealand. She didn't know anything about the sale of the land; no, nobody else had come around asking. Tom described Rickman anyway. No, she said, she hadn't seen anyone who looked like that. Over on a side lawn, two Irish setters were barking madly at them. A man—he must have been the woman's husband—was holding them by their collars. The dogs were going wild, and the young woman obviously wanted to end the conversation. Tom didn't think about leaving her his telephone number until it was too late, when he was driving away.

That night, he went to another auction, and when he came back to the car one of the back tires was flat. He opened the trunk to get the spare, glad that he had gone to the auction alone, glad that the field was lit up and people were walking around. A little girl about his son's age came by with her parents. She held a one-armed doll over her head and skipped forward. "I don't feel cheated. Why should you feel cheated? I bought the whole box for two dollars and I got two metal sieves out of it," the woman said to the man. He had on a baseball cap and a black tank top and cutoffs, and sandals with soles that curved at the heel and toe like a canoe. He stalked ahead of the woman, box under one arm, and grabbed his dancing daughter by the elbow. "Watch my dolly!" she screamed, as he pulled her along. "That doll's not worth five cents," the man said. Tom averted his eyes. He was sweating more than he should, going through the easy maneuvers of changing a tire. There was even a breeze.

They floated the tire in a pan of water at the gas station the next morning, looking for the puncture. Nothing was embedded in the tire; whatever had made the hole wasn't there. As one big bubble after another rose to the surface, Tom felt a clutch in his throat, as if he himself might be drowning.

"The New York 'Times' called.

HE could think of no good reason to tell the officer at the police barracks why Ed Rickman would have singled him out. Maybe Rickman *had* wanted to build a house on that particular site. The policeman made a fist and rested his mouth against it, his lips in the gully between thumb and finger. Until Tom said that, the policeman had seemed concerned—even a little interested. Then his expression changed. Tom hurried to say that of course he didn't believe that explanation, because something funny was going on. The cop shook his head. Did that mean no, of course not, or no, he did believe it?

Tom described Rickman, mentioning the discolored tooth. The cop wrote this information down on a small white pad. He drew crosshatches on a corner. The cop did not seem quite as certain as Tom that no one could have a grudge against him or anyone in his family. He asked where they lived in New York, where they worked.

When Tom walked out into the sunlight, he felt a little faint. Of course he had understood, even before the cop said it, that there was nothing the police could do at this point. "Frankly," the cop had said, "it's not likely that we're going to be able to keep a good eye out, in that you're on a dead-end road. Not a *route*," the cop said. "Not a *major thoroughfare*." It seemed to be some joke the cop was having with himself.

Driving home, Tom realized that he could give anyone who asked a detailed description of the cop. He had studied every mark on the cop's face—the little scar (chicken pox?) over one eyebrow, the aquiline nose that narrowed at the tip almost to the shape of a tack. He did not intend to alarm Jo or Byron by telling them where he had been.

Byron had gone fishing again. Jo wanted to make love while Byron was out. Tom knew he couldn't.

A WEEK passed. Almost two weeks. He and Jo and Byron sat in lawn chairs, watching the lightning bugs blink. Byron said he had his eye on one in particular, and he went "*Beep-beep, beep-beep*" as it blinked. They ate raw peas Jo had gathered in a bowl. He and Jo had a glass of wine. The neighbors' M.G. passed by. This summer, the neighbors sometimes tapped the horn as they passed. A bird swooped low across the lawn—perhaps a female cardinal. It was a surprise seeing a bird in the twilight like that. It dove into the grass, more like a seagull than a cardinal. It rose up, fluttering, with something in its beak. Jo put her glass on the little table, smiled, and clapped softly.

The bird Byron found dead in the morning was a grackle, *not* a cardinal. It was lying about ten feet from the picture window, but until Tom examined the bird's body carefully, he did not decide that probably it had just smacked into the glass by accident.

At Rusty's, at the end of summer, Tom ran into the cop again. They were both carrying white paper bags with straws sticking out of them. Grease was starting to seep through the bags. Rickman had never reappeared, and Tom felt some embarrassment about having gone to see the cop. He tried not to focus on the tip of the cop's nose.

"Running into a nut like that, I guess it makes getting back to the city look good," the cop said.

He's thinking *summer people*, Tom decided.

"You have a nice year, now," the cop said. "Tell your wife I sure do envy her her retirement."

"Her retirement?" Tom said.

The cop looked at the blacktop. "I admit, the way you described that guy I thought he might be sent by somebody who had a grudge against you or your wife," he said. "Then at the fire-department picnic I got talking to your neighbor—that Mrs. Hewett—and I asked her if she'd seen anybody strange poking around before you got there. Hadn't. We got to talking. She said you were in the advertising business, and there was no way of knowing what gripes some lunatic might have with that, if he happened to know. Maybe *you* walked on somebody's territory, so to speak, and he wanted to get even. And your wife being a schoolteacher, you can't realize how upset some parents get when Johnny doesn't bring home the A's. You never can tell. Mrs. Hewett said she'd been a schoolteacher for a few

Would you be interested in home delivery?”

• •

months herself, before she got married, and she never regretted the day she quit. Said your wife was real happy about her own decision, too.” The cop nodded in agreement with this.

Tom tried to hide his surprise. Somehow, the fact that he didn't know that Jo had ever exchanged a word with a neighbor, Karen Hewett, privately made the rest of the story believable. They hardly knew the woman. But why would Jo quit? His credibility with the cop must have been good after all. He could tell from the way the cop studied his face that he realized he had been telling Tom something he didn't know.

When the cop left, Tom sat on the hot front hood of his car, took the hamburgers out of the bag, and ate them. He pulled the straw out of the big container of Coke and took off the plastic top. He drank from the cup, and when the Coke was gone he continued to sit there, sucking ice. Back during the winter, Jo had several times brought up the idea of having a baby, but she hadn't mentioned it for weeks now. He wondered if she had decided to get pregnant in spite of his objections. But even if she had, why would she quit her job before she was sure there was a reason for it?

A teen-age girl with short hair and triangle-shaped earrings walked by, averting her eyes as if she knew he'd stare after her. He didn't; only the earrings that caught the light like mirrors interested him. In a convertible facing him, across the lot, a boy and girl were eating their sandwiches in the front seat while a golden retriever in the back moved his head between theirs, looking from left to right and left to right with the regularity of a dummy talking to a ventriloquist. A man holding his toddler's hand walked by and smiled. Another car pulled in, with Hall and Oates going on the radio. The driver turned off the ignition, cutting off the music, and got out. A woman got out the other side. As they walked past, the woman said to the man, “I don't see why we've got to eat exactly at nine, twelve, and six.” “Hey, it's twelve-fifteen,” the man said. Tom dropped his cup into the paper bag, along with his hamburger wrappers and the napkins he hadn't used. He carried the soggy bag over to the trash can. A few bees lifted slightly higher as he stuffed his trash in. Walking back to the car, he realized that he had absolutely no idea what to do. At some point he would have to ask Jo what was going on.

When he pulled up, Byron was sitting on the front step, cleaning fish over a newspaper. Four trout, one of them very large. Byron had had a good day.

Tom walked through the house but couldn't find Jo. He held his breath when he opened the closet door; it was unlikely that she would be in there, naked, two days in a row. She liked to play tricks on him.

He came back downstairs, and saw, through the kitchen window, that Jo was sitting outside. A woman was with her. He walked out. Paper plates and beer bottles were on the grass beside their chairs.

“Hi, honey,” she said.

“Hi,” the woman said. It was Karen Hewett.

“Hi,” he said to both of them. He had never seen Karen Hewett up close. She was tanner than he realized. The biggest difference, though, was her hair. When he had seen her, it had always been long and windblown, but today she had it pulled back in a clip.

“Get all your errands done?” Jo said.

It couldn't have been a more ordinary conversation. It couldn't have been a more ordinary summer day.

THE night before they closed up the house, Tom and Jo lay stretched out on the bed. Jo was finishing “Tom Jones.” Tom was enjoying the cool breeze coming through the window, thinking that when he was in New York he forgot the Vermont house; at least, he forgot it except for the times he looked up from the street he was on and saw the sky, and its emptiness made him remember stars. It was the sky he loved in the country—the sky more than the house. If he hadn't thought it would seem dramatic, he would have gotten out of bed now and stood at the window for a long time. Earlier in the evening, Jo had asked why he was so moody. He had told her that he didn't feel like leaving. “Then let's stay,” she said. It was his opening to say something about her job in the fall. He had hoped she would say something, but he hesitated, and she had only put her arms around him and rubbed her cheek against his chest. All summer, she had seduced him—sometimes with passion, sometimes so subtly he didn't realize what was happening until she put her hand up under his T-shirt or kissed him on the lips.

Now it was the end of August. Jo's sister, in Connecticut, was graduating from nursing school in Hartford, and Jo had asked Tom to stop there so they could do something with her sister to celebrate. Her sister lived in a one-bedroom apartment, but it would be easy to find a motel. The following day, they would take Byron home to Philadelphia and then backtrack to New York.

In the car the next morning, Tom felt Byron's gaze on his back and won-

THE NORTH ATLANTIC

I

Days it lorded above us like a coin,
days the white sun gave what we purloined.
I slept with one hand on the bunk's steel frame
and one beneath the pillow, gripping for luck
a scalloped Kodak. The lemons lasted
almost till Iceland, the gin hardly a suck.
Old Smith, our bootlegger, soon dismasted,
could bribe in Russian. It was a wartime game,
like poker under Scarne's rules, or craps
in the naval barracks after taps.
The bottles bobbed in our wake like corks.
They swim forth now in fishy shoals,
the memories in tan and cream, snow and coals,
like the oily winters of New York.
Postwar, post-discharge, when color came,
nothing fixed, in the black leather books,
shots in avalanche like shale, shots of cooks,
maids, discarded afternoons lurching into focus,
gliding back into favor though all in frame
had lost their heads. One's in Caracas,
one's dead, most have lost their names.
Garden party, wedding reception, wake?
On long tables the Mouton-Rothschild fakes
a tipsy siesta. No argument trammels
the folding chairs. Here we ate our dead,
the prawns. The summer boys, who begged their Camels,
would fight like Spartans when the world
saw sailors drown like rabbits at the Pearl.
We cargoed Iceland's frozen mail, instead—
shadowed convoys, gambled, listened for the U-
boats, but mostly ran the sacks of mail,
dropping charges when a sperm or blue
troubled the sonar, and left a bloody whale.
One snowy morning slicks broke on the sea
behind us, boiling to the surface like a stew.
In them, life jackets and garbage. Debris.
The black cooks promised us our share of slaughter.

II

Dry land unseasons bodies, broken down
with arrowpoints and shattered pots in sandy ground,
but the sea takes any trepanned skull
and makes it home. Shining ribs, coralled bone,
cage for the tiger fish, for the crab a hull—
brittle Tiffany for undersea empires.
The octopus is lord among the stones.
His sedimented ships are spires.
One night a torpedoed tanker leaked its crude
on the flat sea, burning, the flames like lace.
They could not launch rafts, the men on deck.
The sailors shivered in that latitude,
hunching as the black tanker groaned within—
steel plate blistering from the fire inside,
paint down the superstructure sloughing like skin—
and slowly, and not so silently, fried.

—William Logan

• •

dered if he had overheard their lovemaking the night before. It was very hot by noontime. There was so much haze on the mountains that their peaks were invisible. The mountains gradually sloped until suddenly, before Tom realized it, they were driving on flat highway. Late that afternoon, they found a motel. He and Byron swam in the pool, and Jo, although she was just about to see her, talked to her sister for half an hour on the phone.

By the time Jo's sister turned up at the motel, Tom had shaved and showered. Byron was watching television. He wanted to stay in the room and watch the movie, instead of having dinner with them. He said he wasn't hungry. Tom insisted that he come and eat dinner. "I can get something out of the machine," Byron said.

"You're not going to eat potato chips for dinner," Tom said. "Get off the bed—come on."

Byron gave Tom a look that was quite similar to the look an outlaw in the movie was giving the sheriff who had just kicked his gun out of reach.

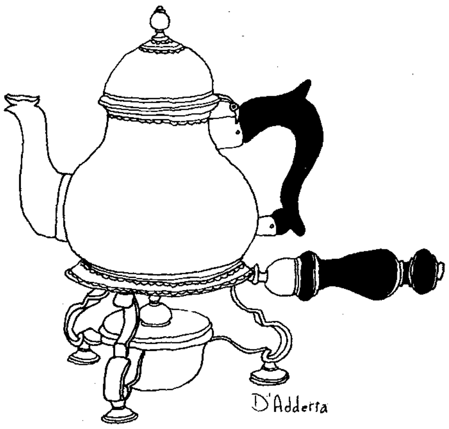
"You didn't stay glued to the set in Vermont all summer and miss those glorious days, did you?" Jo's sister said.

"I fished," Byron said.

"He caught four trout one day," Tom said, spreading his arms and looking from the palm of one hand to the palm of the other.

They all had dinner together in the motel restaurant, and later, while they drank their coffee, Byron dropped quarters into the machine in the corridor, playing game after game of Space Invaders.

Jo and her sister went into the bar next to the restaurant for a nightcap. Tom let them go alone, figuring that they probably wanted some private time together. Byron followed him up to the room and turned on the television. An hour later, Jo and her sister were still in the bar. Tom sat on the balcony. Long before his usual bedtime, Byron turned off the television.



"Good night," Tom called into the room, hoping Byron would call him in.

"Night," Byron said.

Tom sat in silence for a minute. He was out of cigarettes and felt like a beer. He went into the room. Byron was lying in his sleeping bag, unzipped, on top of one of the beds.

"I'm going to drive down to that 7-Eleven," Tom said. "Want me to bring you anything?"

"No, thanks," Byron said.

"Want to come along?"

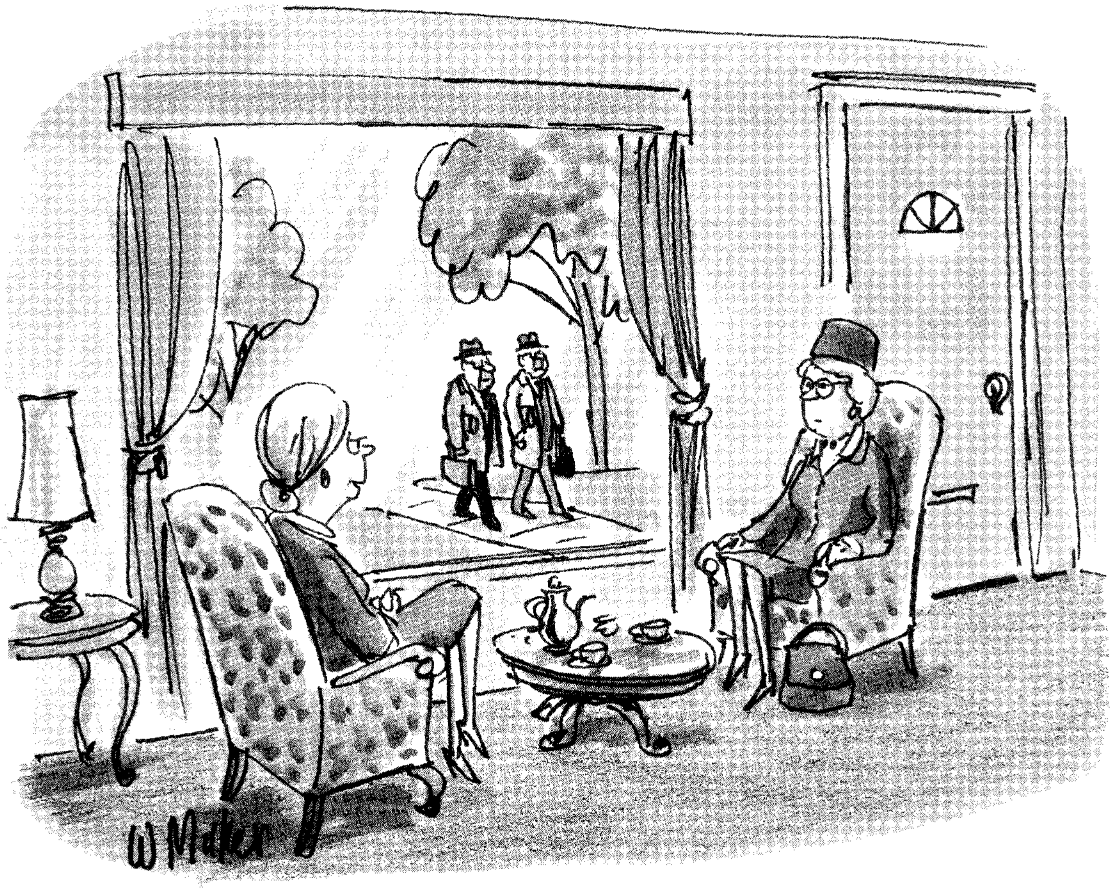
"No," Byron said.

He picked up the keys to the car and the room key and went out. He wasn't sure whether Byron was still sulking because he had made him go to dinner or whether he didn't want to go back to his mother's. Perhaps he was just tired.

Tom bought two Heinekens and a pack of Kools. The cashier was obviously stoned; he had bloodshot eyes and stuffed a wad of napkins into the bag before he pushed it across the counter to Tom.

Back at the motel, he opened the door quietly. Byron didn't move. Tom put out one of the two lights Byron had left on and slid open the glass door to the balcony.

Two people kissed on the pathway outside, passing the pool on the way to their room. People were talking in the room below—muted, but it sounded like an argument. The lights were suddenly turned off at the pool. Tom pushed his heels against the railing and tipped his chair back. He could hear the cars on the highway. He felt sad about something, and realized that he felt quite alone. He finished a beer and lit a cigarette. Byron hadn't been very communicative. Of course, he couldn't expect a ten-year-old boy to throw his arms around him the way he had when he was a baby. And Jo—in spite of her ardor, his memory of her, all summer, was of her sitting with her nose in some eighteenth-century novel. He thought about all the things they had done in July and August, trying to convince himself that they had done a lot and had fun. Dancing a couple of times, auctions, the day on the borrowed raft, four—no, five—movies, fishing with Byron, badminton, the fireworks and the sparerib dinner outside the Town Hall on the Fourth.



"There's something I must tell you about myself, Estelle. I'm a bigamist."

Maybe what his ex-wife always said was true: he didn't connect with people. Jo never said such a thing, though. And Byron chose to spend the summer with them.

He drank the other beer and felt its effect. It had been a long drive. Byron probably didn't want to go back to Philadelphia. He himself wasn't too eager to begin his new job. He suddenly remembered his secretary, when he confided in her that he'd gotten the big offer—her surprise, the way she hid her thumbs-up behind the palm of her other hand, in a mock gesture of secrecy. "Where are you going to go from there?" she had said. He'd miss her. She was funny and pretty and enthusiastic—no slouch herself. He'd miss laughing with her, miss being flattered because she thought that he was such a competent character.

He missed Jo. It wasn't because she was off at the bar. If she came back this instant, something would still be missing. He couldn't imagine caring for anyone more than he cared for her, but he wasn't sure that he was still in love with her. He was fiddling, there in the dark. He had reached into the paper bag and begun to wrinkle up little bits of napkin, rolling the paper between thumb and finger so that it formed tiny balls. When he had a palmful, he got up and tossed them over the railing. When he sat down again, he closed his eyes and began what would be months of remembering Vermont: the garden, the neon green of new peas, the lumpy lawn, the pine trees and the smell of them at night—and then suddenly Rickman was there, rumpled and strange, but his presence was only slightly startling. He was just a man who'd dropped in on a summer day. "You'd be crazy not to be happy here," Rickman was saying. All that was quite believable now—the way, when seen in the odd context of a home movie, even the craziest relative can suddenly look amiable.

He wondered if Jo was pregnant. Could that be what she and her sister were talking about all this time in the bar? For a second, he wanted them all to be transformed into characters in one of those novels she had read all summer. That way, the uncertainty would end. Henry Fielding would simply step in and predict the future. The author could tell him what it would be like, what would happen, if he had to try, another time, to love somebody.

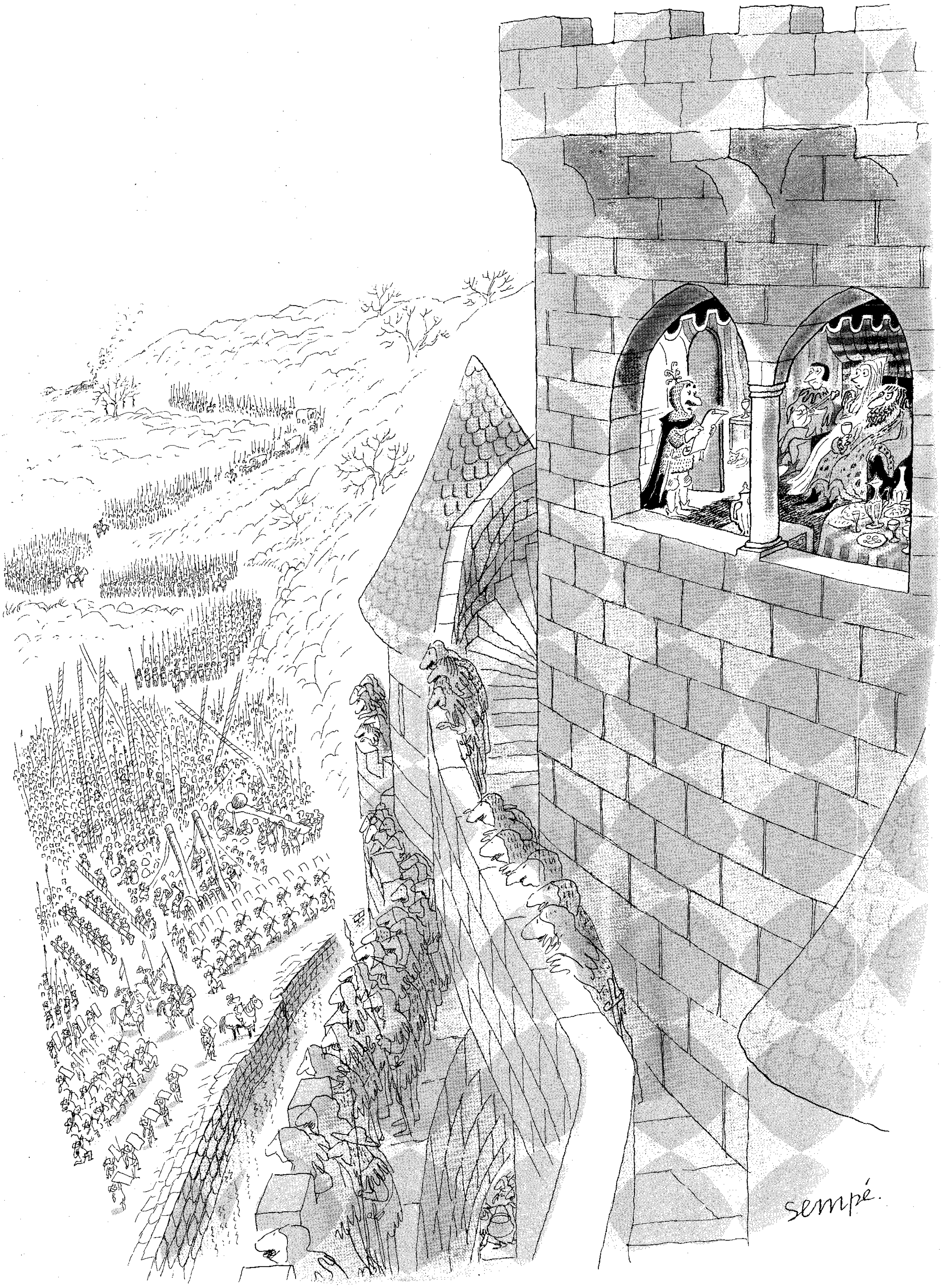
The woman who had been arguing with the man was quiet. Crickets chirped, and a television hummed faintly. Below him, near the pool, a man who worked at the motel had rolled a table onto its side. He whistled while he made an adjustment to the white metal pole that would hold an umbrella the next day.

—ANN BEATTIE

•

Speakers at the park will include Derrick Bell, dean of the University of Oregon; the Most Rev. Kenneth Steiner, auxiliary bishop of the Roman Park gazebo, just west of the Capitol. —*Portland Oregonian.*

An open-air diocese?



"Their intentions are, in fact, quite simple. They say they would like to be here inside and for us to be outside."

REFLECTIONS

TWO LETTERS

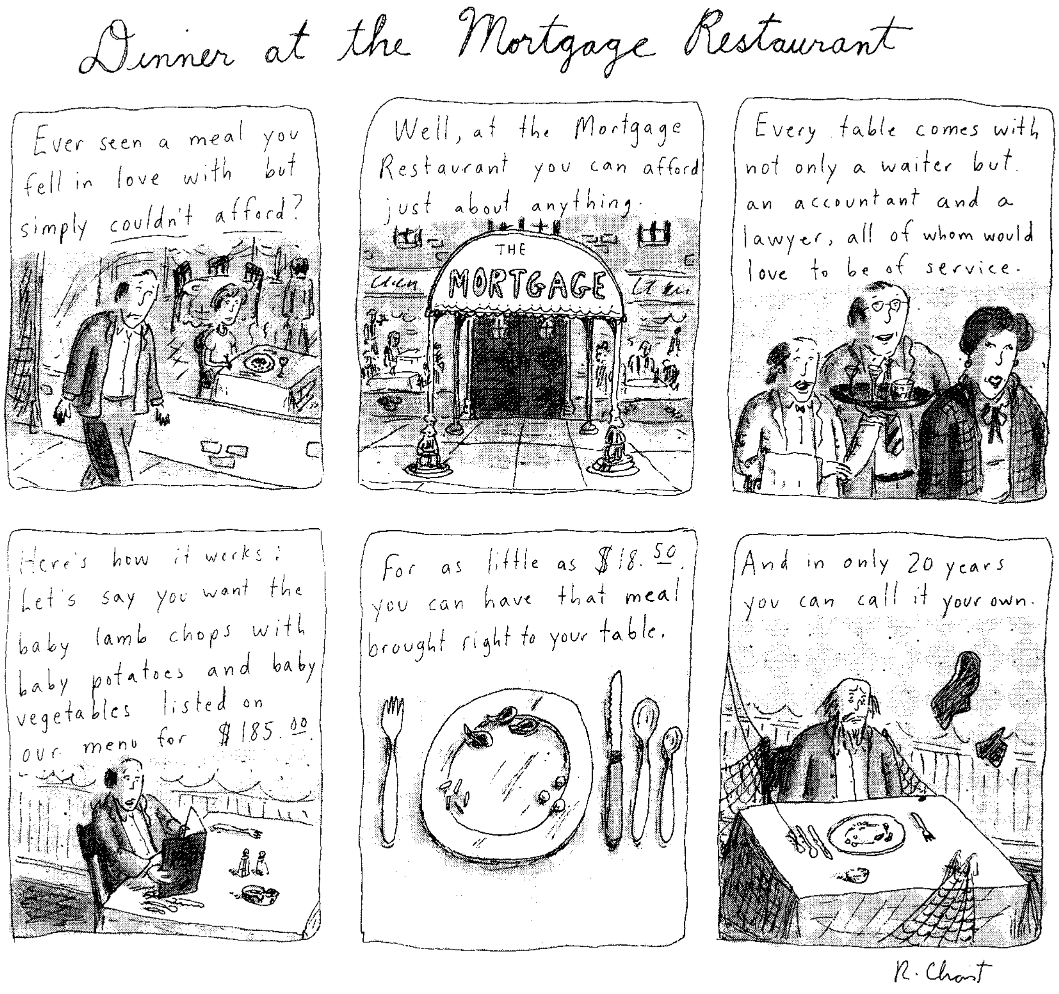
LETTER TO A RUSSIAN

DEAR FRIEND:

If I have chosen you as the addressee of this letter, it is for several reasons. We have known each other professionally for a long time. You are an intelligent and perceptive person, who has been around a bit. Each of us, I believe, has confidence in the other's good will and his concern for the future of Soviet-American relations. Your relatively high Party position means that you cannot simply shrug off, on the ground of a claimed total helplessness and lack of responsibility, the things I am about to say. You and I belong to that relatively small category of persons who are put forward by our two countries from time to time, like intellectual gladiators, to meet and talk with members of the corresponding category (or what purports to be that) on the other side. Sometimes these encounters take place on the professional level; sometimes the criteria for participation are wider and vaguer. In any case, here, in these carefully controlled and somewhat artificial gatherings, you and I have exchanged opinions on many subjects, even agreeing on some subjects on which our governments at the time disagreed. But for some of us on the American side who have had longer experience with the Soviet Union there have always also been subjects we did *not* talk about: issues we did *not* raise, thoughts we did *not* voice.

There were, of course, reasons for this. One was just common politeness. Either we were guests in your country or you were guests in ours. No one wanted to overstep the implied bounds. But, beyond that, we knew that in your country the issues in question were usually ones of great Party sensitivity; that mention of them was taboo even within privileged Soviet society; that many of them were matters for which, even if the Party had responsibility for them, you personally had none. And since these were matters that you on the Soviet side could not discuss even with each other, let alone with us, we knew that for us to raise them with you in the presence of your Soviet colleagues would be only to embarrass and silence you, to spoil the atmosphere of the meeting, and to damage the prospects for useful exchanges on the immediate and more limited subjects we had come together to talk about.

So we swallowed our misgivings and held our tongues, and were no doubt right, at the moment, in doing so. But in one way this restraint was unfortunate. For among these unmentioned, and at the moment unmentionable, subjects there were some that went to the heart not necessarily of the intergovernmental differences of the particular moment but of the attitudes toward the Soviet Union on the part of those of us who have been involved in this relationship for a long time, who know something about the history of your country and your movement, and who would like to put our experience to better use than present circumstances permit. In some way and at some time, I feel, these subjects must be mentioned; for failure to mention them could lead you to believe that they do not mean anything to us and do not affect the relationship, whereas actually they do. They may not seem of importance to those in the two governments whose drastic militarization of outlook has blinded them to the political, historical, and psychological considerations; but to those of us who are asked, in the light of long experience, to try to promote understanding between the two countries they are not secondary matters. Even if you feel that there is little you personally could do to change things, you should at least be made aware of the extent to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R. Chast

"Roger, it won't kill you to help your own father with his computer."

• •

which these questions affect our feelings about the Soviet Union.

BEFORE I turn to the problems of the present, let me, as a historian, say a few words about the past. The history of the early years of Soviet power is a subject to which your Party affixed, during the Stalin era, a straitjacket of orthodox interpretation, and this has remained almost unchanged over the past thirty or forty years. Very few of us can accept the bulk of this interpretation. We, in contrast to you, do not idealize the Revolution. Some of us even question its necessity. For us, Lenin, his great qualities notwithstanding, was not a saint, or a man endowed with a perfect understanding of all the human phenomena of his time. Certain unhappy events of the immediate post-revolutionary years, including, outstandingly, the famine of 1921-22, appear to us to be attributable to serious misjudgments by the Party. Again, it is hard for us to understand how the Party can fail to reproach itself for the excesses of the collectivization of the peasantry—cruel, destructive, and unnecessary—and for the further famine to which that led. And all this, of course, was only the prelude to the full horrors of Stalinism, as these developed in the mid-nineteen-thirties.

There is no need for me to remind you of the things that went on in your country in the terrible years from 1935 to 1938 and, in part, down to 1953. You must be aware of them, even though no Soviet publication may now mention them other than under the outrageous euphemism of a mildly regrettable "cult of personality." They are, of course, a forbidden subject in the Soviet Union. It displeases you, I know, that I raise it. These things, you may say, took place long ago, and their consequences cannot now be corrected, so why bring them up at this time? Are they not better forgotten?

We—and especially those of us who try to be serious historians—cannot look at it this way. The effects of Stalinism—on Russia, on the international Communist movement, on the Soviet Communist Party itself, on Soviet society and its relations with societies elsewhere, including our own—were too profound to permit us to forget them. Nor is this only a historical problem. Terrible, shocking, and far-reaching as were the events themselves, no less significant in our eyes have been the subsequent official ignoring of them and the effort of the Party, down to the present day, to suppress their memory. Nikita Khrushchev, to his credit, tried to induce the Party to face up to them. He was rejected and disowned for his pains. That such things could happen as did happen in the Soviet Union in those years from 1935 to 1953—that they could happen, above all, to a great political movement and a great advanced society in the modern age—is puzzling enough, but that the political regime through which, and to which, these things occurred should not be interested, some thirty or forty years later, in inquiring into their causes, and should instead try to bury in oblivion what were, after all, the dominant domestic-political realities of two momentous decades of Russian history: this, to us, is not comprehensible at all.

It is, in fact, a bad sign. When an individual is unable to face his own past and feels compelled to build his view of himself on a total denial of it and on the creation of myths to put in its place, this is normally regarded as a sign of extreme neurosis. Whoever tries to establish an intimacy with such an individual does so at his own peril; for he will eventually be expected to share these same blind spots and to do lip service to the same illusions. Can it be otherwise, we wonder, with a political regime? Must we not observe a certain caution in our relations with a regime that is incapable of seeing itself realistically and can live only by the systematic distortion or repression of its memories about itself and its earlier behavior? If one is unable to face up to

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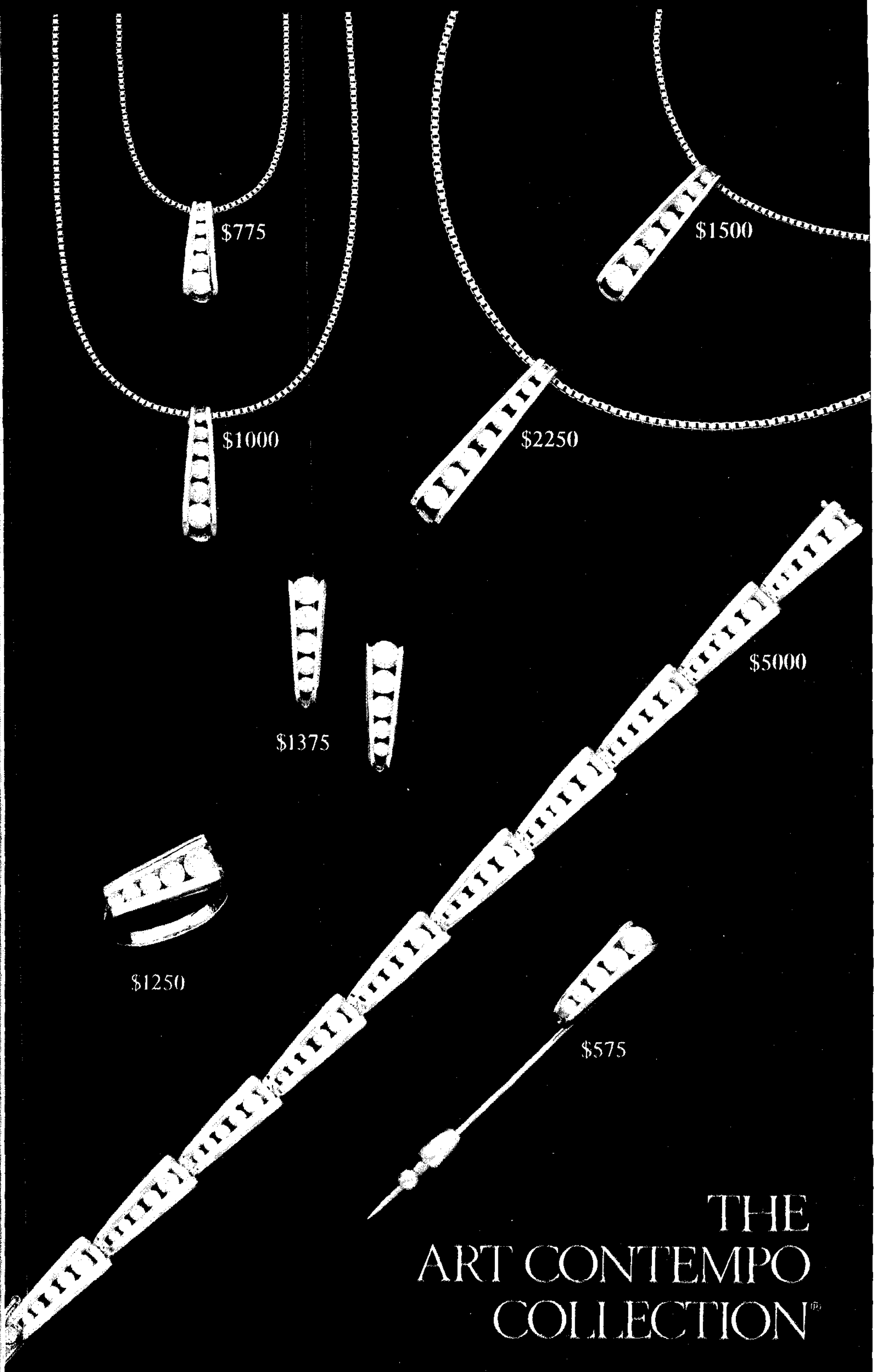

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I know what the reaction of many of your Party comrades would be to my raising this question. They would see it as an unfriendly act. "No true friend of ours," they would say to themselves, "would tell the truth about us. A true friend would accept all our delusions and pretensions about ourselves as his own, or would at least pretend to do so." But this, precisely, is what we cannot do, and should not do. You would not do it for us; and we would not wish you to. Your inability to take account of your own past stands to us as a warning sign: not to expect too much, not to go too far in the search for intimacy with you. You will have to recognize, sooner or later, that this inability—the inability to face what has made you, as a political movement, what you are today—stands as a barrier to the respect and understanding you would like to encounter in others. Meanwhile, you *must recognize that we on the other* side with whom you talk cannot accept a great deal that you appear to take for granted, and that we view with misgivings the motives that impel your Party to cultivate these egregious distortions and repressions of memory and of demonstrable fact.

BUT let us turn now from questions of historical memory and consider certain aspects of the official Soviet personality (not unconnected, incidentally, with Stalinist traditions) which have remained generally constant for over half a century and have, in my judgment, done as much as anything else to poison the relations of the Soviet Union with the West. They constitute, collectively, something that is very hard to sum up in a single sentence, for it has a wide variety of manifestations. It has been sometimes described as the "siege mentality." It is, in essence, the state of mind that assumes all forms of authority not under Soviet control to be, or to be likely to be, wicked, hostile, and menacing. It conjures up the image of a Soviet regime endowed with unique insight, wisdom, benevolence, and nobility of purpose, standing out bravely through the decades against misguided and dangerous foreign forces, frustrating their evil designs, protecting its own grateful people from their wily encroachments. A number of troublesome phenomena flow from this neurotic view of self and surroundings, among them the conspiratorial nature

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of the regime itself; the dark suspicion of everything and everyone foreign; the obsession with secrecy, espionage, and internal security; the evident compulsion to conceal and protect the centers of Soviet power with an elaborate façade; the determination to force others either (and preferably) to mistake this façade for the reality or at least to connive at the fiction that it is real.

What stands out first is the fact that this "siege mentality" is plainly subjective, rather than objective. That this is so is confirmed by its very immutability. It has survived, fundamentally unchanged, all sorts of changes in environmental circumstances: wars, alliances, the ups and downs of political relationships, extremes of variation in the attitudes of foreign powers—everything. It was applied just about as rigorously to the United States in the years of the wartime alliance and in the heyday of "détente" as at the height of the Cold War. It affects Third World countries and "imperialist" ones alike. It is even applied in large measure to those regimes which are today, in the formal sense, political and military allies of the Soviet Union. It responds, obviously, to an internal sense of insecurity rather than to any real external threat. It can represent only some sort of lack of inner confidence—fear of what lies within rather than of what lies without. And this does endless damage to your foreign relations. Consider just your treatment of the foreign resident in Russia—the diplomat or the journalist. There is the beady, mistrustful, clandestine observation; the determination to isolate him from Soviet society; the obvious efforts to bypass him in the process of international communication—to go behind his back and deal with those in his own country who have had less opportunity to perceive and to penetrate the Soviet façade. At the heart of this treatment lies the persistent tendency of your present government, as of Russian governments of much earlier ages, to confuse a wholly normal and not unfriendly curiosity about Russia with something called "espionage," to treat even the most inoffensive foreign resident or visitor as a "spy," and to teach your people to see him that way. If an example of this be needed, take only the recent Soviet television series so obviously designed to make the American Embassy in Moscow the target of general hatred and suspicion.

What is it, we who have been sub-

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jected to this treatment sometimes wonder, that causes Russian rulers to react thus pathologically to any normal observation of their country by outsiders? What makes them think that if a foreigner were by chance to learn something about Russia beyond what they choose to tell him or to show him, all would be lost? What makes them assume that security lies primarily in concealment? Did it never occur to them that the Soviet Union might actually be more secure if they did not practice all this mystification, and if outsiders knew more, rather than less, about you? You cannot wall yourselves off in this way, like some ancient Oriental despotism, and then expect sympathy and admiration and confidence from the world outside.

I am not denying the need for *some* concern for the national security, and for *some* limitations on the freedom of foreigners to poke around in your affairs. What I am talking about here is only a matter of degree. Exaggerated suspicion invites exaggerated suspicion. Don't you realize that by this sort of overreaction the Soviet government has been "graduating" for more than half a century a new class of embittered foreign diplomats and journalists annually, and sending them out into the world to spread their bitterness? Your masters obviously think that that doesn't matter. These people, they would argue, don't amount to much; there are ways of getting around them; let them grumble. But your masters are wrong about that. Individually, perhaps, it might be true; cumulatively, it is not. With time, some of these people advance in voice and in influence. Their cumulative weight has now added perceptibly to the volume of skepticism and suspicion with which the Soviet regime is today viewed in the Western world. You cannot ask us, the initiated, to ignore the Soviet government's exaggerated suspicion, to pretend that it does not exist, or to try to explain it away on your behalf.

I mentioned the conspiratorial nature of the Soviet regime. Am I not right about this? Is this not specifically recognized in inner-Party documentation? It is my impression that the Party as a whole is conspiratorial in relation to the remainder of the population, to the organs of the regular governmental apparatus, and, to some extent, to the foreign Communist Parties as well; further, that within the Party itself the *nomenklatura* is conspiratorial vis-à-vis the rank and file, and that the highest bodies have a similar relationship to the remainder of the *nomenklatura*. Subordinate Party units, if my impression is correct, have no right to know, or to inquire into, the reasoning behind the orders they receive from higher Party authority; they are only to carry them out. The highest Party organs, in other words, are a law unto themselves, responsible only to themselves. There is no one to whom they have to render a complete accounting for their actions—not even, in reality, the Central Committee. And they are extremely secretive about their own deliberations and the rationale for their actions.

And these conspiratorial rules evidently apply in even sterner measure to the internal-security services—the secret police, in short—whose real relations with the Party are such an assiduously guarded secret. Here it is even worse; for the decisions and actions of the police apparatus, often cutting deeply into both internal and external affairs, almost never appear under their own name but are masked by the measures of other authorities, who, once again, have no means of inquiring into their rationale or explaining it to outsiders, and can only do what they are told to do.

Now, the outsider is compelled to suppose that all this mystification must have unfortunate effects even within the Soviet Union; for surely it must stifle much internal communication that would normally be useful. But the leading victims of it are, of course (as they were intended to be), the foreigners who, either in Moscow or elsewhere, must try to deal with the Soviet government or to understand it, or both. These people are left to fumble at the elaborate façade that the conspiratorial nature of the regime demands and to guess what is in the minds of those who actually control the regime. To the extent that the intermediaries with whom they are compelled to deal have their instructions, the foreigner may or may not discover what the instructions were; but he is unlikely ever to discover the decisions, and the thinking, that lay behind them. This explains the endless guessing game that goes on, as it has gone on for decades, among those foreigners in Moscow and elsewhere who are charged with dealing with Soviet authorities or attempting to fathom the thinking and intentions of Soviet leaders.

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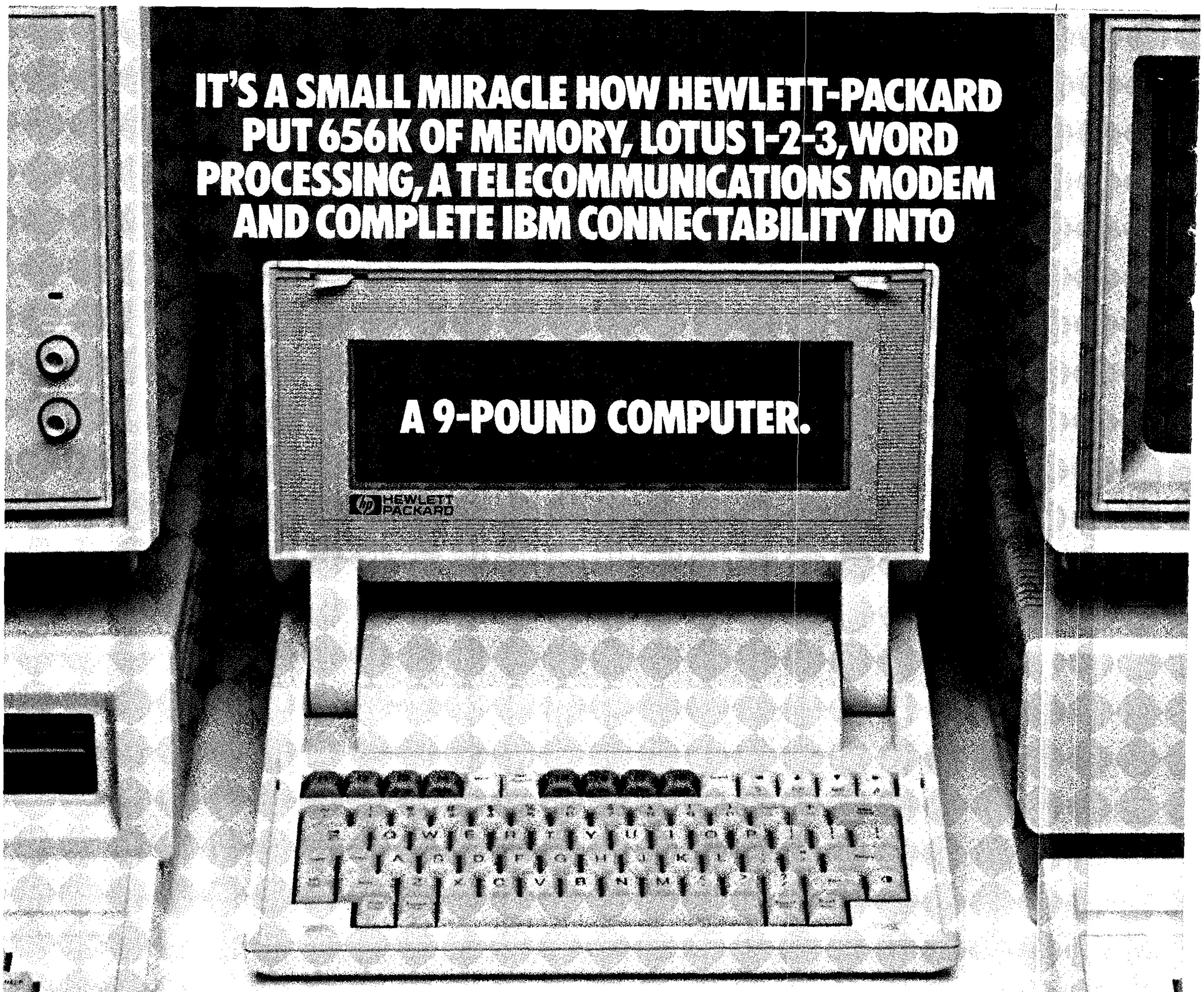

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worth it? Again, of course, what is involved is a matter of degree. Every "ruling group" in every country normally has to insist on the privilege of some degree of confidentiality in its internal discussions (although the United States government, admittedly, seems able to preserve jolly little of it). But this privilege can be carried too far. The foreign representative, the scholar, or the journalist who has to try to understand Soviet behavior is, as I have just noted, left extensively to his own conjectures. Yet there is nothing so conducive to needless or exaggerated fears as uncertainty. This is true in personal affairs; it is no less true in governmental ones. In innumerable cases, I am sure, the uncertainties engendered by this systematically preserved and baffling façade have led to assumptions far less favorable to the Soviet image than the full truth would have been, had it been known.

"One day, there will be no room for yet another chocolate-chip cookie, regardless of its quality."

• •

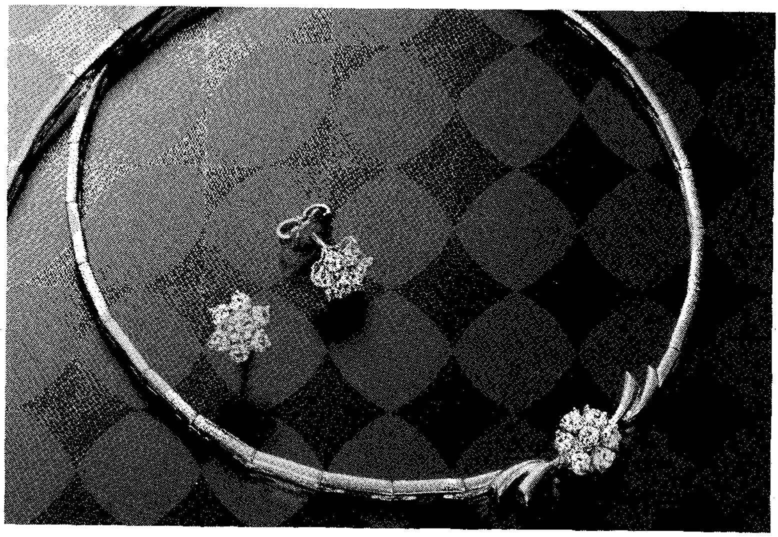
If one wants an example of the damage done in this way, one has only to note the many, and sometimes egregious, exaggerations of Soviet military preparations which, simply because one did not know the truth and wanted to be on the safe side, have been allowed to become ingrained in foreign military assumptions and military planning. I can well understand that the Soviet authorities might be of two minds about this effect. They probably do not wish the Soviet Union to appear threatening, but they are also not unhappy that it should appear strong—perhaps, even, stronger than it really is. If this is the case, I am sure they are making a mistake, for we are all now in the danger zone with our wild military competition, yet the impression of a Soviet Union arming inordinately, needlessly, and with implacable determination, in a manner explicable only by aggressive intentions, rests in large part on just such uncertainties, and on just the exaggerated speculations they encourage. If this or that which is said in the West about menacing Soviet military preparations is untrue or is greatly exaggerated, then you would do well to say so frankly, and to permit others to verify your disclaimers, rather than to allow such dangerous assumptions to become implanted in Western thinking and in Western military preparations.

If one wants another example of the damage that can be done by the "siege mentality," one has only to glance at the exorbitant role the internal-security organs are allowed to play in the external relations of the Soviet Union. I have been observing Soviet affairs in one capacity or another for some fifty-five years, and it seems to me that I have seen innumerable situations where the international relations of the Soviet Union have been damaged by the extent to which what one might call police considerations, and sometimes police authority, have been given precedence over normal diplomatic efforts. It seems clear that in every Soviet office or activity that has to do with foreigners—in every Soviet Embassy, every passport office, every commercial agency, every cultural delegation, every Soviet vessel in a foreign port—there are people whose functions reflect only police considerations, and particularly assurance against potentially dangerous contacts between Soviet citizens and others; and that the authority of these people is supreme within a very large area, even where the exercise of this authority conflicts with the efforts of people who would like to cultivate good relations and to win understanding and sympathy for the Soviet Union abroad. The instances of this sort of thing are too abundant to require examples.

These exorbitant counter-intelligence efforts are supplemented in their ill effects by the ravenous, often little-restrained and poorly concealed efforts of the Soviet forward-intelligence organs to obtain secret information about other countries. Here, again, the examples are manifold. Consider only the episode of the Soviet submarine caught in Swedish waters. This, together with similar efforts, did more damage to Scandinavian attitudes toward the Soviet Union than could be corrected by years of effort to cultivate good will through political and cultural channels. Or consider the extensive and regularly revealed abuse of traditional diplomatic institutions and channels for espionage purposes. No visible effort is made to restrain such activities, despite the damage they obviously do to the external relations of the Soviet state.

"Ah," you will say, "you Americans do such things, too." Yes, unfortunately, we do. We, too, will have to learn to restrain them. But we learned most of these tricks from you; and I think it fair to say that we go in for them less obtrusively. In any case, such activities on both sides will not be brought under control other than by a common effort; and that will not be possible without your collaboration and, in the light of the extent to which you have already let yourselves go along these lines, your initiative.

I am not suggesting that all the people engaged in this sort of thing, on your side or on ours, are "bad people." What I am suggesting is that the prescribed field of vision of these people and the duties that flow therefrom are generally in conflict with the wider and deeper interests of world peace. I am suggesting, in particular, that the relations between peoples, as distinct from the relations between governments, are too important in this modern world to be entrusted extensively to the good graces of governmental organs whose prescribed duties and concerns relate only to dividing peoples, to keeping them remote from one another, rather than to promoting their understanding and intimacy. These elaborate precautions are taken, obviously, with a view to the dangers that could conceivably be brought to national security if a greater liberality were permitted to prevail. To a certain point, again, this is understandable. But in today's shrinking world there are dangers beyond the purely nationally conceived ones—dangers greater, actually, than any mere national ones could ever be. These dangers can be met only by tolerance, by understanding, by recognition that the day has come when no one's defeat can be anyone else's victory. The concept of bilateral relations that sees the two sides as two deadly spiders in a bottle, only one of which can expect to survive, is now self-defeating even from the standpoint of national security. Do the timid, suspicious, and narrow concerns of the Soviet internal-security authorities (or of ours, for that matter, to the extent that they go in for this sort of thing) take account of these deeper and wider dangers? And, if not,



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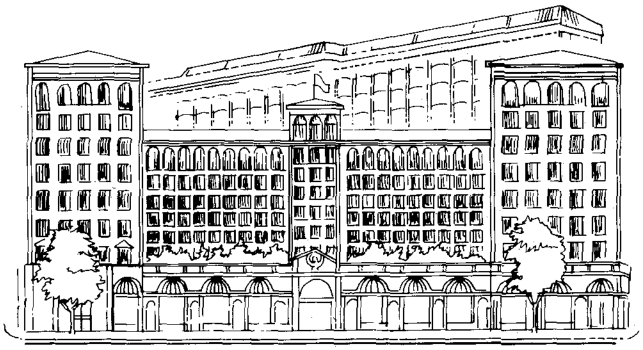

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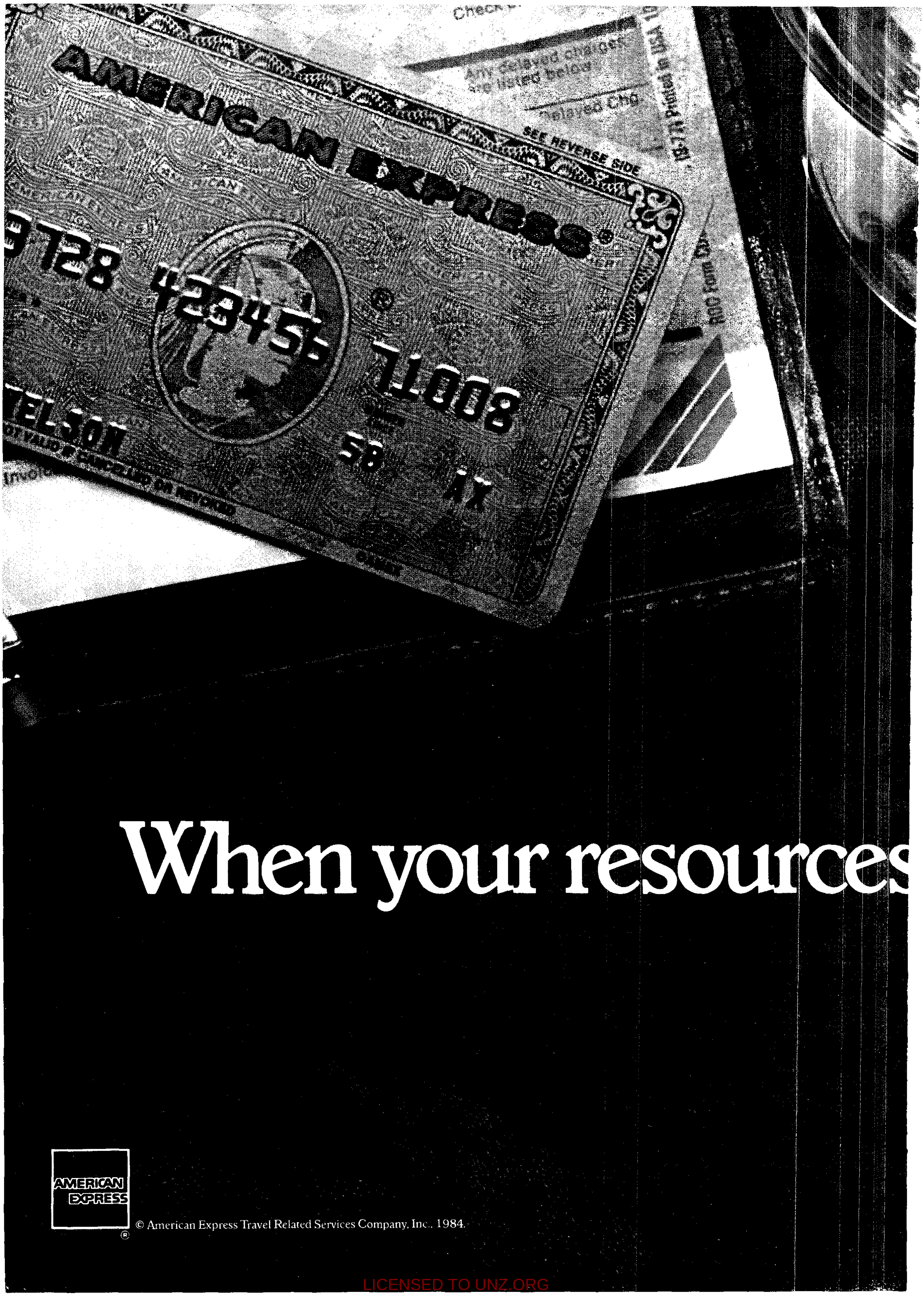
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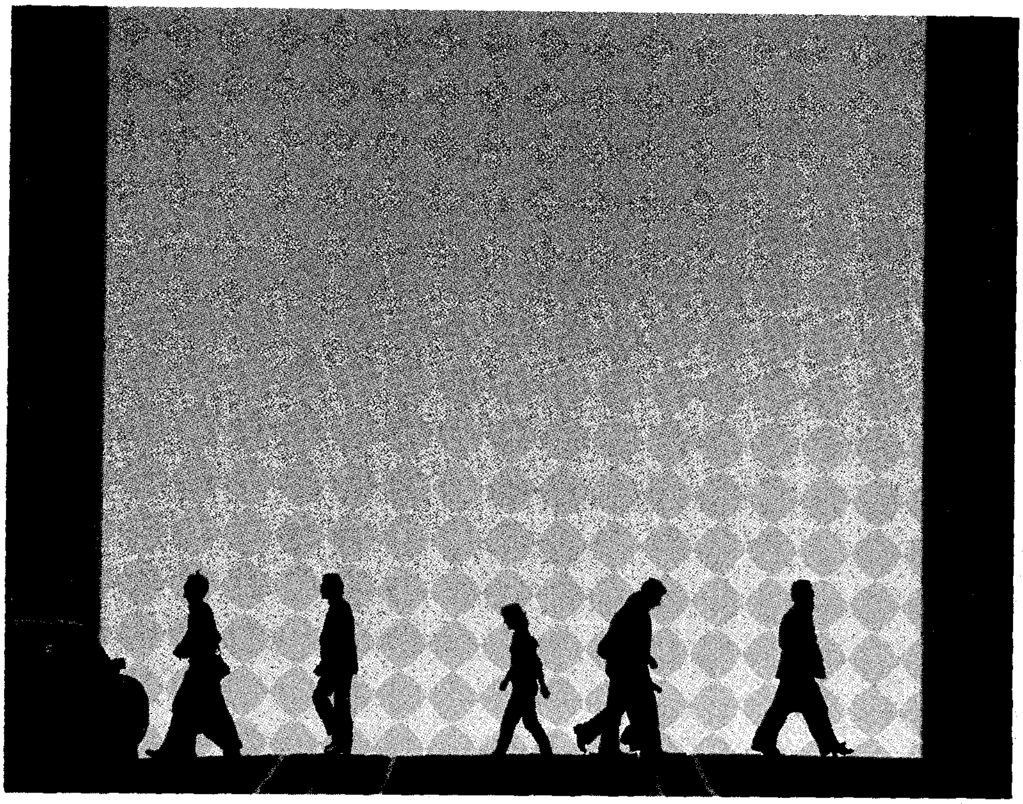

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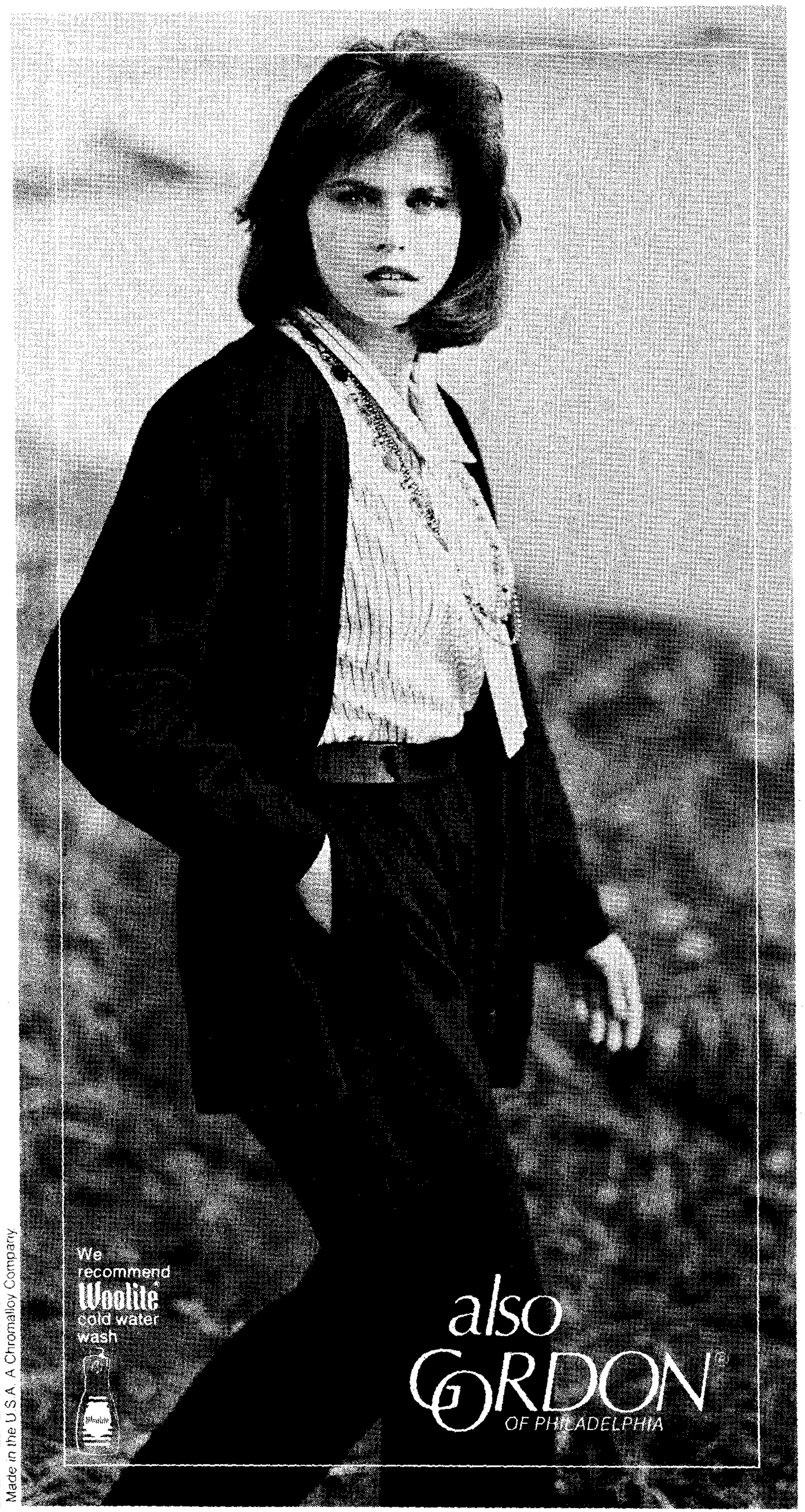
should they always be given the unquestioning precedence they now receive in crucial areas of Soviet external relations?

IN the absence of greater facilities for meeting Soviet people and for observing Soviet life, the outside world is left extensively dependent upon what the Soviet government says about itself. And here much further damage is done, whether you consent to realize it or not, by the habit of extreme polemic distortion and exaggeration which has been ingrained in Soviet officialdom ever since the time of Lenin. I wonder whether you realize how offensive this abuse of the truth appears to thoughtful and well-meaning people elsewhere—to what reactions of scorn and mistrust and estrangement it leads.

"Russian despotism," wrote the Marquis de Custine nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, "not only counts ideas and sentiments as nothing but it remakes the facts, it struggles against the evident, and it triumphs in the cause." Soviet propagandists of this present day, I am sorry to say, have no hesitation in remaking the facts. Do you need examples? Their name is legion. No one who reads a single copy of *Pravda* can be lacking for such examples. The preposterous lapses of memory; the shameless double standards; the claims of infallibility; the cynical misuse of general terms such as "democracy" and "progressive" and "imperialist;" the malicious distortion of the motives of others: these extremisms not only are implausible to thoughtful observers elsewhere but are insults to their intelligence, and are taken as such. And whether, in this present age in contradistinction to Custine's, the authors of these flagrant abuses of the truth actually "triumph in the cause" is a question. The abuses I refer to are not given credence even in the Soviet Union, where they are usually greeted with a bored indifference. No one is fooled. On the contrary, as Custine also noted, "*tout le monde est dans le secret.*"

WELL, my dear friend, there you have a number of the things that some of us would have liked to say in our more formal sessions but were always inhibited from saying. You will note that I have scarcely mentioned the principal bones of contention that divide our governments and our political commentators at the moment. I have left aside the military



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problem, about which enough has been said elsewhere. I have also left aside the questions of human rights and of the treatment of "dissidents" and others who cannot fit perfectly into your scheme of things. I have done this even though I am sure that a bit less timidity and a bit more courage and self-confidence on the part of your authorities in these areas could have greatly eased Soviet-American relations without presenting serious dangers for the Soviet Union. I have omitted these problems partly because they have been amply aired in the press and because nothing you or I may now think or say is apt to be very useful in solving them, but even more because I would like to show you that beyond these burning questions of the moment there are long-standing aspects of the Soviet system which would still operate to place limits on the area within which any of us could act to improve Soviet-American understanding. That similar impediments to understanding exist on the Western side—not the same ones but ones that also place limits on what can be achieved—I would not deny. But you, I think, find yourselves more at liberty to point these things out to us (we, after all, don't take as much offense), while we, for the reasons I have named, are hesitant to bring forward, when we meet you, the matters I have just discussed.

I have also not mentioned the profound doubts I have always entertained about the soundness of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine in the first place (I am not expecting you to agree with me here), and about the inadequacy of your form of socialism as a means of confronting the demands of a modern, technologically highly developed industrial society. Altogether, it is my feeling that what you are offering to the world in all these respects—the ones I have dealt with here and the ones I have not—simply will not do when it is a question of gaining and retaining the confidence of thoughtful Westerners in the prospects for your regime and your society. Both of these are too rigidly confined in a frozen, out-of-date ideological orthodoxy, in a ponderous bureaucratic system whose very monopoly of power makes it resistant to the normal requirements for change, and in a frame of timidity on the part of those in power which might conceivably be appropriate for a tiny, weak country surrounded by huge and relentless enemies but scarcely befits the government of a vast modern empire that is also in many

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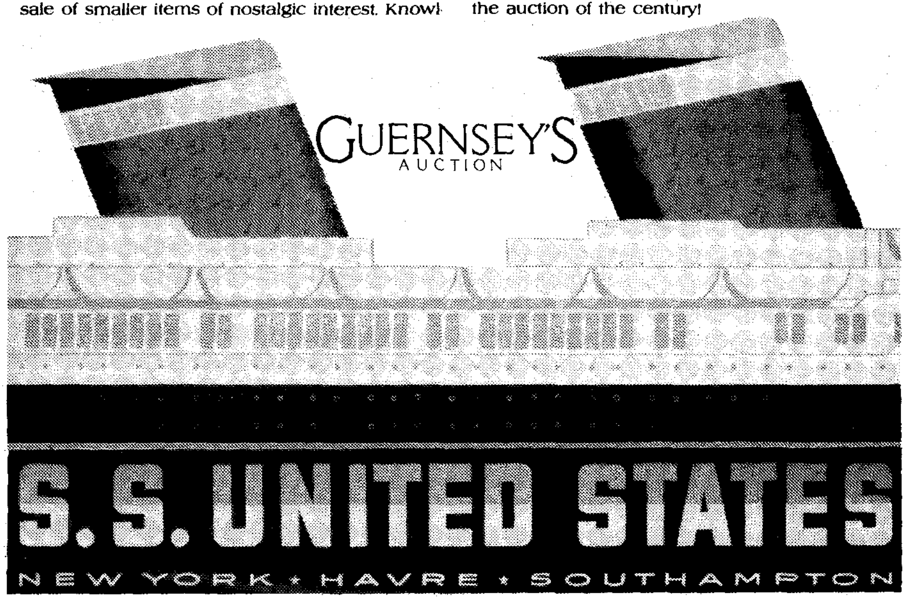

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LET me say in conclusion that these observations do not detract in any way from the respect I hold for your person. Nor do they impair the faith I have (for it is this rather than any intellectual confidence) in those deep-seated elements of national psychology which bind our two peoples together—in their power, that is, to overcome ultimately these disturbing factors of the moment and to open up possibilities for understanding and for useful interaction surpassing in significance any that any other two peoples have ever had. I shall personally not live to see this development. I shall be happy enough if we are able, even in my narrowed lifetime, to avoid catastrophe. But the faith is there. It has to be there, for it rests on a sense of relentless necessity as well as naïve longing. Without it, this letter would not have been written.

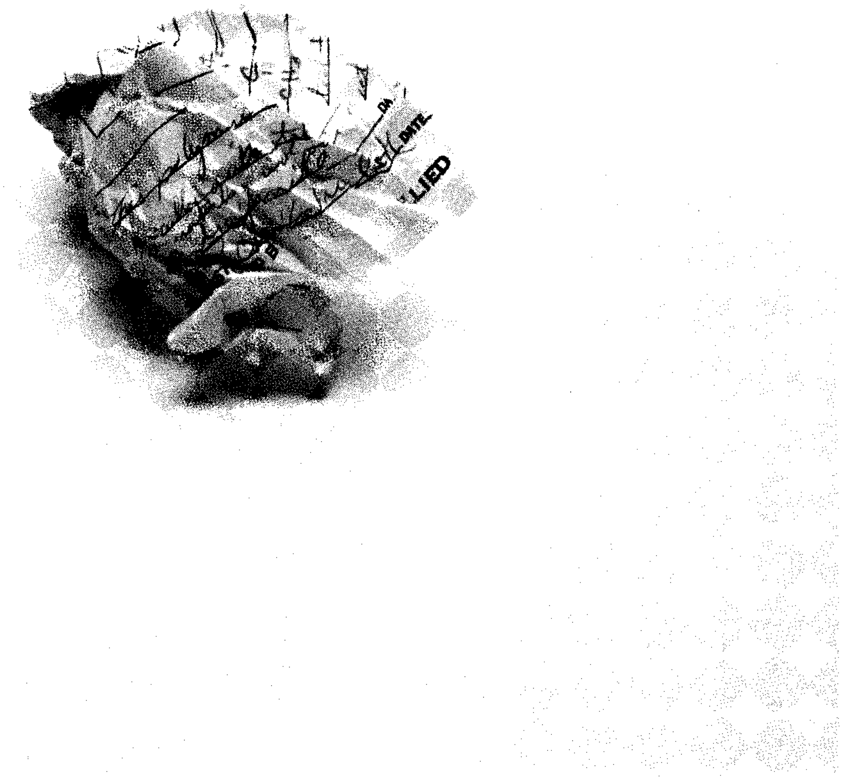
Very sincerely,
GEORGE KENNAN

◆

LETTER TO AN AMERICAN

DEAR FRIEND:
You will no doubt be astonished to hear from me this way, right out of the blue. But I have chosen to address this letter to you because, of all those who are near, these days, to the seats of Washington power, you are the one in whose integrity and sincerity, when it comes to the effort to spare us a world catastrophe, I have the greatest confidence. There are certain things that might be more suitably said personally to you, at least in the first instance, than offered to the general public.

Whoever wins the imminent election, the coming months are bound to inaugurate a new period in Soviet-American relations. The change of emphasis in Mr. Reagan's recent statements would alone suggest this. But there are other evidences as well. In the course of these last few years (and not just the Reagan ones), people have been concerned to make, publicly, a number of points—points about our indignation over the Soviet arms buildup, about the depth of our distaste for Soviet policies, about our determination to build up our own military strength. I personally have found it hard to see the necessity for these demonstrations. But, in any case, the points have now been abundantly



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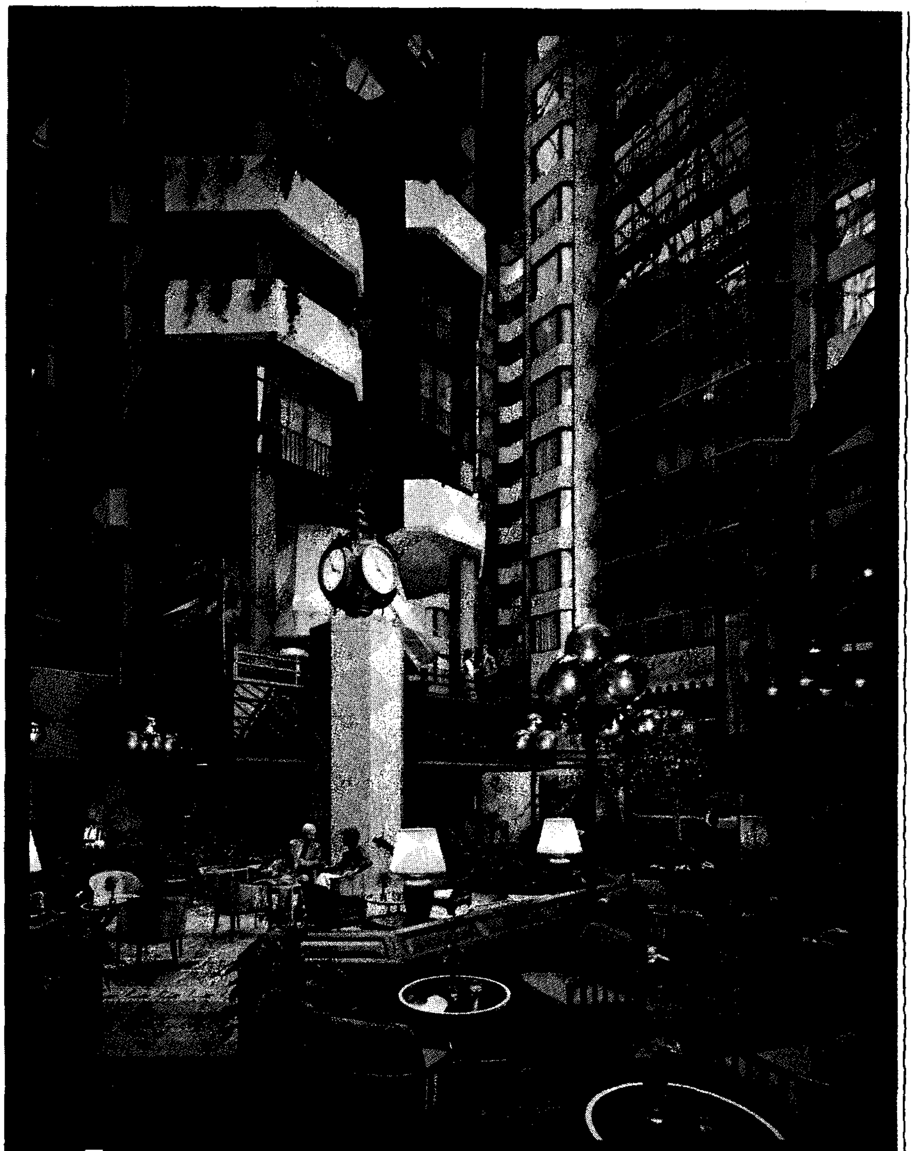
made. Even the most enthusiastic of their authors seem to be aware that little is to be gained by their repetition. Something else will have to come in their place. Over the past several months, much of the official and unofficial discussion of these points in our country might lead one to suppose that our problem with the Russians was *only one of getting them back to the* negotiating table for further talks on the control of intermediate-range and long-range nuclear weaponry. And the first thing of which I should like to persuade you is that the problem, while it is essentially not unsolvable, goes much deeper than that. There is a widespread notion here that the reasons for the Russians' reluctance to resume these talks are purely tactical: a chagrin over their failure to induce us to refrain from putting intermediate-range missiles into Europe, or perhaps a desire to embarrass Mr. Reagan on the eve of an election. This, in my *opinion, is a very shallow view of* Soviet motivation.

First of all, if what one wants is really to come to some sort of effective agreement, and not just to demonstrate a conciliatory disposition by the mere act of appearing at the negotiating table, then there is no use resuming the talks unless plausible grounds exist for supposing that they might lead to positive results. But I know of no reason to believe that this is so. I know of no reason to believe that if the Russians were to return to the table today agreement would be any nearer than it was when they left that table some months ago. As far as the intermediate-range missiles are concerned, the real difficulty (although the Russians, for some strange reason, appear reluctant to say so openly) seems clearly to lie with the French and British deployments. Here, it seems to me, Moscow, in offering to reduce its own deployments to a level commensurate with that of the British and French arsenals, has gone as far as it could reasonably have been expected to go. This, obviously, has failed to satisfy us. On the other hand, I have detected no disposition on our part to press our allies to withdraw or reduce their missiles, and not even a disposition to recognize tacitly that their existence is bound to enter into Soviet calculations. This appears to leave us with a theoretically unsolvable problem.

The only way I can see of getting around this problem would be to agree on a total ban on deployments of land-



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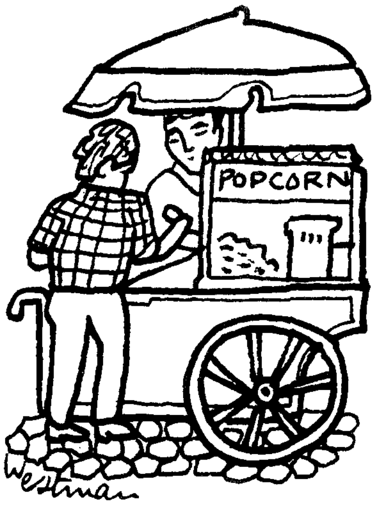
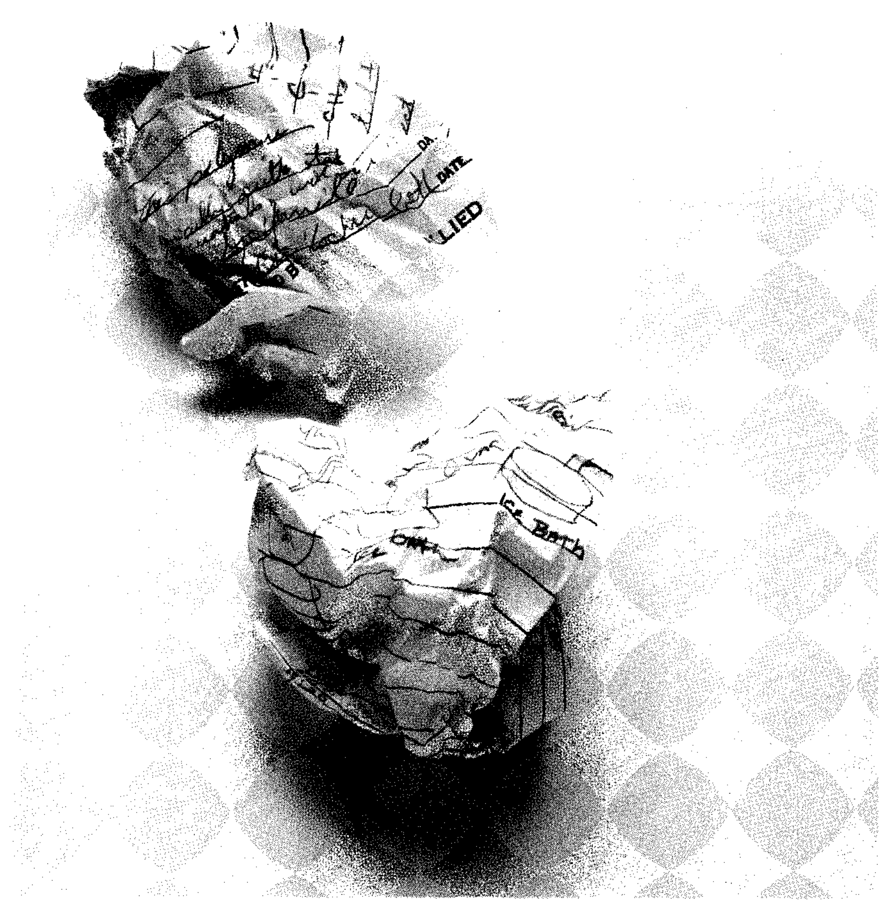
based missiles by anyone anywhere in Europe. Such a solution, actually, should meet the interests of all concerned, if they could only be brought to see it—even the interests of the French and the British, who would be able to retain their floating platforms so long (and this promises to be a good long time) as these platforms did not come up for discussion worldwide. Yet such an arrangement is very far from the thoughts of the NATO establishment of the present day.

The problem of the long-range (strategic) missiles might, theoretically, be easier of solution, but only if there were to be an effective moratorium on the development of such weaponry while the talks were on. I believe that it is generally recognized today that the nuclear balance, whatever it may once have been, has long been subject, and continues now to be subject, to steady destabilization by precisely this process of technological innovation, the pace of which is faster than the pace of negotiation. In the absence of a moratorium, it would presumably continue to be thus affected even if formal talks were resumed, with the result that whatever agreements might be arrived at could be expected to be at least partly obsolete by the time they were signed. Nor, incidentally, will the Russians have forgotten that they once negotiated with us for some six or seven years over a second SALT agreement, only to see us, after signing it, decline to ratify it and then add insult to injury by reproaching *them* repeatedly with allegedly violating it. None of this encourages them to repeat the performance.

And there are other features of American policy, beyond just the immediate questions of negotiation, that the Soviet leaders will consider when they ask themselves what might con-





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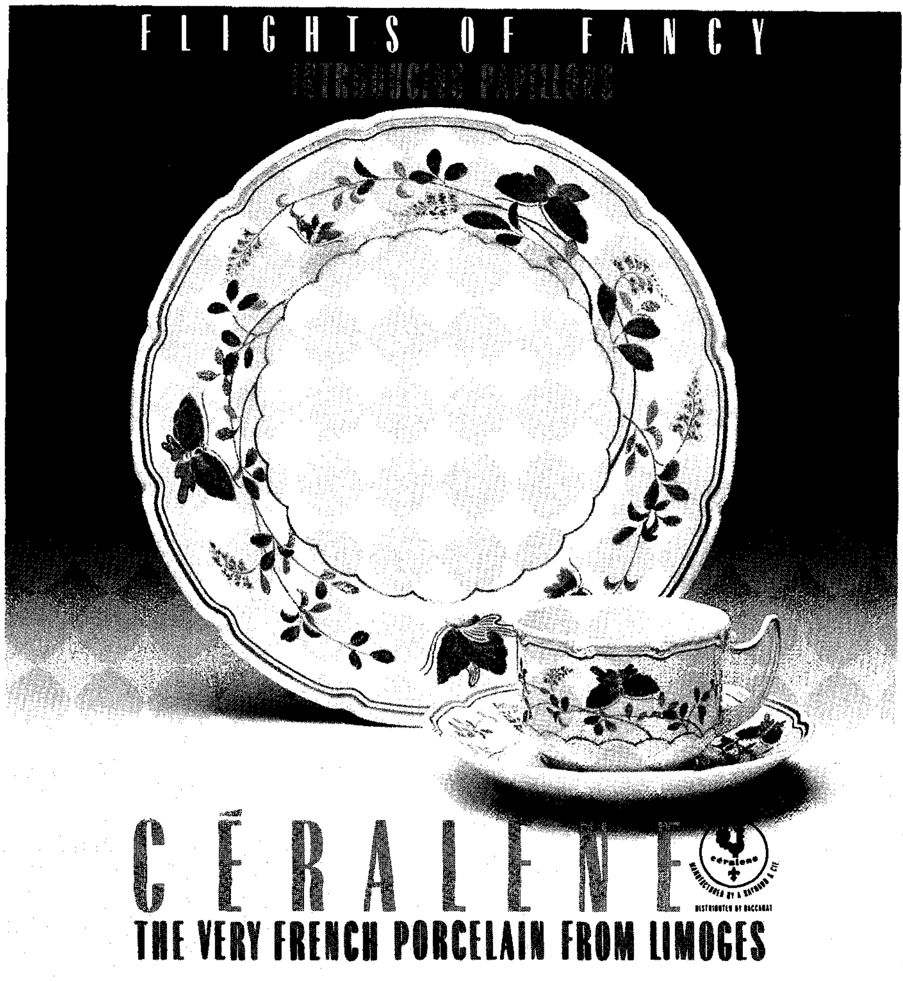

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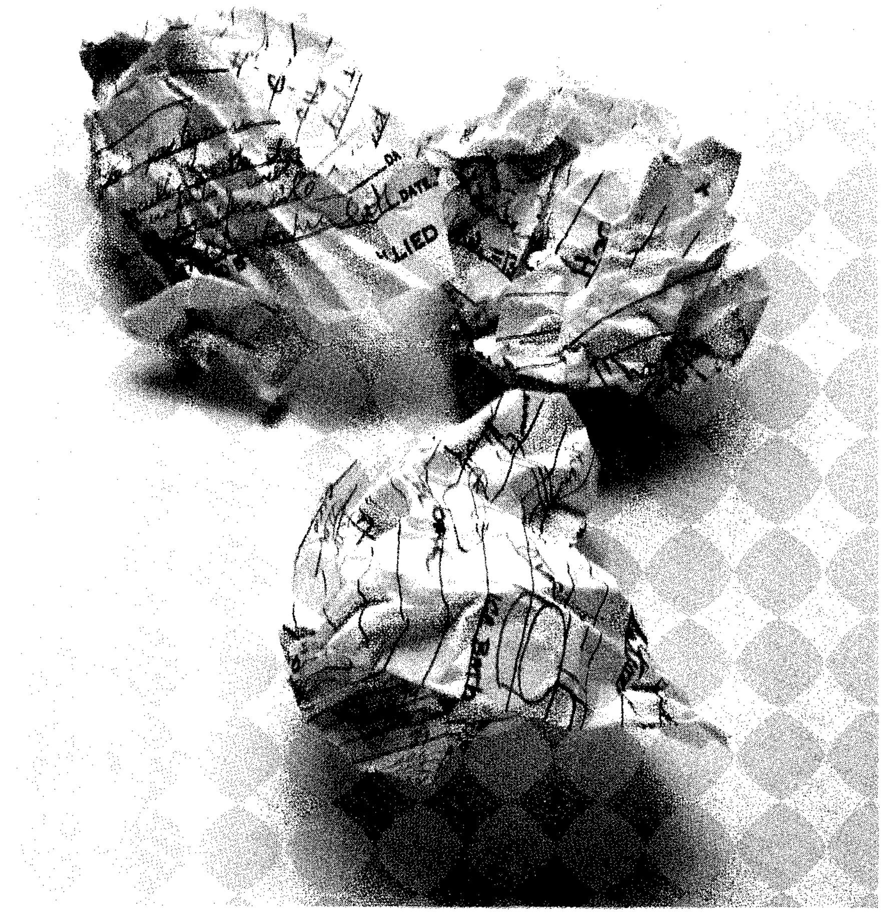
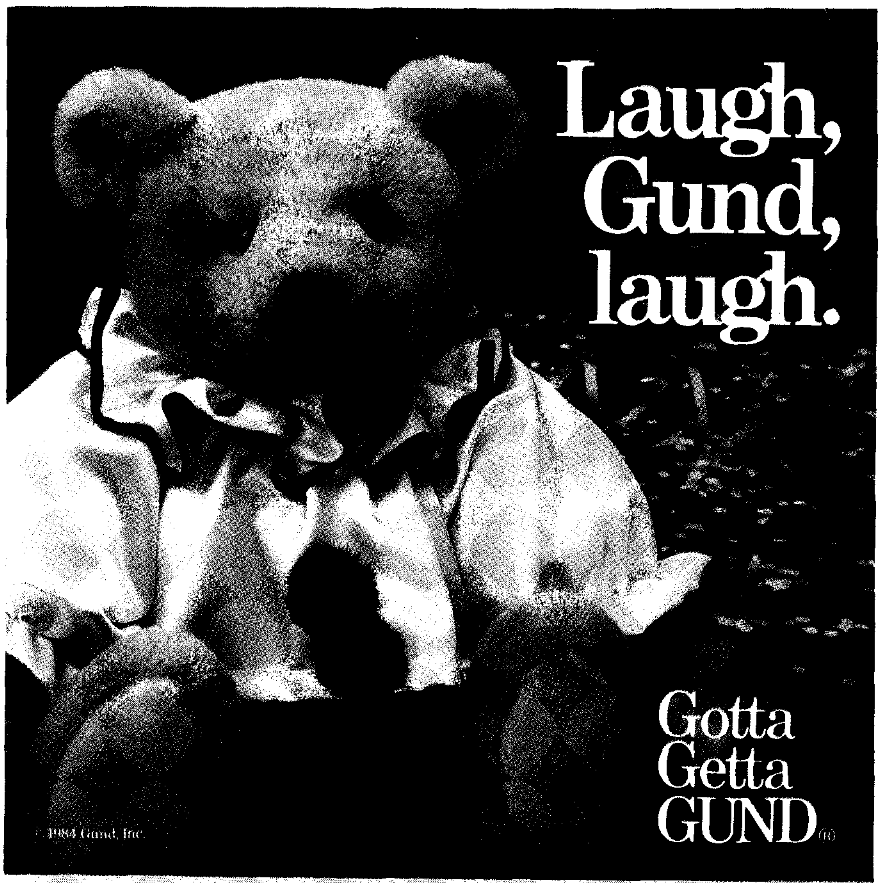
ceivably be achieved by a resumption of the arms talks. They will have pondered our unwillingness to resume negotiations for a comprehensive test-ban treaty (once so close to achievement). They will attribute this, with some justification, not to difficulties of verification (which are no longer serious) but to a determination on our part to continue testing at all costs; and it will be evident to them that this accords poorly with the intention we solemnly proclaimed on two occasions (in the limited-test-ban treaty of 1963 and in the non-proliferation treaty of 1968) to "seek to achieve the discontinuance of all test explosions of nuclear weapons for all time." They have made it clear that they consider certain of our present undertakings relating to outer space to be in violation of the spirit and provisions of the anti-ballistic-missile treaty of 1972. And, finally, it will not have escaped their attention that, whereas they have committed themselves to a no-first-use policy, our government, in contrast to the inclinations of certain of our NATO allies, has steadfastly refused to contemplate abandonment of the first-use option, even as a long-term general objective toward which American policy might be directed.

Beyond that, the Russians, when they contemplate renewing arms-control negotiations, will consider the implications of our behavior in other areas of mutual relations. They will think particularly of the area of trade. They are acutely conscious of the fact that Soviet-American trade, by virtue of a series of American restrictive measures, has been throttled down to a point where, aside from grain exports, it is virtually insignificant. They have noted that the restrictive measures were taken despite the fact that previously the balance of trade had generally been running strongly in our favor; hence the restrictions could only have had a political motivation, and the Russians will note that, with minor exceptions, no action has been taken to date to remove them. For a people to whom trade has always had a significant symbolic importance in addition to its economic one, this will say something about the sincerity of our efforts to improve the relationship.

AND there are other things, some of them even more important, that they will observe. Despite the fact that there is no political issue in the relations between the two countries which could conceivably justify a war between them, the preparations, material and psychological, for such a war have been allowed to become an ingrained, dominating habit not just for our armed services but for large parts of our civilian society as well. I need waste few words here on the armed services. One has to read only a smattering of the evidence that pours forth ceaselessly from the Pentagon in the statements of its own leaders and in the reports from the correspondents who cover it to recognize that this is an establishment geared in countless ways to the assumption not just of the possibility of a Soviet-American war but of its overwhelming *probability*, and even imminence. In hundreds of documents that are ground out daily on the Pentagon word processors, the Soviet Union figures as "the enemy." The capacities of American forces are invariably described in terms of what they can be expected to do to the Soviet forces, and vice versa, in the war that both nations are so abundantly postulating. The fleets and planes of the two powers chase each other about on the high seas and elsewhere, snoop on each other, and take high risks in the process, with an intensity that could not be greater if it were known that war was coming next week. Uniformed figures, high and low, discuss publicly what their forces expect to do, and what is expected to happen, not *if* war breaks out but *when*. Does anyone think that the momentum of such a war fever is not in itself a determining influence on policy? Ask any historian who has inquired into the origins of the First World War, and he will tell you differently. Preparations on a vast scale for a specifically envisaged war, however defensively conceived or masked, are a species of cogwheel that permits of advance in only one direction.

And much of what has just been said goes as well for the media, not to mention the writers of adventure fiction and spy tales. Here, too, the endless conjuring up of the great final encounter—the Soviet-American war to the death—evokes the image of the Soviet opponent in his most terrible, desperate, and inhuman aspect: an implacable monster, incapable of impulses other than the lust for sheer destruction, and to be dealt with only in a final military struggle. This image is purveyed to millions of people day after day. It reaches the imaginations of children and the subconscious assumptions of adults. Again, is all this meaningless? Is this not in





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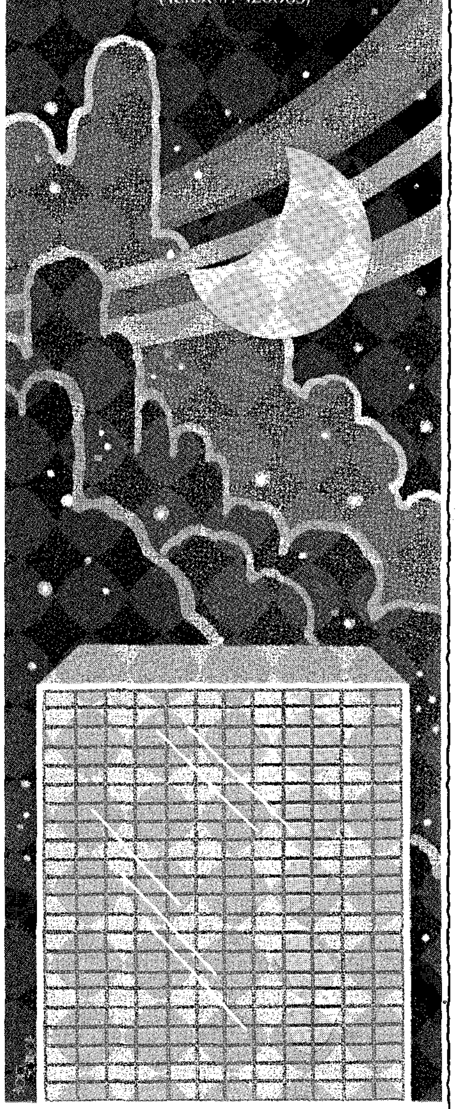

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itself a major determinant of policy?

Finally, there is the good old military-industrial complex. The term is hackneyed, but the reality has never been more imposing or more ominous than it is today. The habit of spending from two to three hundred billions of dollars annually on preparations for an imagined war with Russia—a habit reaching deeply into the lives and interests of millions of our citizens both in and out of the armed services, including industrial workers, labor-union officials, politicians, legislators, and middlemen: this habit has risen to the status of a vast addiction of American society, an addiction whose overcoming would encounter the most intense resistance and take years to accomplish even if the Soviet Union had in the meantime miraculously disappeared from the earth.

And this addiction has side effects of the utmost seriousness. It confuses our view of national policy by mingling domestic considerations—economic, social, and political—with external ones. Today when we confront a problem of policy involving the Soviet Union, we can no longer know to what extent our decisions are really a response to external challenges and to what extent they are reactions to pressures from within our society which demand a certain kind of effort, and a certain brand of rhetoric, for their rationalization. This deprives us not only of our clarity of vision but, along with it, of at least a part of our independence of policy. We are, as a nation, no longer fully in control of our own behavior.

NOW, I ask you please to note, in addition to what I have just said, what I have not said. I have not *said that any or all of this justifies* Soviet behavior, or even the Soviet failure to return to the negotiating table. I have not said that Soviet mistakes did not contribute importantly to the creation of the mess both sides are now in. I have not tried to claim that a number of these observations could not be advanced with equal justice against the Soviet side, or even that the latter has not at times served as a teacher to us in some of our less attractive tricks. It is not my purpose here to make these points, or to deny them. What I *am* saying is that the Soviet leaders know all the things about us that I have mentioned; that they see them just as clearly as we do; and that they have to take them into account when they confront the question of whether or not to

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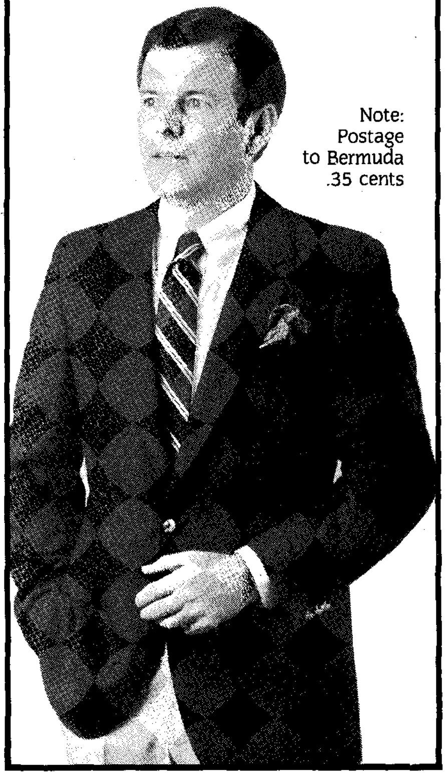

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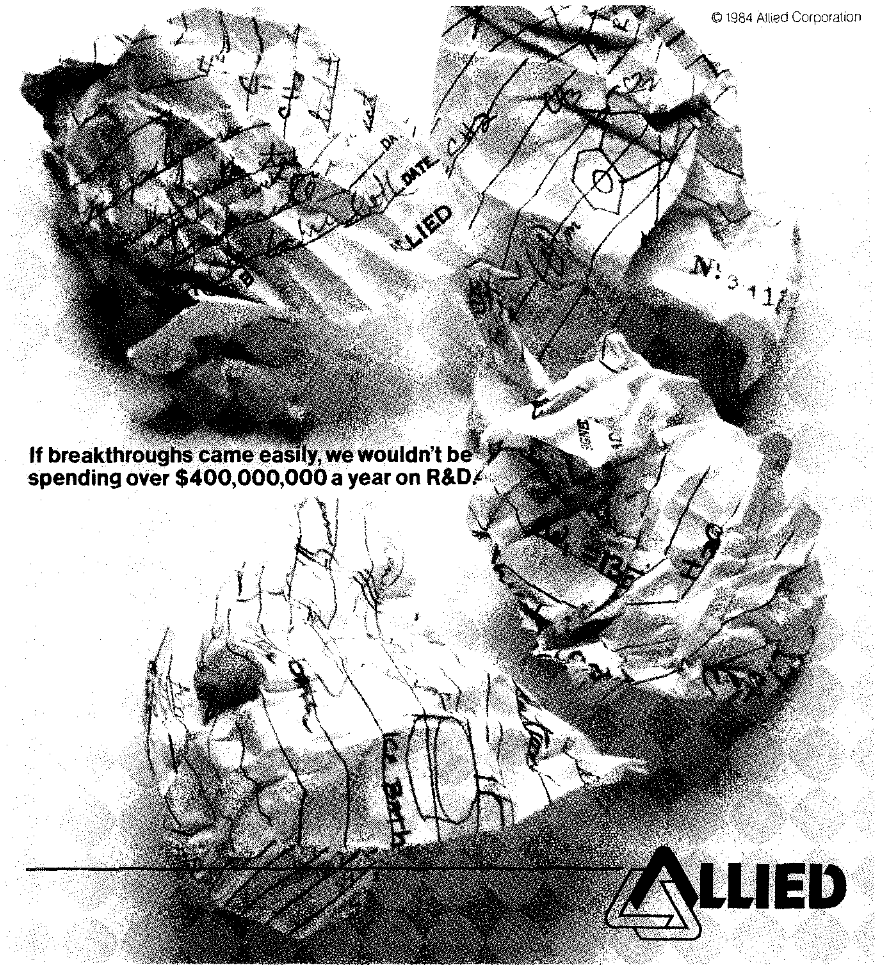
enter once again into negotiations with us over the control of nuclear weaponry. I am pointing out that for them the implications of these phenomena, when it comes to judging whether further negotiations are apt to lead to real results or are simply to serve as a smoke screen for more of the usual competitive strivings for nuclear superiority, strike deep.

We have come, I fear, to something like a parting of the ways. We can no longer go on talking endlessly about a war with the Soviet Union and then claim that we are seriously attempting to avoid it. We can no longer try to reassure each other of our patriotic vigilance by striking the high-pitched heroic-chauvinist note in our domestic-political discourse and at the same time try to assure the outside world, including our political opponents, that our aim is only peace. The truth is that the general attitude this country has adopted in recent years in matters of East-West relations, of national defense, and of arms control is not one that lends much credibility, in eyes other than our own, to our claimed enthusiasm for renewed arms talks with the Soviet Union. Rather, it suggests an anxious pursuit of that most unreal and unreachable of all mirages: some sort of nuclear superiority that threatens the adversary and does not threaten us in like measure. If we really want to get on with the removal of the nuclear danger, we shall have to make basic changes—not just in our negotiating posture but in our general policies, and in the domestic realities that lie behind them.

You will say, "Yes, but look at the Russians. Look at their behavior; look at their record on human rights; look at their policies in Eastern Europe and in Afghanistan; look at their outrageous pretensions, their concealment of their real motives, their troublemaking in other parts of the globe." All right—these are a part of the picture. They are not all of it. But, beyond that, the question, as many seem to forget, is not whether the Russians are or are not "nice people." The question is whether business can usefully be done with them over the removal of the greatest of all dangers: the danger not just of nuclear war but of any further great war at all in this age of high technology and of tremendous—almost uncontrollable—destructive power. The fact that the Soviet leaders have no desire whatsoever for such a war, and would greatly like to see it avoided, is unmistakably clear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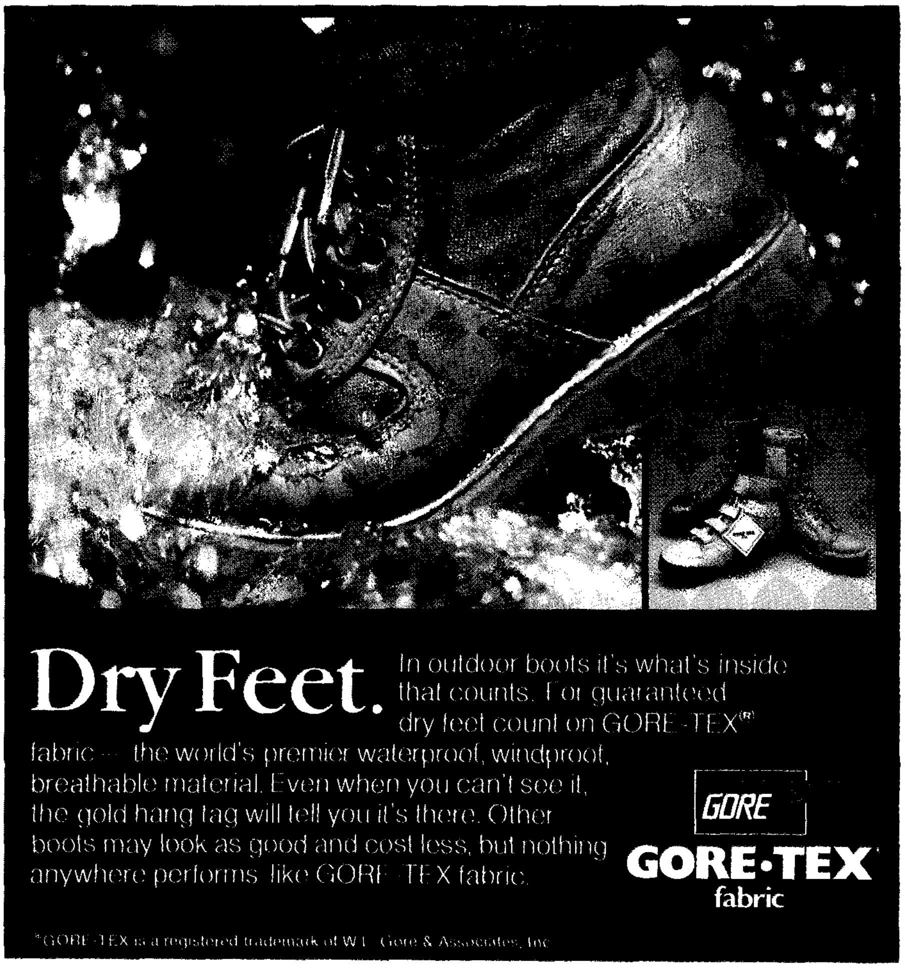
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to anyone who knows anything about them. It is not belied by any of the traditional oddities and distortions of their behavior in other respects. It is not even belied by the uncertain, puzzled, and angry mood in which they find themselves at this moment. And it need not be seen as a sign of any particular virtue on their part. It rests on a sober and entirely reasonable assessment by them of their own interests, national and partisan, together with memories, far more vivid and enduring than those common in this country, of the horrors and wastage of warfare. This in itself gives us something to start from.

The issue of war and peace is the crucial issue. The others, real or fancied—Angola, Afghanistan, Central America, human rights, what you will—all pale beside it. These others can wait. The crucial issue cannot. But to get on with this crucial issue (and this is the essence of what I am trying to say to you in this letter) we will have to look more closely at ourselves—at our own motivation, our own behavior, the formative processes of our own society—than we have done to date. A mere "return to the negotiating table" will not solve the problem.

Very sincerely,
GEORGE KENNAN

•

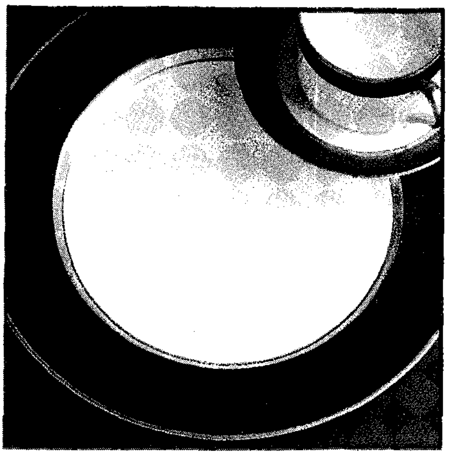
CLEAN ENERGY

Read your "Good 'n' Clean" column in the current Prospect Press. From what you say, buying in flea markets or wearing secondhand clothing may not be a good idea if the former owner's psychic energy still clings to it. We don't all see those lights around objects that you describe so most of us don't know if our secondhand clothes carry the former owner's energy.

Is it safe to assume that by cleaning you replace the former owner's energy with yours? Will hope to see your comments in the next issue. MARIE COGNATA

Jeanne Smith replies: Yes, I think second hand clothes do carry the former owner's energy, and must be cleaned both physically and psychically. I am no expert, but I find energy very much like the people from whom it came. There are some people with whom I feel compatible and supported, and others whose energy is toxic for me. I have no problem with objects from the former. Regarding the latter, I do one of two things: either get it out of my space, or consciously tune into the energy—hear it, see it, feel it, acknowledge it and experience it (all in an instant); and then love, bless and release it to the higher powers. One's own consciousness is the key. I visualize white light pouring from me to the object, cleansing, renewing and obliterating all darkness.—*Brooklyn* (*N.Y.*) *Prospect Press.*

Dry cleaners, take note.



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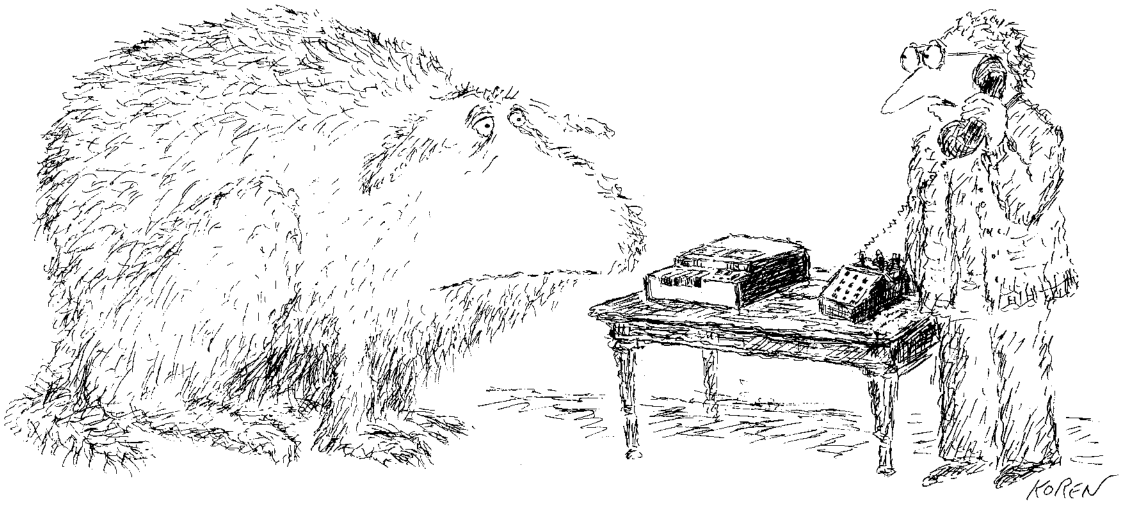
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 3

MERRILL, WISCONSIN. The Mondale people, after much deliberation, selected this picturesque small town (pop. 9,500) in north-central Wisconsin as the site of Mondale's main Labor Day event today. A large and cheerful crowd has turned out at the fairgrounds this afternoon to see Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro, and Mondale is to make a speech laying out his themes for the fall campaign. Though the general election has been under way for some time now, the tradition that it "begins" on Labor Day is still paid homage, and both the Reagan and Mondale campaigns have put great effort into stepping out smartly. (Reagan is appearing at a rally today in Irvine, California, in Orange County, the site of his original, and lasting, political base.) One problem the Mondale people faced in planning this day is that Labor Day has become, almost everywhere, simply a day off: there are very few Labor Day events for a candidate to attach himself to. (Democrats used to open their campaigns in Cadillac Square, in Detroit.) For Ronald Reagan, with the skills of the White House behind him, drawing a crowd in Orange County should be no great trick. For Mondale, the situation is more complicated. Merrill was chosen for a number of reasons: Wisconsin is one of the Mondale campaign's targeted states (Reagan carried it by four per cent in 1980, and John Anderson, who got seven per cent, might have made the difference between victory or defeat for the Democratic ticket here); Merrill still celebrates Labor Day, with a parade and a picnic; and the town represents middle-class Middle America—and an area close to Mondale's roots. This would present, the Mondale people thought, a good picture for the television news programs tonight, as well as help in Wisconsin.

Unfortunately, the day got off to a bad—if not calamitous, given the attention it will get—start, when Mondale and Ferraro attended a Labor Day Parade in New York to which nobody came. The scene of empty sidewalks on Fifth Avenue as Mondale and Ferraro and other dignitaries marched by (they were accompanied by New York Governor Mario Cuomo, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and A.F.L.-C.I.O. President Lane Kirkland) will inevitably make it onto tonight's news programs, and had a dispiriting effect on the Mondale entourage. Labor wanted Mondale to attend the parade, and the Mondale people felt that they had to include some labor event in their Labor Day activities, and agreed to be there. Labor had said it would do its best to have people there, but failed to deliver. To the extent that the parade draws crowds, it doesn't do it early in the morning. And certainly not at eight-forty-five in the morning. (In any event, in the past two years the parade didn't begin until 10 A.M.) The Mondale people wanted to start early, so that they could get on to Merrill by the early afternoon, and then to California by early evening. Their hope had been to do a labor Labor Day event without drawing great attention to it—to make Merrill the highlight of the day. When, over the weekend, they began to receive word that the event in New York might not come off so well, they were focussing on the subsequent events of the day, and went ahead. They probably had no choice at that point. (There had been alternatives—events that did not demand a crowd—as at least some of the Mondale people ruefully acknowledged later.) Thus, as can happen in politics, what should have been a minor incident became a major one—at least, temporarily; any campaign can misplan an event, but the Mondale campaign's doing so at this particular moment took on large proportions and was made into a metaphor for the state of the campaign itself. So, despite the good crowd that is here (people were brought in by the Mondale campaign from Eau Claire, Green Bay, and the university town of Madison), and that will provide good pictures, this morning's problem has already thrown a shadow over the day.

At this point, of course, Mondale cannot afford for many things to go wrong. Both he and Reagan have had a ragged month, but recent polls have had Reagan leading Mondale by from ten to fifteen points, and Mondale's own polls put him fifteen points behind—having lost a few points in recent weeks. The Mondale people know that the challenge for them is to narrow that gap within the next two to three weeks—to make the race be seen as truly competitive. (First, they realize, they have to stop the trend of the polls in Reagan's direction.) Analogies to other elections are much talked about these days: it is pointed out that Reagan's lead at this point is not as great as were Lyndon Johnson's in 1964 and Richard Nixon's in 1972—both landslide elections. Comparisons are made to other years, when leads were overtaken, or nearly overtaken. But it is also possible that the 1984 election has its own set of dynamics, and that there is no precedent for it. The Mondale people are pinning their hopes, and basing their strategy, on



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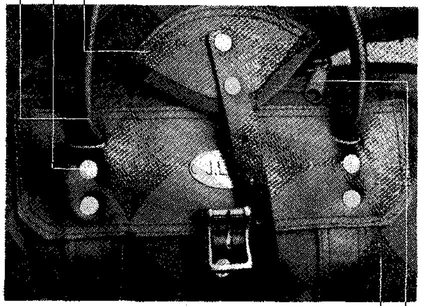

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public and private polling data that indicate that Reagan is more popular than his policies are. Therefore, their challenge, as they see it, is to get people to focus on those policies—to "raise the stakes," as James Johnson, Mondale's campaign chairman, likes to put it—and get people to see the choice they will make in November in different terms. They concede that people have not reached that point yet. The other challenge, they say, is to show Mondale as fighting for those policies, as passionately committed to them, and also as doing unconventional things—thereby establishing him as a leader and overcoming his low ratings for leadership. Therefore, the plan is for Mondale to be aggressive on a variety of issues where, the Mondale people believe, the public agrees with Mondale's stands—on arms control, fairness, the environment—and to have him offer his own budget-reduction program. Like his saying in his acceptance speech that he will raise taxes (and that Reagan will, too, but won't admit it), this is to show Mondale as willing to "level with the people," to do things conventional politicians don't do.

Another adviser says about Mondale's "leadership" problem, "We have to make it clear that the question isn't salesmanship—who gives the best speech. We have to raise powerful questions: Who is best able to control nuclear weapons? People are not going to believe that Mondale can lead on these issues until they see him lead on these issues, and that will take a little time." He adds that Mondale wasn't able to talk about these things with any consistency until now, because of the intraparty primary fight he was involved in throughout the first half of the year, and the post-Convention difficulties. The Mondale people take heart from the polling that tells them the deficit issue has moved up in people's consciousness. One says, "That shows you how you can move issues up if you hammer away at them day after day." Richard Leone, a senior adviser who is responsible for "the message"—he coördinates the work on issues, advertising, polling, and speechwriting—says, "In this first phase of the contest, we have to get a lot of people who could potentially move to us to not tune out on the race—by being interesting and getting their attention. If we can get people to focus on what's our policy on the deficit, versus Reagan's, and on the idea that Reagan is a rich man's President, and on the question of where Reagan is taking us, then we could have a competitive race. If we get into October and people haven't paid attention to those things, then it's a *very* tough race."

Mondale's advisers know that with Reagan they are up against an unusual and (to everyone who has opposed him) a frustrating opponent. One adviser explains the gap in the polls as follows: "Reagan has leadership and communicates: he's a phenomenon that can't be looked at in the same terms as normally in a general election. It's not like anything I've seen; it's not like anything anyone has seen. Couple that with the fact that Fritz is probably not as well known or understood or defined as he should be." He concedes that Mondale's own polls indicate that people question Mondale's capacity for leadership, how tough he would be. He continues, "You have to think about whether conventional approaches are what you use, since it appears to be an unconventional situation. Our polls show us that on most of the issues we look pretty good. If we can focus on the playing field of the issues and point up that even with Reagan's great popularity the results aren't that great, and that people aren't being told everything, then we think we have a good chance—despite what the polls show, and despite the conventional wisdom, and despite the sadness with which people look at us and say 'Poor you.' "

Mondale's aides know that Mondale has yet to connect with large numbers of voters that he needs, and they say that the way to do that is to show him as a person of strong beliefs. Leone says, "We have to redefine the leadership issue in this campaign. It's not leadership to have no plan to deal with the deficit, and when we come up with one and they don't and just argue with ours, we'll be seen as leading. People will have to see that he is tough—mentally, emotionally, physically." I asked how this would be done, and he replied, "Showing him tough comes out of a fight—an underdog fighting against a huge operation, talking about things he feels strongly about, and stepping up to tough issues."

The Mondale people do have theories—on which they are operating—

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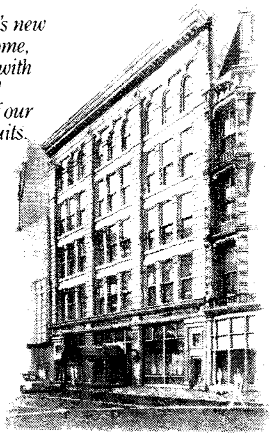

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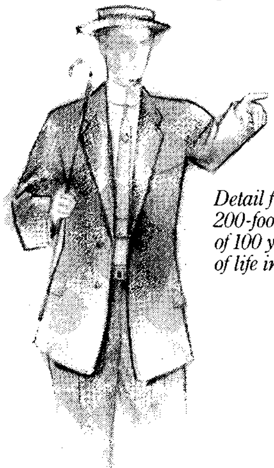

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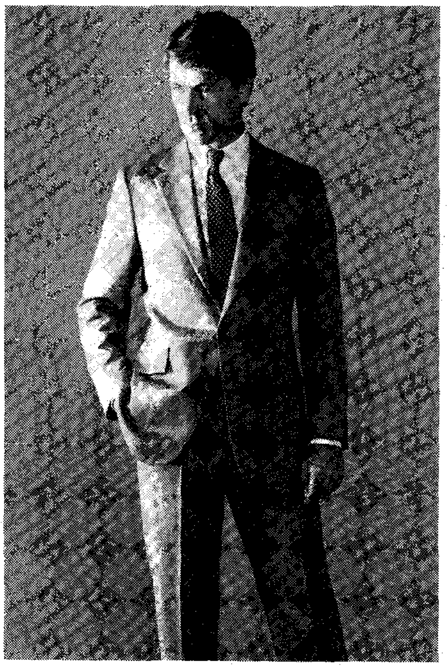

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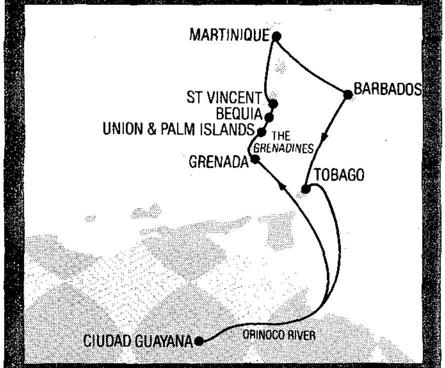

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about how to pull Reagan into the fray, and about how to change the look and the definition of this election. They intend to try to make a major issue of the fact that Reagan has been vague about what he would do in a second term—to make it a "leadership" issue. James Johnson says, "People don't understand very clearly at this point that Reagan's ability to run a campaign stringing together successful photo opportunities and big-screen events diminishes substantially as you get closer to the election." He is hoping that the debates will draw Reagan in, that the press corps will rebel against White House attempts to use it as a conveyor for only what it wants to convey (keeping Reagan well away from it most of the time), and that the press will start asking for Reagan's responses to the issues Mondale is raising. Johnson says, "The press will demand, Mondale will demand, the debates will require, that Reagan be closer to this election."

For any of this to matter, if it did occur, Mondale would have to become competitive with Reagan. Johnson agrees, and says that this could happen in two ways. The first part, he says, is "structural": there are more Democrats than Republicans; more people are being registered as Democrats (though the Republicans are conducting their own registration drive); Democratic senators, congressmen, and candidates for local office seem to be doing well in their own races, and the Democrats have the majority of state legislatures—and these factors strengthen the Democratic ticket's chances. He adds to the "structural" factors the debates and the dramatically increased coverage of the two candidates that will occur, and says, "There are seemingly very strong forces that will bring the race closer together." The second part, he says, "has to do with how compelling Mondale's issues are and how compellingly Mondale makes them." He says it is indisputably the case that people agree with Mondale on the issues, and adds, "As he makes his case aggressively and comes back from his current situation, that will spark interest." Johnson says the Mondale polls show that Reagan is seen as favoring rich people and not coming to grips with arms control or the deficit. While all these things may narrow the race, Johnson concedes that another set of things has to happen for there to be a Mondale victory. Mondale, he says, has to present his issues in a way that generates a very high degree of support from and turnout by Democrats—that makes Democrats see Reagan's reëlection as a threat to what they believe in—and in a way that takes hold "beyond what we now see." A third factor, Johnson believes, is that Reagan is "mistake-prone." This is not the same thing as hoping that Reagan will make one big mistake; it simply assumes that, skilled as Reagan may be, he does make mistakes, and that these will become part of the picture. (Reagan mishandled Mondale's challenge to him to concede that taxes would have to be raised, and there is a body of thought that he mishandled his own Convention.)

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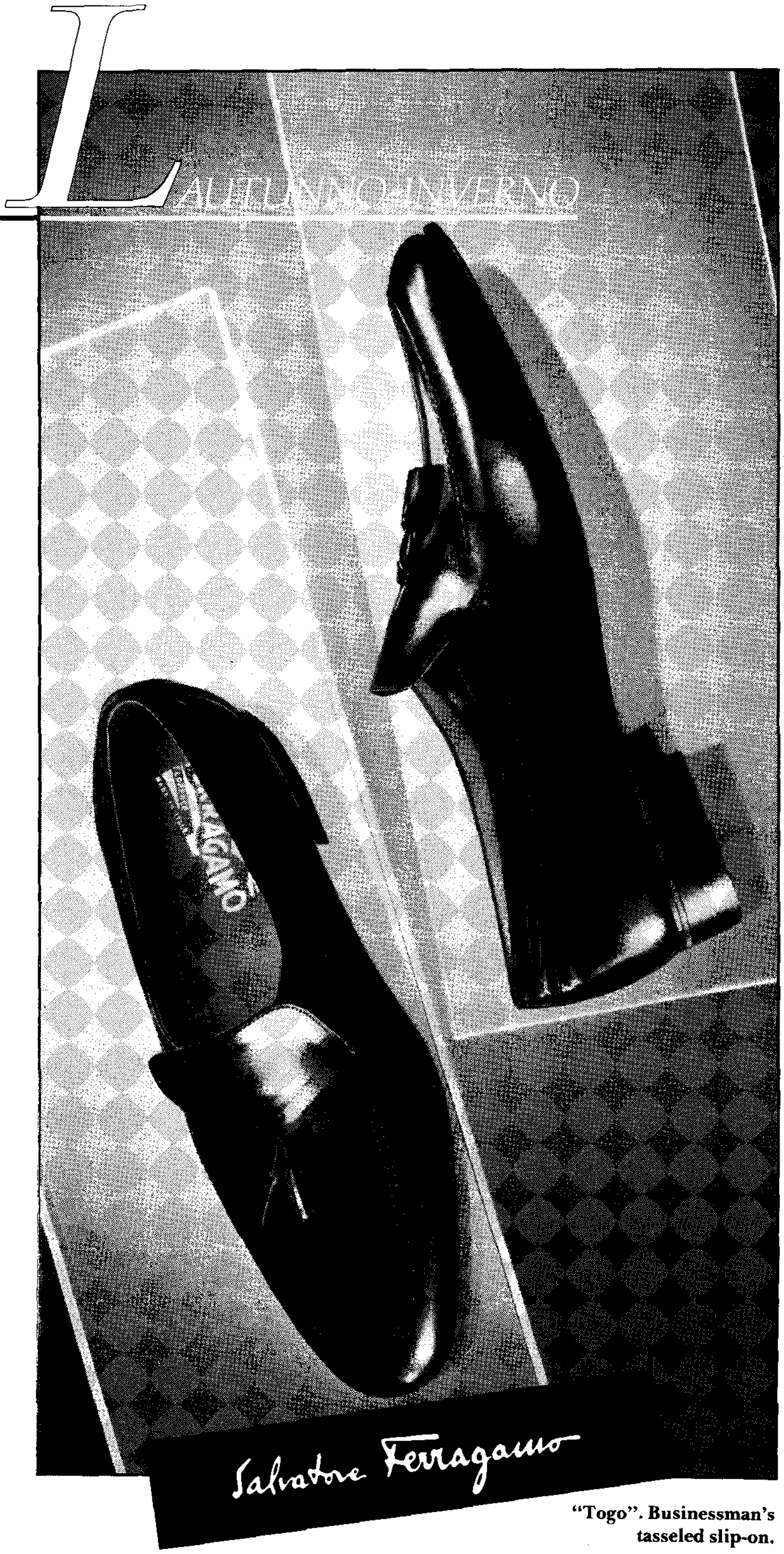
Johnson says, "There are some aspects of the leadership fight that are moving a little bit at this point." He adds, "If you look at the aspects of leadership as walking on the beach of Normandy or standing on the Great Wall of China, Mondale will not compete at this. But there are other aspects of leadership where Mondale is measuring up and exceeding Reagan." Johnson says that this is showing up in the Mondale polling: that when people are asked about what aspects of leadership they consider important they name managing the relationship with the Soviet Union, and say that they believe that Mondale would be more successful at this than Reagan has been; that the idea of levelling with the American people as an aspect of leadership is catching on; that Mondale gets better marks than Reagan for unifying, rather than dividing, people, and also for the ability to see the future clearly. He also says that when people are asked by the Mondale pollsters what the key test of Presidential leadership is, and are given a variety of choices, the one that comes out on top, by far, is "investing in our future" (through education, job opportunities, increased competitiveness, insuring our economic future)—a result that surprises even the Mondale people. They are not yet sure that this can be turned into a powerful voting issue, but they take encouragement from the finding.

Johnson describes one line of analysis that he says is gaining a consensus within the campaign. It starts with the point that the election is now so dominated by Reagan as a personality that a lot of things are distorted—that if people are asked about Mondale versus Reagan, Mondale's negatives come out higher and stronger than they really are. It continues: some data suggest that if Mondale is seen in isolation from Reagan, people think highly of him; they feel that he is quite prepared to be President, that he is sincere, that he is ready to fight for justice and for the average family—in other words, that his "profile," out of the Reagan shadow, is stronger and much more intact than had been anticipated. Therefore, according to this analysis, Mondale shouldn't challenge Reagan head on over who is the stronger leader, or attack Reagan (as Mondale began to do earlier this year) as inattentive, or as presiding over an Administration touched by "sleaze." Instead, Mondale should run at Reagan through the war/peace issue, the rich/poor issue, and the issue of who has a better vision of the future—through his values versus Reagan's values. The theory is that Mondale has credibility on those issues, and that this argues for a more patient strategy than some would urge—for a strategy that is aimed at turning those issues into the definition of the election. So, according to this theory, while people's affection for Reagan, or their view of him as a standup guy, may not be seriously affected, it may be possible to move the election to the point where those are not what the election is about. (Moreover, there are a number of people within the Mondale campaign who remember that Jimmy Carter's attempts to go at Reagan more personally failed, or even backfired.) There is an increasing feeling among the Mondale people that the core of Reagan's strength has to do with apparent decisiveness, personal strength—characteristics that make him loom large. Therefore, they conclude that the leadership issue must be redefined, and that that will start to happen, as Johnson says, "if Mondale can get the focus on the issues that concern people about their future."

For now, the Mondale people have targeted a large number of states, because they are currently behind in so many states, and also because they believe, as one important strategist puts it, "the issues are running in our direction, even though we're behind in the polls." They believe that what is changing, or might change, the percentages in certain states is the presence of Ferraro on the ticket (despite



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the recent problems over the financial affairs of her and her husband, John Zaccaro), and the disjunction between people's telling Mondale's pollsters that they like Reagan and a majority also saying that they don't believe he "cares about people like me." But to make what the Mondale people see as the paradoxes in the polls work in their favor, they realize that Mondale has to be seen as a real and desirable alternative. So at the same time that states are being targeted the campaign is also concentrating on trying to move large numbers of people nationally, in order to change the chemistry of the situation in general. Peter Hart, Mondale's pollster, says, "As you move a lot of people in New York, you won't not move them in Michigan: if you do *x* per cent better nationally, you do *x* per cent better in one state or another." So in early October the Mondale people will see how they have done and narrow their targets and allocate their resources accordingly. While there is a great deal of focus on the electoral vote, Johnson argues that it's all very simple: "The electoral-vote challenge is likely to be solved by solving the popular-vote challenge." He adds, "We have virtually no states that are runaway states in our direction, and they have about fifteen to twenty states that, based on history, are likely to be heavily Republican. Deductively, if we get to fifty-one per cent we should win most of the remaining states." Next week, the Mondale campaign will do its first national network advertising, and will also begin buying time for ads in certain targeted areas across the country (they're not telling where), to be followed up by polling, to test where their prospects are improving or might improve. The target voters for the Mondale and the Reagan people are the same: "soft Democrats" (blue-collar workers who voted for Reagan in 1980), and independents and young voters, many of whom supported Gary Hart in the primaries. (The Mondale people believe that independents care about the issues they are stressing: arms control, the environment, fairness, education.) The endorsement of Mondale by John Anderson, on August 28th, was seen by the Mondale people as at least symbolically important in trying to reach the independents and Hart supporters.

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of meetings of fifty black leaders with Mondale and his aides in Minnesota in late August. Earlier in the month, Mondale had deliberately expressed frustration publicly with Jesse Jackson's continuing complaints and demands. (Jackson said that Mondale hadn't hired enough blacks—though a key former Jackson aide had been hired, and Charles Rangel, a black congressman from New York, who had supported Mondale, had been named national co-chairman of the campaign—and said that Mondale had to come out for a large jobs program.) Word was also conveyed to Jackson from the Mondale camp that such goings on had to end by Labor Day—that it was in neither Jackson's interests nor Mondale's that they continue. Following the Convention, the Mondale people had decided to be careful about reaching out to Jackson—to not be in a position of continuing to, and being seen as continuing to, give in to his demands. Jackson was in effect in the position he was in going into the Democratic Convention: there was no question that he would have to end up supporting the ticket, but he would extract all he could in the meantime. So at the end of the month blacks who had supported Jackson and blacks who had supported Mondale were gathered for a final (it was hoped) working out of things. Following a long session between Mondale and Jackson, and between the blacks and Mondale staff people, and then between Mondale and the black group, the matter was resolved about as well as could have been expected. Jackson announced that he would give Mondale support that would be "wide-based, deep, and intense," and the black group said it would support Mondale. Mondale's meeting with the blacks was said to have been tense and emotional—with Mondale resisting a demand that he back an expensive new jobs program while assuring the group about his concern for unemployment. Mondale insisted that his deficit-reduction program allowed for no additional expensive programs (nor does his current politics) and that the deficit-reduction program itself would lead to more jobs. Two additional prominent blacks—Mayor Coleman Young, of Detroit, a Mondale backer, and former Atlanta mayor Maynard Jackson, a Jackson supporter—were given major roles in the campaign. (Young was named head of voter-registration and Jackson a "senior policy adviser.") Andrew Young, the

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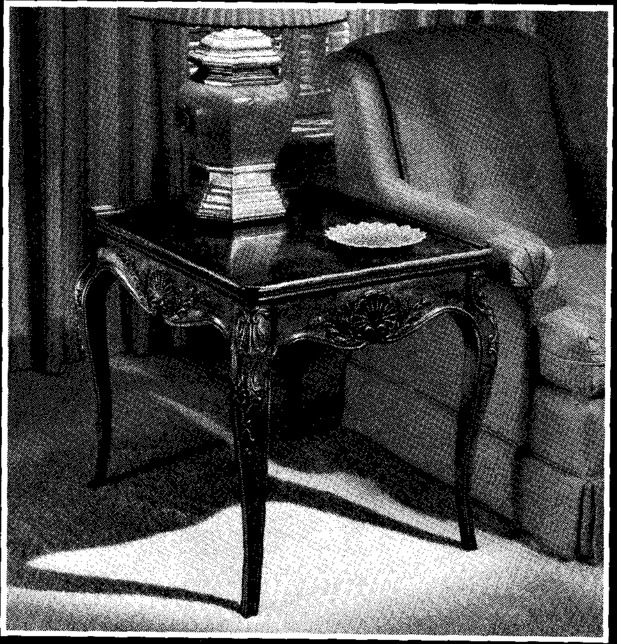

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current Atlanta mayor, retreating from a remark he had made about the Mondale staff earlier in the month, said, "A lot of folk I thought were smart asses are a lot smarter than I thought they were."

What the net effect of Jackson's support will be on the Mondale ticket is the subject of some speculation—and disagreement—now, but the Mondale people are counting on a heavy black turnout to carry some Southern states, and believe that the combined black efforts to get out the vote—which will be joined with efforts by prominent whites—will be beneficial. And while the meeting with Jackson came out well enough from the Mondale people's point of view—as they expected it to—the public did get one more picture of Mondale seeming to be pleading for his support. One Mondale adviser thinks that the various problems the Mondale campaign had to deal with in August—Ferraro's problems, the resignation of Bert Lance from the job of general chairman of the campaign (a job he never really assumed), the continuing efforts to get Jackson in line—cost the campaign about three weeks. (One adviser thinks that the thing that hurt Mondale the most during August was the Olympics—which affected the national mood in a way that redounded to Reagan's benefit. This person says, "If I could change one thing about August, I'd want to take out the Olympics.") One thing that cheers the Mondale people up about the past month is that they do not believe that Reagan made any political gains as a result of the Republican Convention, and think that in fact the Convention—the right-wing platform, the visible role of evangelist preachers, Reagan's speech about religion (in which he said that "religion and politics are necessarily related," and that those who oppose prayer in schools are "intolerant of religion"), the negative tone of Reagan's acceptance speech, and the obvious demoralization of the moderates—not only gave Mondale some material to work with but also gave him some ground. They feel that the Reagan people made a mistake at the Convention by allowing it to become so dominated by the social issues—thus potentially offending some "weak Democrats," independents, and young voters. (Some of Reagan's advisers felt the same way at the time.) They also feel—as do a few Reagan people—that too much time went into beating up on Jimmy Carter and on going back to the sixties for their attacks on Mondale. And they feel—as some Reagan advisers do—that the failure of the Republicans to talk about the future was a big mistake. They think that what they see as the Republicans' blundering at their Convention, as Leone puts it, "gave us another opportunity to explain what the election is all about." Now a key Mondale adviser says, "We have to get the contest going again." He adds, "I think you have to look at the campaign as starting all over again. Now the question is the same question we had after our Convention: Can we take the issues to Reagan?"

FERRARO's appearances with Mondale—here at the fairgrounds in Merrill, and at some other stops in these first few days—are the result of the Mondale staff's belief that Ferraro still stirs excitement, and adds strength to the ticket. They say that her popularity ratings are not as high as when she was chosen but that that would have been the case in any event; the polls indicate that people think she did well at her press conference dealing with her and her husband's finances a couple of weeks ago. While newspaper investigations into the Zaccaros' business dealings (mainly his) are continuing, the stories about them are diminishing, and the Mondale people are holding their breath, hoping that the worst is behind them. There is some uncertainty within the Mondale camp about how the gamble of choosing Ferraro will ultimately turn out. Meanwhile, Ferraro has been drawing large crowds as she has campaigned on her own, and has been going over well with them. There is a naturalness about her that people find appealing, and she lights up in front of a crowd. Moreover, Ferraro photographs well and, unlike Mondale, looks very good on television; it is a mysterious thing that has to do with the interaction of the camera and a person's features, and a chemistry between the camera and the person. (In Hollywood, there is an expression, "The camera loves him.") A television executive I know says, "Ferraro televises up; Mondale televises down." There are still large questions about both Ferraro's judgment and her depth. (She got the answer to a foreign-policy question wrong on a television program a couple of weeks ago, two days before her press conference, but people were so interested in her finances then that they didn't

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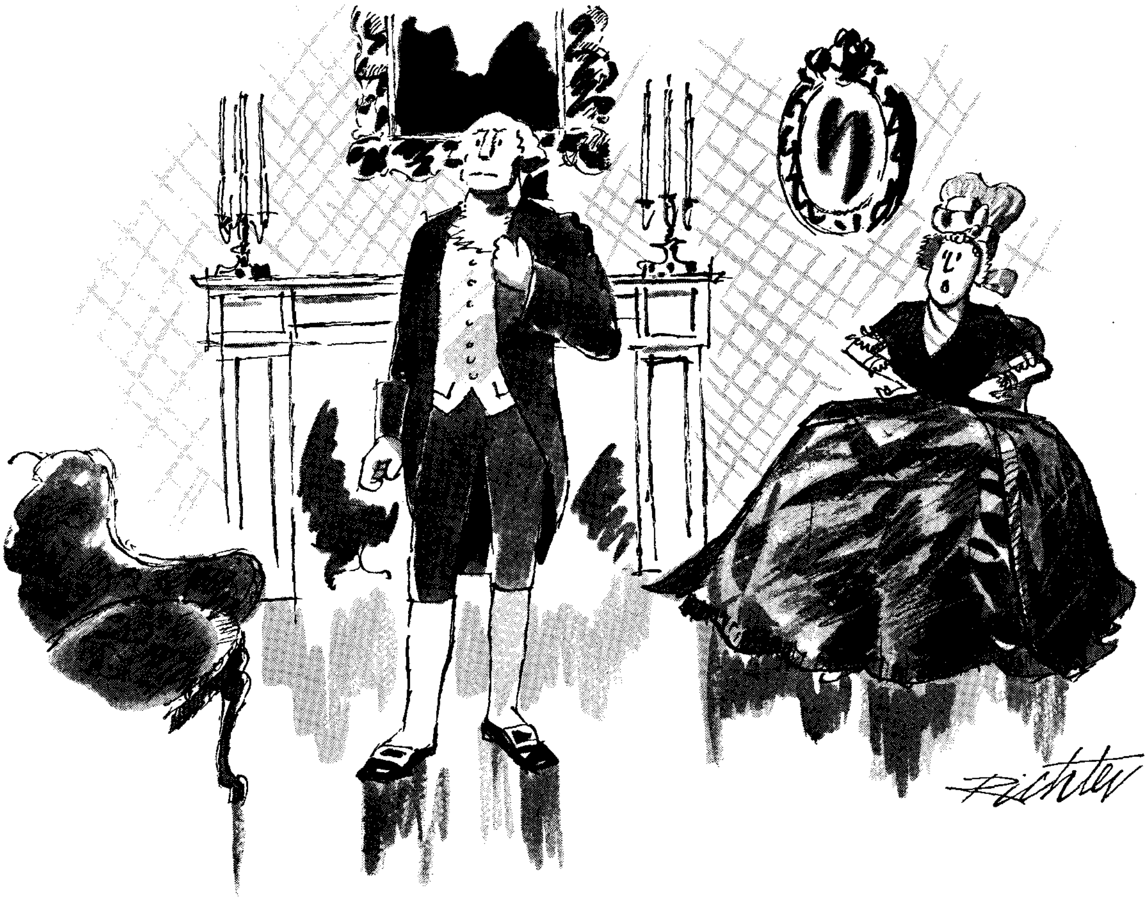

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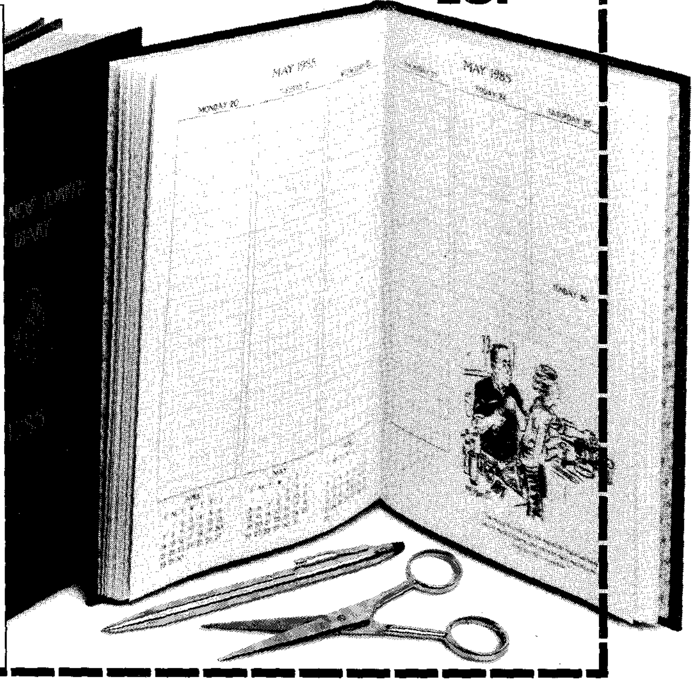

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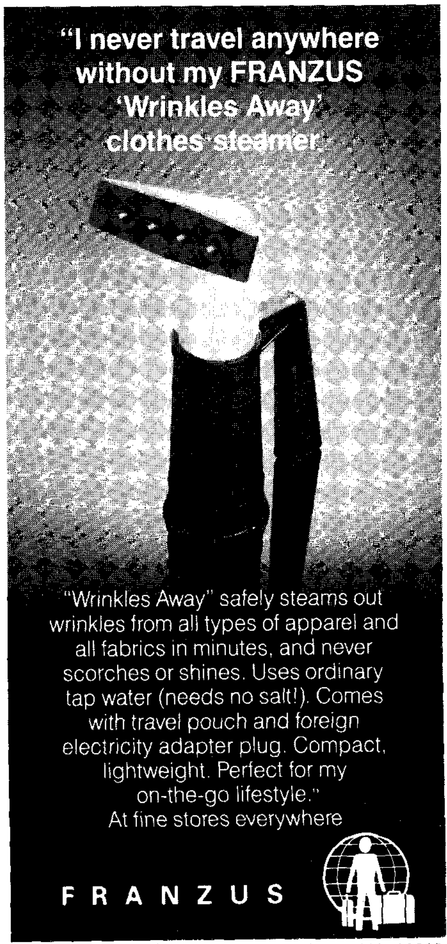

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much notice.) A special effort is being made to brief her, but she has a lot to learn fast.

Now the sky has clouded over and it has begun to rain. This just might not be Mondale's day. Ferraro is greeted enthusiastically by the crowd as she comes to the podium, which is on a platform surrounded by blue molding—the molding draped in red-white-and-blue bunting. David Obey, the congressman from this district, and Anthony Earl, the governor—both Democrats—are here. Obey, a respected and important member of the House, gives Ferraro a warm introduction. ("She is bright, she is savvy, she can cut through the guts of an issue.") Ferraro, wearing a gray plastic raincoat, says, "I just have something to ask you before we start: Can we win?" The crowd shouts, "Yes." She continues, "Will we send Ronald Reagan back to his ranch?" The crowd shouts, "Yes." She knows how to get a crowd going. "I think so, too," she says. Her voice is full-volumed and a bit on the high side, with a touch of brass—particularly when, as here, she is talking to a crowd and enthusiastically. The Queens accent is apparent, and the people gathered here seem fascinated by her—something new and unusual has landed among them. They seem to like her, just as they seemed to like the idea of her before she began. Now, after praising Obey as "one of the most effective members of Congress, one of the dozen or so members who really make a difference on the issues," she adds, obviously referring to herself, "We all know who another one is, right?" She refers to Wisconsin and the Progressive movement and Robert La Follette—but mispronounces La Follette's name. (It comes out "La-Flat.") The crowd laughs, and there are some boos. Now, as she reads her speech, she dons a farmer's cap to keep the rain off her aviator-style reading glasses. She talks about the historic significance of Mondale's having chosen a woman as his running mate, and, making a slip, says, "You will also be making history when I stand in the Capitol and take the oath as the first woman President of this great nation." She praises Mondale as having "spent his whole public life fighting for middle-income families and working people," and says, "While Ronald Reagan was making movies, Fritz Mondale was making history as a champion of civil rights and social justice." The crowd laughs and ap-

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plauds. She talks about "the special meaning for me" of what she says are Mondale's goals. When she mentions peace, she talks about rising tensions with the Soviet Union, the sending of troops to Central America, and adds, "And our young men have needlessly died in Beirut." She continues, "The question is, over the next four years, what will happen to my son, John, and to your children and your grandchildren? Will this President, unrestrained by the need for reëlection, heighten the risk of war? I don't want to take that chance." She continues talking about the arms race, which she has been emphasizing in her appearances: "I want a President who believes in negotiation, not confrontation; who understands that an arms race does not lead to peace—it leads to an arms race; and who stops spending so much on the arms race and starts investing more in the human race."

Ferraro is effective at personalizing the issues and, though reading a text, at sounding as if she is talking from deep conviction. Her speeches are written for her, and they are well written (her speechwriter, Fred Martin, used to work for Mondale), and she delivers them with an apparent sincerity that reaches people. "We need a President who levels with us," she says—this is one of Mondale's themes—and, explicitly referring to her own recent experience, she says, "In the last three weeks, I have seen dramatic evidence in my own campaign of what I have known and practiced all my life: there's no substitute for levelling with the American people." She criticizes Reagan for the trade imbalance, which is having a bad effect on farmers, for the deficits and interest rates and the threat of diminished economic growth—and for his not talking about these things. "President Reagan won't tell us his plan for reducing deficits," she says. "We can bring down deficits and interest rates. But it takes strong leadership and straight talk. If deficits are bad—and they are—then let's reduce them. If taxes must go up—and they will, no matter who is in the White House—then let's do it fairly. And if our leaders won't level with us—then let's replace them." She is cheered. She talks about her own story of having grown up poor and of having put herself through law school at night while teaching school during the day. Her personal story was considered one of her assets when Mondale chose her—

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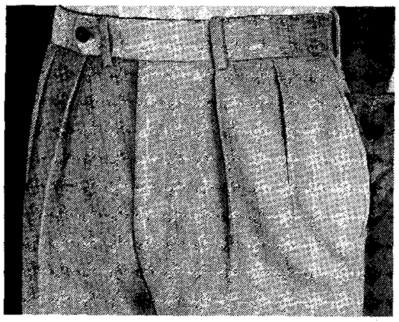

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at least, this part of her personal story. She attacks the Reagan economic program as having been unfair to the middle class and the poor. She says, "I want our government to give full support to our schools, not to lobby for tax breaks for segregated academies."

Then, in what is a new addition to her standard stump speech, Ferraro says, "In the vision Fritz Mondale describes, government stays out of our private lives," and she goes on to make a strong statement about individual freedom on religious and moral questions. "Mr. Reagan talks about freedom, and he should," she says. "But there's no freedom more important than the liberty to think as you want, pray as you believe, and the liberty to be left alone. Mr. Reagan is for limited government—except when he wants government to affect our most private decisions and beliefs." At this, she is cheered strongly. Both candidates will be playing off the Republican Convention. Mondale is to give a major speech on the subject of religion and politics in Washington on Thursday, but he has already begun to talk about it. Yesterday, in a five-minute nationwide radio broadcast (Mondale, following Reagan's example, has been doing these every weekend, on Sundays, since early August), he said that the Republicans had "raised doubts whether they respect the wall our founders placed between government and religion." Mondale is said to feel that he must respond to Reagan on this issue, since it is so much in the air, and because he has his own strong views on the subject. His advisers have mixed feelings about his taking the subject on: those who are leery about his doing so realize that religion is a complex and sensitive subject, in which it is easy to be misunderstood, and they also realize that Mondale is opening himself up to counterattack. But stepping up to the issue is a way of getting attention, and, moreover, Mondale would undoubtedly be much criticized if he didn't deal with it. (And his aides say that he has been bothered for some time now by Reagan's playing to the religious right, and was quite disturbed by a speech Reagan gave early last year in Orlando, Florida, to the National Association of Evangelicals, in which he attacked "modern-day secularism" and government subsidizing of birth-control help to "promiscuous" teenage girls, repeated his call for a constitutional amendment "to restore prayer to public schools," and denounced abortion. And, talking about the Soviet Union and the fact that Communism does not accept the existence of God, Reagan said, "Until they do, let us be aware that while they preach supremacy of the state, declare its omnipotence over individual man, and predict its eventual domination of all peoples on the earth, they are the focus of evil in the modern world." It was in this same speech that Reagan referred to the Soviet Union as "an evil empire," and described the arms race as a "struggle between right and wrong and good and evil." In one sense, Reagan's talking about the subject of religion reaches into his foreign policy. Reagan's appealing to the religious right, and its effects on domestic politics, was on the table as a possible topic for Mondale's acceptance speech.) Polling done by the Mondale camp indicates that people as a whole are not quite clear about Reagan's having raised the issue at the Convention—but that they do feel strongly about the subject of personal and religious privacy (and about Jerry Falwell). Still, a large number of people are upset by Reagan's remarks—and Reagan himself has been backing away. (Yesterday, as he was leaving for California, Reagan said that he had only been referring to people who were opposed to such things as having chaplains in the military and "In God We Trust" imprinted on our currency, and added, "I'm not seeking to install a state religion in any way," and his aides have been saying that Reagan wouldn't be talking about the subject anymore. They added that Mondale would be making a mistake if he talked about it.)

Now Ferraro mocks the emphasis on patriotism at the Republican Convention (calling it "self-conscious patriotism that's made on Madison Avenue"), and says that when someone finds jobs for the eight and a half

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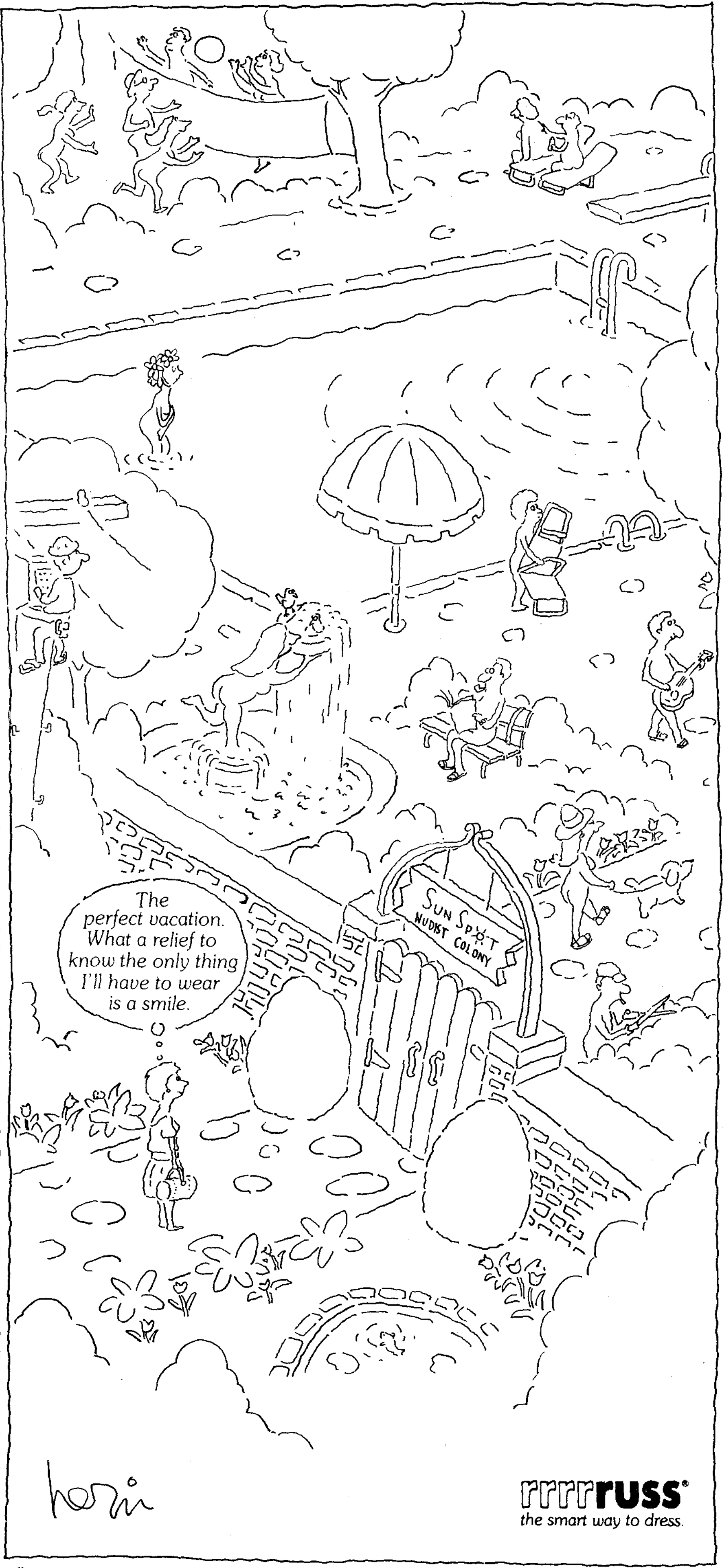
million unemployed in this country—"That will be a patriotic act." And she repeats this refrain in connection with providing teachers with the tools they need to educate children, stopping the nuclear-arms race, enforcing the civil-rights laws, and making the Equal Rights Amendment part of the Constitution. As she reaches her conclusion, she says, "Mr. Reagan preaches love of country, and I agree. But I say let's love our countrymen and women, too. Let's put people to work, let's enforce the laws, protect the planet, and keep the peace—that's the best way to honor the American flag." And she ends on a strong note, saying that the time to register new voters, the time "to seize our future," and the time for Mondale "is not later—it's *now*." She has got the crowd quite enthusiastic.

As Mondale is about to speak, the rain stops, and he removes his raincoat and his suit jacket, tossing them to the Zaccaros' two daughters, who are travelling with the candidates today. As he is introduced, Mondale strolls around the platform looking confident and relaxed. This may be deliberate: even though Mondale has had many relaxed and funny moments in the course of the campaign, his advisers and political supporters despair that he has come across as wooden and humorless, when they don't feel that he is that way at all. The Mondale that people who know him know and the Mondale that has come through in this campaign are very different—that is in part Mondale's failing, but it is also partly a question of what television news has chosen to show about him. Mondale himself is aware of his image as uninteresting, and, naturally, is bothered by it. However, Mondale can't be pushed into changing his style very much, and will go only so far in simplifying his speeches. One adviser says, "Walter Mondale is always going to be more complex than other speakers, because he feels strongly about certain issues and wants to talk about them. He can't be scripted the way their guy can." Then, as Mondale starts to speak, a light rain begins again, but he delivers his speech in his shirtsleeves. This speech has been gone over and gone over until the last moment—a process that sometimes gives his speeches the feeling of having been written by committee, and takes the edge off what he says.

Mondale begins by setting forth the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theme of his fall campaign. “Today, the campaign for 1984 begins,” he says, and he continues, “I want to tell you what I believe this race is all about. It comes down to this: in this election, we will decide what kind of people we are.” He says, “Today, there are fifty thousand nuclear warheads on this planet. One false move and human history is over. What kind of people are we? Well, we’re a strong country and we defend our freedom. But we’re also a smart country that knows that those god-awful weapons must never go off.” He says, “Mr. Reagan has a thing about arms control,” and notes that Reagan is the first President since Herbert Hoover not to meet with a Soviet leader, and that he “opposed every agreement—by Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter, every one of them—to control nuclear armaments.” He says, “He has conducted an arms race on earth and now he wants to extend it to the heavens.” He receives large cheers. He quotes John F. Kennedy’s saying that we should never negotiate out of fear but that we should never fear to negotiate, and cites, as he did earlier this year, Kennedy’s having called for a moratorium on atmospheric nuclear testing to prevent fallout and having challenged the Soviets to do the same, and points out that within two months the United States and the Soviet Union had negotiated a treaty banning such testing. He says that as President he will follow Kennedy’s example. He calls, as he has for some time, for annual summit meetings between American and Soviet leaders and for a mutual, verifiable nuclear freeze. And he says that he will “challenge the Soviets with arms-control proposals to increase our security and to protect our future.” Mondale has talked about these things before, but he does it better than usual here, with strong feeling. And the audience responds with applause and cheers. Mondale says, referring to Reagan and arms control, “That’s one of the big issues that divides us and tests what the American people want.”

Next, Mondale talks about the need for long-term economic growth, and refers to “an obscene trillion-dollar debt building up on our children’s shoulders.” He says, “We need a President who gets those deficits down, gets those interest rates down, restores American farm exports, strengthens those farm programs, and gives our farmers a chance.” The audience cheers some more. It responds to him even more than it did to Ferraro. After talking more about the effects of the deficit, he returns to his refrain and asks, “Well, what kind of a people are we? I’ll tell you what. We’re a tough people; and this is a tough country. We’re willing to see our problems as they are; we’re willing to look them in the face, and we’re a no-nonsense country that demands straight talk from our leaders.” This is a major Mondale theme, which he began with his acceptance speech: that he is levelling with the American people and Reagan is not. He says, “Reagan has piled up the worst deficit in world history, and is running on a platform that would double it.” (He is referring to the various tax cuts proposed in the Republican platform.) He says, “Let’s tell the truth. Whoever is elected, this budget must be squeezed and revenues must be restored.” And he says, “But the question is whether it will be done fairly: the question is who will pay.” He is speaking with feeling here, even passion. He seems to have his themes down and be comfortable with them. He says, “In the Republican future, tax increases and program cuts will fall heaviest on working Americans of average means, just as they did before. And I don’t think that’s the kind of people we are.” He says, “If there’s one thing I’m sure of, it’s that Americans are not selfish,” and he cites budget cuts the Reagan Administration has made in programs for the poor. He had talked earlier in the year about what kind of people we are as a theme against Reagan, but then this got lost amid his fights against John Glenn and Gary Hart. Now he is using it as an overarching theme, working in the subjects—arms control, fairness, the deficit, levelling with the American people—that he intends to take against Reagan in the coming weeks.

The crowd chants “We want Fritz,” and Mondale, smiling, says, “You’re going to get him.” He cites, as he has all year, Lincoln’s saying we should have a government “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” He says, “I don’t believe a President should just serve all the people in his country club,” and the crowd laughs, and he goes on to say, “I believe a President should serve all the people in our country, and that’s what I’ll do.”

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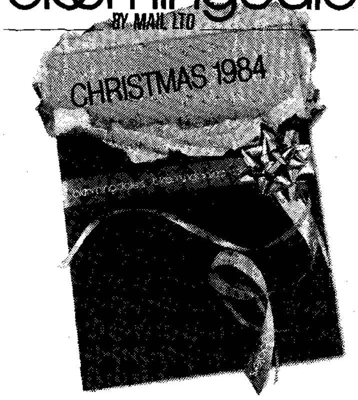

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That the polls indicate that people see Reagan as a rich man's President has encouraged Mondale all along, and this, plus a certain streak that is within him, something that comes from his roots, has led him to run something of a populist campaign. He attacks low corporate taxes, polluters, Pentagon contractors—as he did in his acceptance speech. Again he says, "What kind of people are we? Well, we're the most religious people on earth," and says that that is because "our faith is pure and unintimidated, because we practice our faith free from the intrusion of government." He says that when he grew up in Elmore, Minnesota, "just as you've grown up in these communities around here, we didn't need government to tell us that we believed in our God." He goes on, "And I think those who seek to inject government and the politicians into religion lack confidence in the wisdom and the decency and good sense of the American people." He says, "I want a future where government watches out for you and not over you. I want a government operating on your side, opening doors of opportunity, not looking over your shoulder, imposing dictates of conformity." He gets tremendous cheers. Clearly, this issue has struck a nerve. Now he refers to John F. Kennedy's last speech in the 1960 campaign: "Mr. Nixon, he said, had gone all over the country saying that we never had it so good, that our prosperity had never been greater at home and that our prestige had never been higher abroad. Mr. Nixon was saying in effect that Senator Kennedy, because he was focussing on the problems that Americans had to solve, was somehow gloomy and unpatriotic. The way that Kennedy answered that charge that night is the answer I give today. He said this: 'I run as a candidate for the Presidency with a view that ours is a great country but it must be greater.' And so it must. And so it must."

And now, becoming listy, as is his wont, Mondale talks about doing better on arms control, on human rights, on feeding people, on having young people serve in the Peace Corps. (All this is going over very well with the audience, however.) Then he sums up: "We are not a fragile people; we're a mature people." He says, "We can be the country who demands the truth about our economic future," and he reiterates some of his themes, speaking urgently. Then he adds, "Those are the stakes in this election. And before

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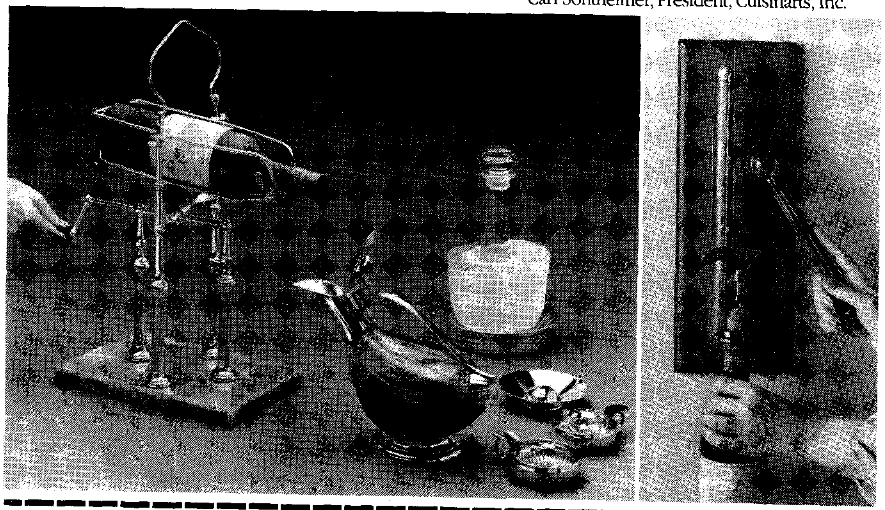

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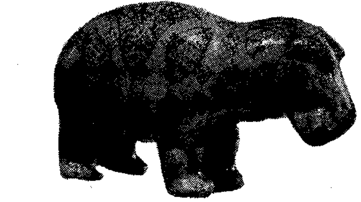

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you make your final decision, I ask you to do exactly what you do when you approach the railroad tracks: stop, look, and listen. It's your choice, it's your country, it's your future. Let's go there together. If you will help us, we're going to win it." This is his hope: that he can get people to think about the implications of their decision, to look past Reagan's popularity to his policies—to, as Mario Cuomo said in his keynote address at the Convention, "separate the salesman from the product." And Mondale concludes by saying, "These pundits who say we're going to lose, they're wrong." He is given large cheers.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. At six-thirty Pacific Daylight Time, the Mondale-Ferraro entourage arrives at the Long Beach Airport, about thirty miles south of Los Angeles. A rally has been planned for Mondale's arrival, but since we are an hour behind schedule it will not make it onto the evening news programs, as had been hoped. The scheduling simply demanded too much: Merrill is about forty-five minutes from the Central Wisconsin Airport, and the trip also required a refuelling stop in Minneapolis. The Mondale people wanted to have Mondale in California on the same day as Reagan, and, having made the commitment to attend the Labor Day Parade, stretched the campaign, and the candidate, beyond the doable. Scheduling and reality were not in sync today, and the effects on the entourage—and on the candidate, who looks tired—are apparent. It's not just the long day; despite the evident success of the stop in Merrill, the unfortunate beginning of the day is still on the minds of the Mondale entourage. (And despite the fact that the speech in Merrill went over well with the audience, some of the people around Mondale feel that it lacked a certain punch.) While scheduling is a technical matter, it can affect the substance of the day as well as the morale of the entourage. Mondale is actually beginning this fall campaign tired; he never got the time to make up for the toll that the long struggle for the nomination took on him. He had little peace between the time he secured the nomination and the time of the Convention, or, despite a fishing trip, between the Convention and now. There were too many things going on; too many problems; too many diversions; too many demands on him. So, while he looks relatively rested (especially compared

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to the way he looked at the end of the primaries) and his face is tanned, it is clear that he is not really rested. And this fall Mondale's schedule will, of necessity, be more rigorous than Reagan's—whose aides take pains in any event not to tax him too hard in a campaign.

A crowd of about fifteen hundred is here to greet Mondale at the Long Beach Airport in the very warm evening—and Hart is here, along with Alan Cranston, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, and a host of other local officials. Hart, looking well, makes a brief, crisp, and strong speech to the crowd about the importance of defeating Reagan. Hart has committed himself to spending a substantial amount of time campaigning for Mondale, much of it in California. The Mondale people insist that they believe that Mondale has a chance of defeating Reagan in California—that Ferraro's presence on the ticket and Californians' attitudes about certain issues (arms control, the environment, fairness, the deficit, interest rates) could work to Mondale's advantage—despite Reagan's political roots here, and despite the fact that the Democrats haven't carried the state in a Presidential election since 1964. A poll taken by the Mondale people in California in midsummer showed Mondale trailing Reagan here by eight points—a fact they found encouraging. They have sent one of their top organizers here, and committed a fair amount of candidate time to the state, an expensive proposition (this is Ferraro's second trip to the West Coast since the Convention), and are trying to convince Californians that Mondale's campaign here will not be abortive, as Carter's was in 1980. Another factor in the Mondale campaign's thinking is that there are five and a half million unregistered voters here, of whom most are black, Hispanic, or lower-income whites. (One Reagan adviser—but only one, so far as I could find—has been concerned all along that the Democrats could win California, through increases in registration.) And still another factor here, the Mondale people say, is that the Democratic congressmen and members of the state legislature—who form the majority—are very concerned about a proposition that will be on the ballot in November calling for a redistricting, and therefore will be working hard to increase the Democratic vote. The Long Beach area is a moderate one; with the exception of this morn-

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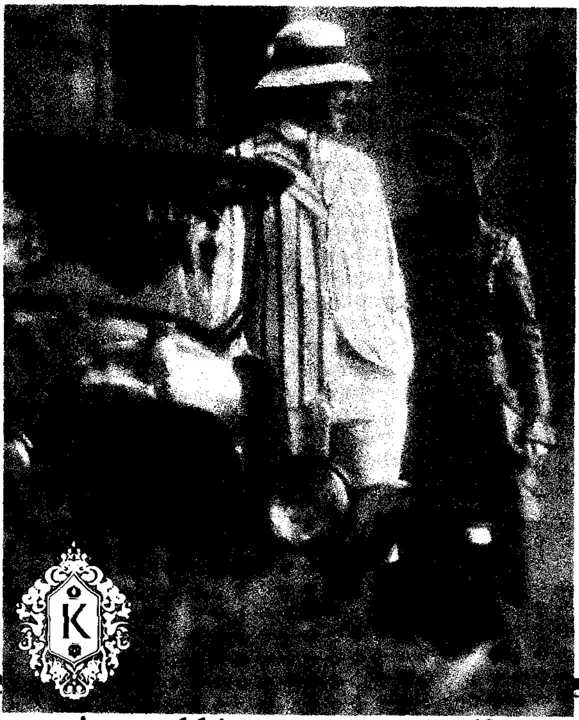

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ing, the Mondale campaign is deliberately not doing predictable things today, not going to stereotypically Democratic crowds. It has to walk a fine line between keeping its base fired up—or getting it fired up—and reaching out to persuade less committed voters. (Thus, though Mondale spoke to a white, middle-class audience this afternoon, he made a special point of emphasizing his commitment to helping the poor—a subject on which his advisers say he gets good marks in the polls.) A trip to California also gives the ticket a crack at Oregon and Washington, in which the Mondale people also think they have a chance. (Unemployment is high in both states—the lumber industry has been hit by the interest rates.) Ferraro will campaign in both states in the next couple of days, and Mondale will rejoin her in Portland on Wednesday. Today, the Los Angeles *Times* published a poll of its own which says that Reagan is twenty-seven points ahead of Mondale nationwide and that the Reagan-Bush ticket leads the Mondale-Ferraro ticket by twenty-three points. The Mondale people say that they are dubious about this poll, since it gives Reagan so much wider a margin than other polls do, but its publication in the Los Angeles paper on the day of their arrival here does not exactly cheer them up.

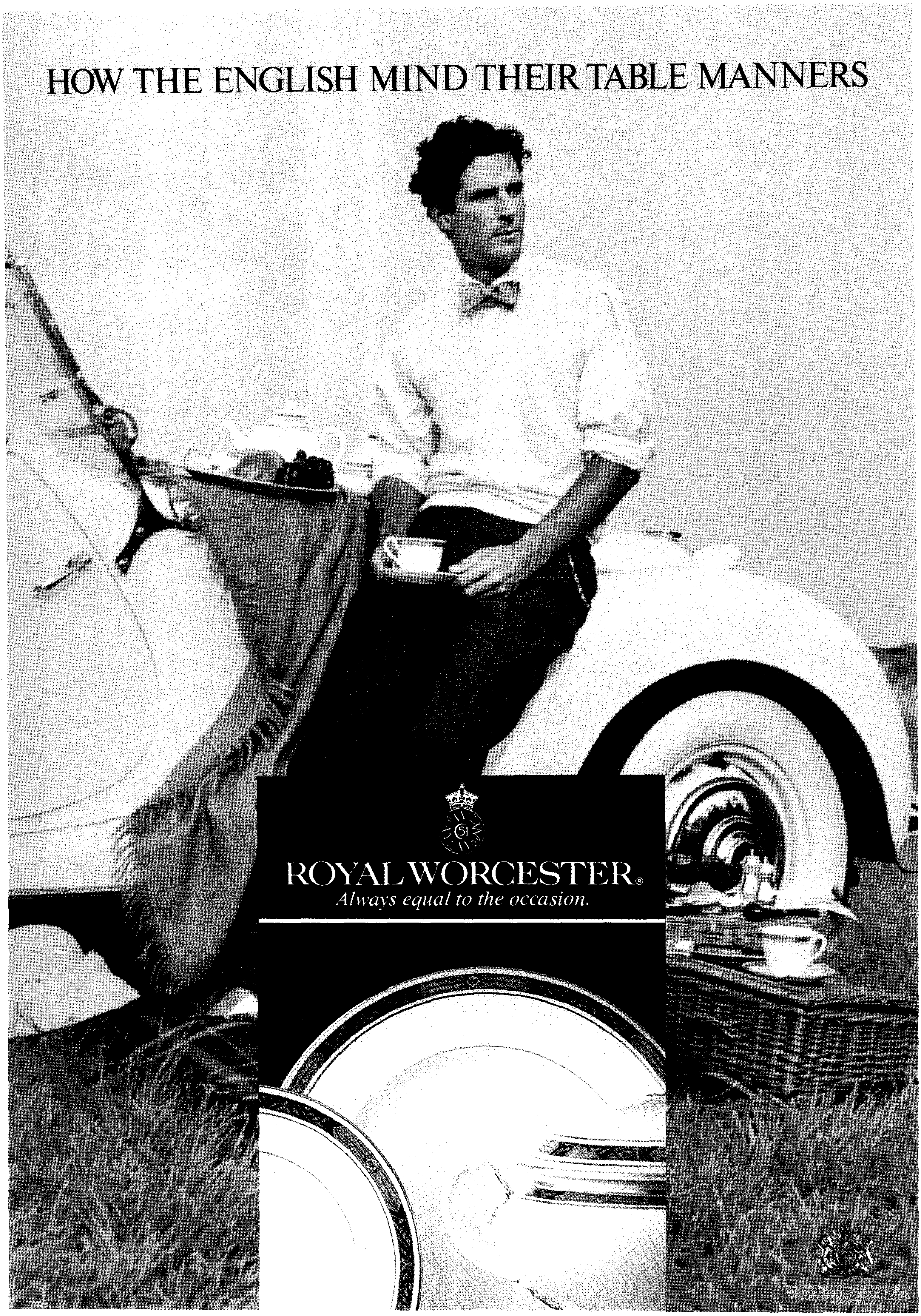
Now, addressing the crowd, Ferraro says many of the things she said in Wisconsin—and the crowd seems enthusiastic about her. Ferraro shows her pleasure at the response she receives: "You're wonderful, you're wonderful," she tells the crowd. Cranston introduces Mondale, praising him especially for his record on arms control, and then, after Mondale begins to speak, mysteriously, and almost incredibly, the sound system goes out. This is definitely not his day. He talks through a bullhorn until the sound system is restored, and then, spotting someone fainting, he calls for a medic. Through it all, he talks with more spirit than might be expected under the circumstances—about arms control, fairness—but his delivery is a bit ragged (any speaker would be jarred under these circumstances) and, seeming to sense that the audience is hot, tired, and distracted, he cuts his remarks short.

SEPTEMBER 4

COMPTON, CALIFORNIA. Tuesday. At shortly after noon in this Los Angeles suburb, Mondale is sitting on a lunch table talking to about three hundred people at the corporate headquarters and processing plant of Ralph's grocery chain, the largest in California. About half the audience is made up of meatcutters, dressed in long white coats, and the rest are management and clerical workers. Mondale is in his shirtsleeves, talking about the "unfairness" of the Reagan tax-cut program. One purpose of this event is to show Mondale talking about one of his issues against Reagan, another is to show him in relaxed, back-and-forth situations, the kind Reagan is very rarely seen in.

"In my opinion," Mondale says, "the stakes could not be higher for the ordinary people who are working in our country." He continues, "The test is what happens to people of average income in our nation—and that may be the greatest difference between Mr. Reagan and myself." He talks about the deficit: "Everyone who's looked at it who's honest knows that budget has got to be squeezed and revenues have to be restored." He tells them that ten cents on every dollar they pay in income taxes goes to pay interest on the debt. (Johnson says that in the Mondale polling, over seventy per cent of the people now believe that there will be a tax increase in 1985. A New York *Times*–CBS poll in August showed that fifty-two per cent believed this.) Mondale is to offer his deficit-reduction program next week—showing how he plans to carry out his acceptance-speech pledge to reduce the deficit by two-thirds. And he adds, "We've got to get those deficits down, and the question is: Are we going to be fair about it? I'm convinced that the case is overwhelming that Mr. Reagan will not be fair."

Now he goes over to a chart showing that low-income and moderate-income people paid more than before in taxes in 1982 through 1984, while upper-income people paid less. And he says, "I believe that's dead wrong. I believe it asks what kind of people we are." Mondale says, "Do we believe in work? Yes. Do we believe in being fair to working people? Yes. Do we believe in family and family life and giving families enough so their kids can have a decent life? Yes." Next, he shows a chart indicating some industries that pay no taxes or get tax refunds and saying that ninety thousand companies pay zero taxes, or get tax refunds, while a family earning twenty-five thousand dollars is taxed at a rate of nineteen per cent. "Now, I believe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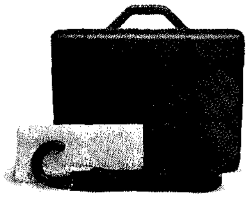

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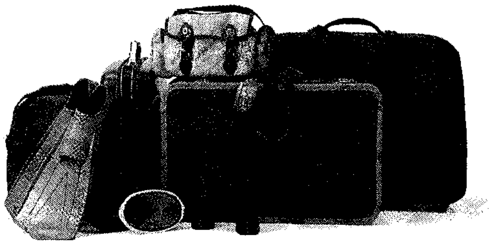

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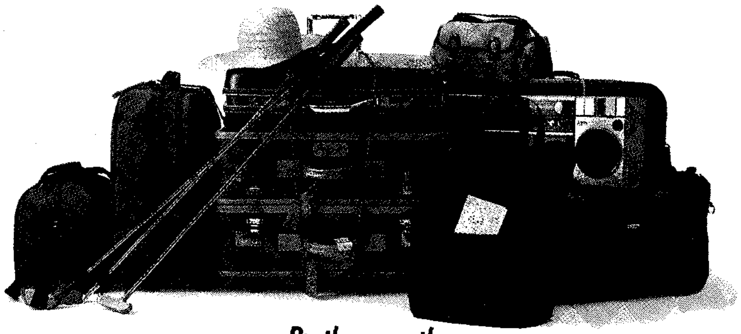

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that's wrong," Mondale says. He continues, "Even though Mr. Reagan denies it, he's going to have to raise taxes. He doesn't want to talk about it, but he's going to do it. And he's going to wait until after the election to tell you how he's going to do it." He adds, "Now, why do you suppose he'd like to have you hear about it after you've voted? 'Cause if you do, you wouldn't vote for him, that's why." He says that the tax increase the Republicans have under consideration, a sales tax, would raise taxes on middle-income people. Referring to a comment Reagan made yesterday (Reagan said, "We do not appeal to envy and we do not seek to divide and conquer"), Mondale says, "Now, yesterday Mr. Reagan said when I talk this way I'm appealing to envy, and that I should shut up is what he's saying. If I were him, I'd want me to shut up, because people won't agree with him. I wouldn't blame you for being envious when you see that your taxes went up and the wealthy's went clear down." He continues, "But I don't think envy's the real word. I think it's anger. I'm mad. I'm angry. I'm damned mad, because I don't think it's right."

Now, sitting on the table again, Mondale takes questions, and he jokes with the meatcutters. In making a point about job safety, he asks them to hold up their hands if they had lost fingers on the job. A few do, and Mondale says to one "Did that go into a sausage?" amid laughter from the workers. As he talks with the workers, answering their questions, he seems increasingly relaxed. He says that Reagan "put a lot of people he put out of work back to work and he calls it full employment," and adds, "If you believe in jobs and full employment, you're looking at the candidate who will make a difference." He receives strong applause. Mondale says that he will get people back to work by getting deficits down, getting interest rates down, and causing exports to rise again, and also by rebuilding roads and ports. The "damned mad" line was deliberate—another attempt to catch people's attention. This has been a successful event in its own terms: the mystery of politics—much of the time—is what events, or sets of events, change impressions. One question is whether the negative impressions many people have of Mondale are so deeply ingrained that it is too late for him to change them.

SAN JOSE. At shortly after three-thirty, Mondale is speaking to a large audience at San Jose State University, a teaching-and-research center in Silicon Valley. (Reagan made his second stop of the day yesterday in this area. He said, among other things, "We believe in high tech, not high taxes.") Mondale is literally as well as politically chasing Reagan. Late last week, the Mondale people decided to accept an invitation for Mondale to address the American Legion tomorrow, in Salt Lake City; Reagan is speaking to the group today. Reagan had an enormous turnout at his first stop yesterday, and the contrast, on television, with Mondale's day—inevitably, the stories pointed up the Labor Day march fiasco—was unfortunate for Mondale. Mondale once again speaks in his shirtsleeves and begins by stating some of his themes—about the stakes in the election, about what kind of people we are, about arms control. And then he talks about education—a subject that he has been quite interested in throughout his public career—and his commitment to the subject, and his knowledge of it, shows, and the audience responds warmly.

The Mondale people think that the subject of education fits very neatly into their scheme of trying to get people to focus on the future under Reagan or Mondale, and hope to get Mondale a following on the campuses this fall. Leone says he doesn't accept the idea that young people will be heavily for Reagan. "Nobody's tried to tap their idealism," he says. Now Mondale says, "Without educational and scientific excellence, the billions we spend on the military are often wasted, because our security depends on our intelligence." He continues, "The hopes of millions of our young people seeking a better life and a better future will be destroyed, because education is the key to individual advancement in our society." He says, "Today, we have an Administration that simply doesn't understand the importance of education to our future," and "There has never been in modern American history a President who has tried to cut education more deeply or more insensitively than the current President of the

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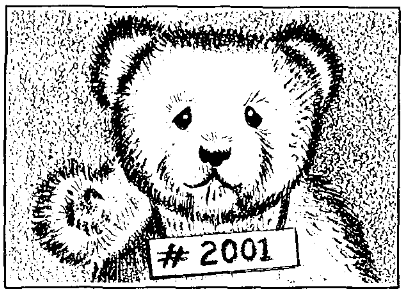

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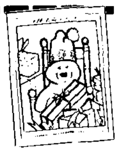

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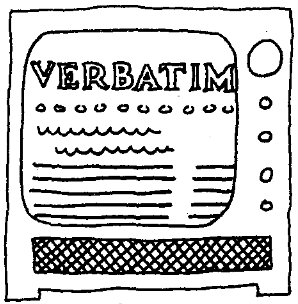

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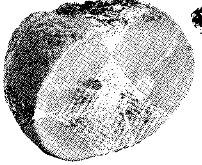

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United States." Referring to Reagan's efforts to identify himself with the Olympics, Mondale says, "As a nation, we all join the President in rejoicing at all those gold medals," and he adds that he wonders if Reagan "stopped to think a minute about what contributed to that outcome of which we're so proud"—the fact that the civil-rights laws, some of which the Administration has tried to reverse, had given minorities and women unprecedented opportunities. He says, "The commitment we make to education is a very clear test of the kind of people we are." So far, Mondale has been consistent in keeping up his main theme—this has not been one of his trademarks. He says, "We are not a people who steal from our children. We are a people who invest in our future. And the way we invest is to be sure that this generation is the best educated in our history. We can be the country that bolsters its schools, supports its scientists, unleashes our talents, and creates a future of excellence and jobs and opportunity."

Mondale mocks Reagan's proposal the other day that a teacher be the first "citizen passenger" launched into space. Mondale says, "He has given his answer to attracting talented teachers, and that is to launch a teacher into space." The audience laughs, and Mondale continues, "Well, that's O.K. But I want to launch an education corps to make teaching a valued profession again and achieve superb education here on earth." (Also last week, Reagan visited a school in Washington, D.C., and said, "I attended six elementary schools myself, and one high school. And in none of them was there a library. I think the facilities aren't nearly as important as the humanity in the facilities." Yesterday, in Merrill, Ferraro chided him for this.) Advancing one of the themes of his acceptance speech—that standards have to be raised—Mondale says, "I don't pretend that government can do it alone. We must do it together." He says, "Teachers must teach and restore discipline to the classrooms; students must do their homework, and parents must turn off those TV sets." He takes questions from the audience, and seems to loosen up as he goes along. Mondale is sufficiently confident of his knowledge that he doesn't worry about what kinds of questions might come up in these situations. He criticizes Reagan, as he has several times, for having joked recently (when he

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Mondale's advisers say that he is more comfortable making the case against Reagan than he was making it against his fellow-Democrats—and this appears to be the case. In fact, it was the fight he wanted to have all along, and in part it was because he was making it early in the nomination contest that his opponents were able to gang up on him. Mondale talks privately as well as publicly about the importance of defeating Reagan, and seems to feel strongly—quite personally—about it. Last summer, he told a group of visitors to his home in North Oaks, Minnesota, that he would never forgive himself if he did not defeat Reagan. Now Mondale is asked what he would do about raising teachers' salaries, and, without making a specific commitment, he says, "I think the President can begin honoring teaching as a profession again, and honor learning and the product of learning."

Mondale likes to mention his travels throughout the country, and now he says he was told by a young man in New Hampshire that he couldn't stay in teaching because he couldn't afford to—and he smiles and remarks, "I don't think he voted for me, based on the returns, but we had a nice conversation." He cites the low salaries of teachers in Los Angeles, and says, "We're saying something about teaching when we give it this low status, and, of course, our kids will pay and our nation will pay." He continues, "As President, I intend to put a tremendous amount of attention on this. I've spent a lot of my life in it, and I don't think there's any way of getting it done except with leadership." Reagan couldn't put on this kind of performance, and Mondale knows it—but there are important things that Reagan can do that Mondale can't. That's part of what makes this such an unusual election: the candidates are so utterly different from each other—not just philosophically but also temperamentally, stylistically, in what they concern themselves with, in the way their minds work, and in their respective talents and weaknesses. It sometimes seems that they are operating in different universes. What Mondale is trying to do is get Reagan into his universe. Mondale now wraps up, saying, "Education is absolutely indis-

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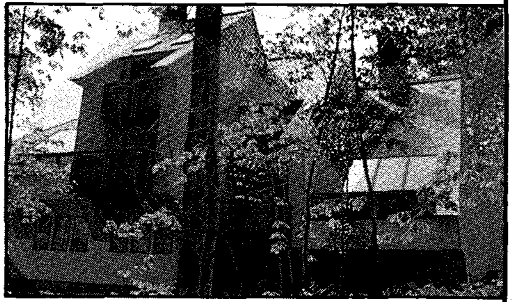

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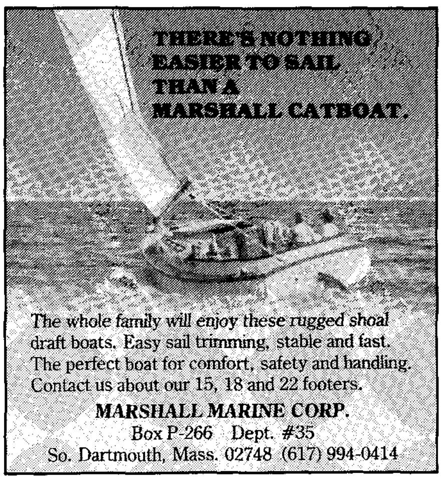

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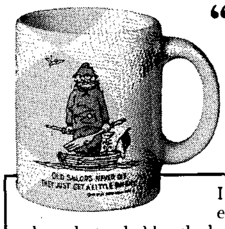

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pensable to the future of our country and to everything we want it to be." Again, trying to draw the contrast, and speaking with passion, he says, "You couldn't have a greater contrast between the two candidates." He criticizes Reagan's record on education, and says, "In the area of education, on policy, he's been uneducable. Our country needs a President that puts our kids first."

Mondale travels with a substantial entourage now, and his campaign is faced with having to do a lot of things at once, and quickly—having nailed down the nomination so late and then having lost so much time after the Convention. It is in fact still faced with organizational problems—with little time left. There are speeches to be written, events to be planned, scheduling decisions to be made, politicians to be soothed, Reagan's actions to be reacted to, state operations to be started up, money to be raised, and on and on. The Reagan-Bush campaign has had a luxurious time of it by comparison. The fatigue level within the Mondale campaign is still high. But now John Reilly, Mondale's law partner and close adviser, is travelling with Mondale again, and looking tanned and rested. James Johnson is back in Washington trying to put a lot of the pieces together—the planning of the campaign, reëstablishing contact with various politicians and certain Washington figures who had become vocal critics of the campaign (in part because they hadn't been able to get Johnson's attention). He is meeting with fund-raisers and members of Congress this week, to reassure them that the race is winnable and that the members of Congress will be paid attention when the campaign goes into their areas. Mondale will meet with members of Congress when he returns to Washington later this week. All this fence-mending and hand-holding (like the meetings Mondale and his staff held with mayors and governors in Minnesota in late August) should not be necessary, but became so for two reasons: in part because Mondale had been based in Minnesota, the Mondale people were not sufficiently in touch with these people; and politicians tend to get very nervous when their party's nominee is not doing well in the polls. Democratic politicians are especially prone to talking about this out loud—and taking their criticisms to the press. (Mondale will base himself at his

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home in Washington this fall, which will solve several logistical problems; when he was in Minnesota, any time a member of his staff or an outsider wanted to see him, it was a major project.) Yesterday, Johnson flew to Ohio to talk with Governor Richard Celeste about the shape of the campaign there, and will hold meetings in Washington this week about the organization of the campaign in some other major states. Martin Kaplan, Mondale's chief speechwriter, is on the plane, looking almost dazed with exhaustion. His current obsession is with the speech on religion on Thursday. Leone, who is on the plane, is also keeping in touch with his operation back in Washington; a number of major figures from other campaigns are now helping out—including David Sawyer, who was Glenn's media adviser, and Patrick Caddell, who was Hart's pollster and adviser.

SEPTEMBER 5

SALT LAKE CITY, Wednesday. This morning, Mondale, wearing a Legionnaire's cap from the post in his home town of Elmore, is speaking at the Salt Palace, to the American Legion. This is a lion's-den appearance—this audience is naturally pro-Reagan. Moreover, in 1980 Reagan carried Utah with seventy-three per cent of the vote, and polls show him doing nearly as well here now. Yesterday, Reagan reaffirmed his support for prayer in the schools and said that "what some would do is twist the concept of freedom of religion to mean freedom against religion." He praised his own military buildup and reiterated his support for an anti-missile system in space. ("Now, some are calling this 'Star Wars;' I call it prudent policy and common sense.") He said that veterans' benefits will be protected, and he celebrated "The New Patriotism"—talking of the Olympics and of his visit to Normandy—and, as he is so effective at doing, he invoked the names of "MacArthur, Bradley, Patton, Ike," and he talked of his desire for peace. The Mondale people, of course, want Mondale's appearance here to be seen as a lion's-den appearance: Mondale going before the American Legion and talking about arms control. The large hall is not full, and some local Democrats have been added to the audience; yesterday, the Reagan people packed the hall. He tells the veterans that though he and they may not agree on all issues, they share certain values—that America

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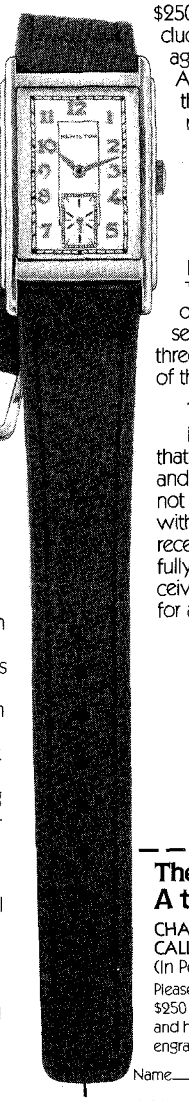

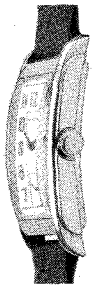

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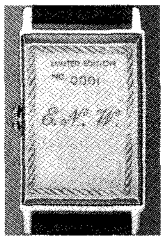

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must be strong, and that the world must be made safer—and he adds, "There is not one party that believes in family life and one that does not. There is not one party that believes in America's greatness and one that does not." And he interpolates in his prepared text, "There is not one party that believes in God and one that does not." For this he is applauded.

Mondale tells the Legionnaires several of the same things he has been saying all week—about the stakes in the election, about the danger of a world in which there are fifty thousand warheads. But now he makes the case for arms control in terms of what it means for security. He says, "We all want a strong defense. But the choice is over what kind of defense will make us secure, and how to use that strength to build a safer world." And he argues, as he has at other times this year, that the large amounts being spent on defense have not brought sufficient preparedness in conventional forces, or "readiness." (A report recently issued by the House Appropriations Committee's Defense Subcommittee has made the same point.) Mondale has talked about this issue particularly in the South—trying to show that he is not "soft" on defense but for a more sensible use of defense spending. He charges the Administration with having "refused to make choices between costly weapons systems," and argues that weapons procurement has taken such priority over operation and maintenance of the weapons we have that "we are dangerously dependent on nuclear weapons." He tells the Legionnaires that he opposes the B-1 bomber and the MX missile, because "they would be about as vulnerable as the weapons they replace," but that, as President, he would emphasize more survivable strategic systems—the Trident II (submarine) missile, the single-warhead Midgetman missile, and the Stealth bomber. He says that he would institute much tougher procurement practices.

And then Mondale makes a strong case for arms control. He says, "The atomic bomb has changed all the rules. World War III will be nothing like World War II. There will be no winners—we will all lose. There may well be no free world—only a poisoned, lifeless world." And he adds, "And to the veterans of World War II, of Korea and Vietnam, I say this: there will be no veterans of World War III." He says he knows that Soviet leaders "are cynical, ruth-

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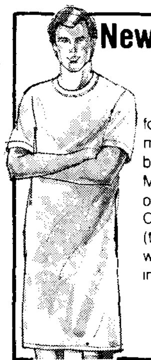

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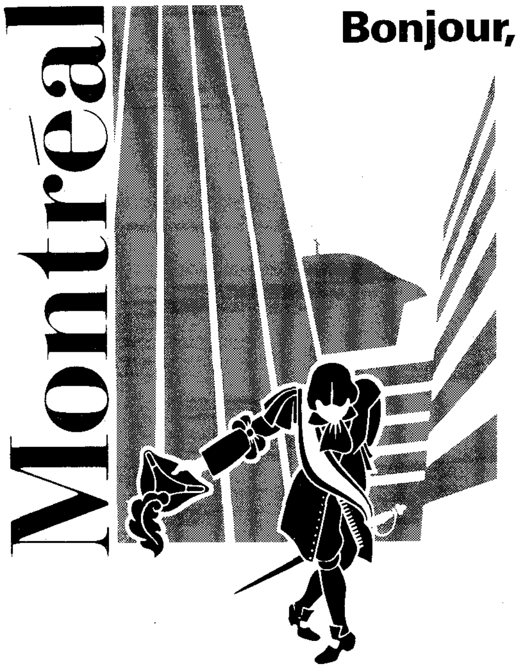
less, and dangerous," and he knows that "we must never negotiate with them on the basis of trust." And he is applauded as he adds, "We must insist that every agreement be specific, be mutual, and be verifiable." He argues that without the SALT I and SALT II agreements "we would have to plan on coping with thousands more warheads than are permitted by these agreements," and that the agreements help us monitor what the Soviet Union is doing, "prevent new and dangerous areas of competition," and enable us "to plan a more effective defense." He says that it is for these reasons that "every President from Eisenhower to Carter, regardless of political party, has negotiated arms-control agreements with the Soviets." He adds, "They didn't do it to make us weaker. They did it to make us stronger." He says, "The Joint Chiefs of Staff haven't consistently supported arms control in order to weaken our security. They did it in order to protect our security." And he continues, "But, unfortunately, Mr. Reagan appears not to share this understanding of arms control. He has failed this crucial test of leadership." Noting that yesterday Reagan "appeared before you and spoke of his desire for a world without war," he adds, "I do not challenge the sincerity of that desire." And he continues, "But that is not the issue. The issue is whether he has set us on a course toward peace and a safer world, and in my judgment he has not." This is an attempt to "separate the salesman from the product." Mondale criticizes Reagan's record on arms control, as he has done before other audiences this week. He says, "He has conducted an arms race on earth, and now he wants to extend it into the heavens, and even makes jokes about nuclear war. It's not funny." He gets fairly strong applause for this.

Then Mondale makes some specific arms-control proposals—some of them new, or variations on what he has said before. He says that he will "follow President Kennedy's example" and "declare a temporary moratorium on the testing of all nuclear weapons, and on the testing and deployment of all space weapons, and challenge the Soviets to join us." He says that this "pause" would be temporary and mutual, and that "I will use this temporary and mutual pause to challenge the Soviets" to negotiate agreements on these weapons. He does not say how long the pause would last, or how long it could be unilateral; his aides say that



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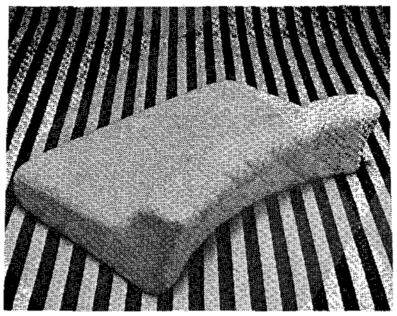

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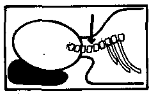

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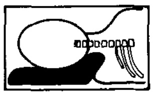

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he would declare a moratorium—or pause—and call on the Soviets to make it mutual and to come to the bargaining table, and that if the Soviets did not make the moratorium mutual it would be discontinued; during the moratorium, negotiations would proceed. His aides say that in all cases the moratoriums would be temporary, and when Mondale has made this proposal in the past he has talked about a six-month moratorium in the case of some weapons and perhaps a shorter period in the case of others. His advisers say that the Soviets can't accomplish much within six months, and that what they do during that time can be monitored. They say that the point of this proposal is to try to break the logjam in negotiations over certain weapons as quickly as possible. They say that Mondale is deliberately using the word "pause" to differentiate it from a moratorium—to emphasize the temporary nature of it—and that the pause would be contingent on the Soviet Union's agreeing to negotiate mutual, verifiable treaties covering these weapons. Now he repeats his proposal for annual summit meetings with Soviet leaders, and announces, for the first time, "On my very first day as President, I will call upon the Soviet leadership to meet with me within six months in Geneva for fully prepared, substantive negotiations to freeze the arms race and to begin cutting back the stockpiles of nuclear weapons." He says, "We're determined enough never to lose an arms race. But we're also smart enough to know that in the nuclear world no one can win an arms race." He is applauded for this. He delivers the speech with strength and with feeling—but there remains the question of whether he can get through to people. He says, "The acid tests of leadership are honesty and action. A President must tell the truth about the future." He concludes, "I have come here today to launch this debate about the nature and purpose of American strength." That is his hope, at least. He tells the Legionnaires, "You, more than most, know the sacrifices that have been made to defend our right to have this debate." And he ends, "Thank you, and God bless America."

PORTLAND, OREGON. Early this afternoon, Mondale and Ferraro are addressing a rally—in the rain again—in a park. A large crowd is here, despite the rain. Representative Les AuCoin, of Oregon, is here, as is Representative Don Bonker, of Washington. Ferraro, wearing her gray plastic raincoat again, and a large rain hat, reads a speech that focusses on arms control—that is to be the subject of the day. She goes after Vice-President George Bush for some criticisms he made of Mondale yesterday. Bush said that Mondale wanted to make an absolute cut in defense spending (Mondale is calling for an increase of three to four per cent over inflation, and after his speech Bush said he was not aware of this), and also said that Mondale had prevented the Administration from reaching an arms-control agreement because the Soviet Union would rather deal with him than with Reagan. Last week, Bush said that Mondale "is so hot for an agreement right now that he will do almost anything to get it." After hitting Bush for his defense-budget remarks, Ferraro says, "He also blamed Fritz Mondale for causing the breakdown in arms talks with the Soviet Union." She adds, "Now, that's a good one. Mr. Reagan is the first President since Herbert Hoover not to sit down with his counterpart in the Soviet Union." She also says that "right now at least thirteen wars and civil wars are being waged around the world," and says, "Teddy Roosevelt made peace between Russia and Japan, and Jimmy Carter made peace between Israel and Egypt. But Ronald Reagan has done nothing to stop these conflicts. He's not had a single diplomatic success in three and a half years." This is a counterpoint to the Republican claims that Reagan has produced a more peaceful and stable world. She says, "We're not uninvolved just because we're at peace. In every one of the thirteen conflicts now raging, at least one of the superpowers is sending money, weapons, or both." She attacks the Reagan policy in Central America, and says that in Lebanon "our leaders made a mistake, and over two hundred and fifty young men paid with their lives." She adds, "A President must know when to use force and where, but he must also know when it should not be used. Let's send in the diplomats before the Marines." She receives big cheers, and presses on, reading her speech, through the rain, and the crowd stays.

The rain slows a bit as Mondale starts to speak, and once again he removes his raincoat and his jacket, and talks in his shirtsleeves. He jokes about the rain and says, "The rain is good. It makes things grow. And I'd like to see the Republicans try to get a

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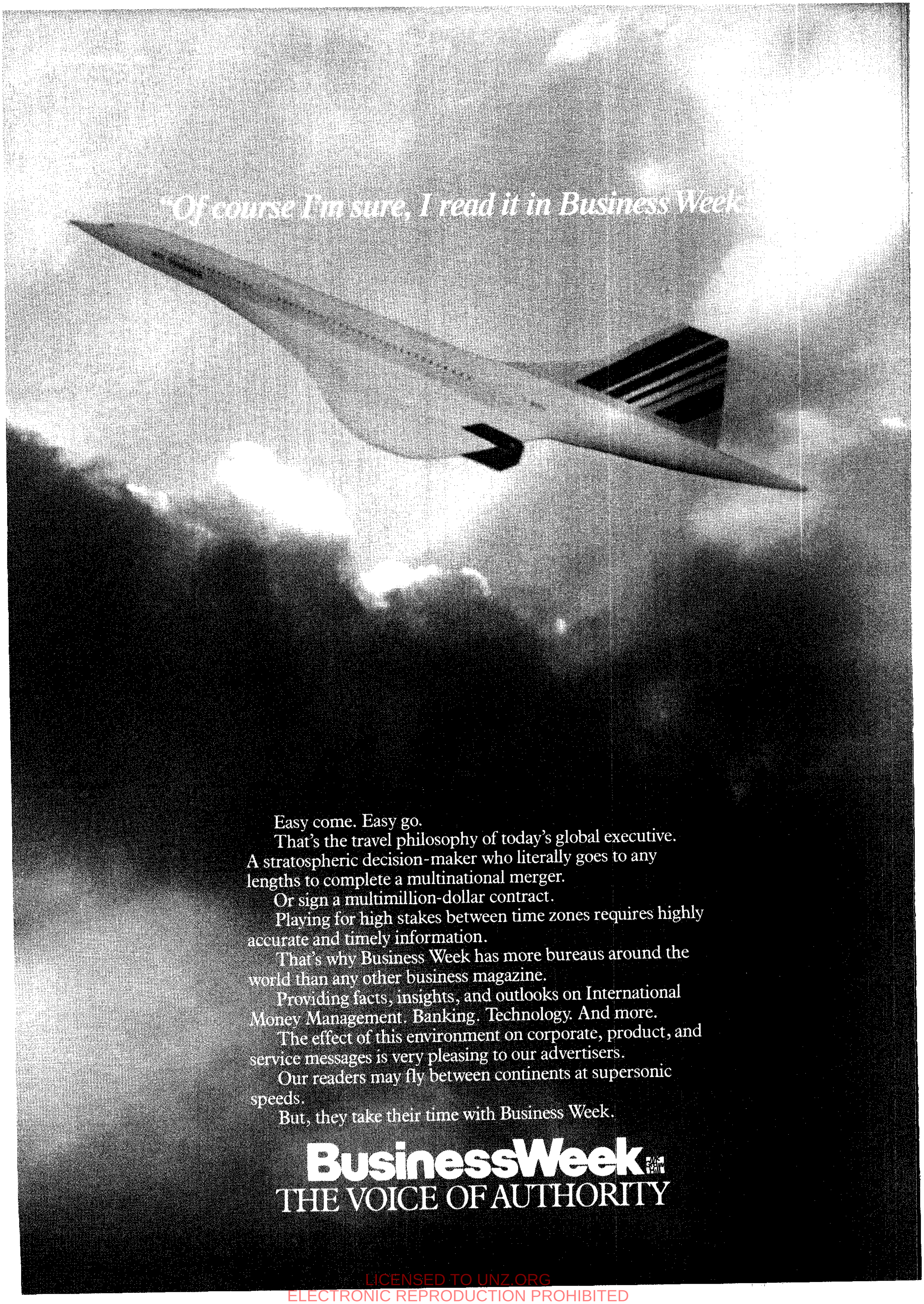

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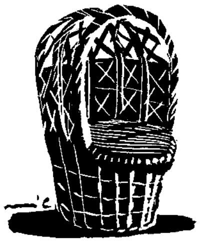
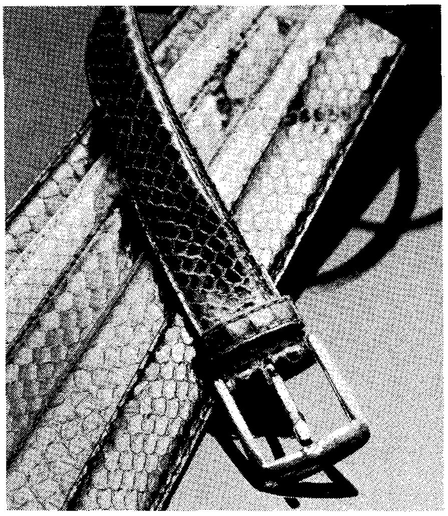
crowd like we've got here today, who'll stand here and get wet!" Mondale is obviously buoyed by the crowd, and he is at his most relaxed and impassioned on this trip. There is a chemistry going between him and the crowd—and he is nearing the end of a long and difficult trip, and now Mondale is, as they say in politics, "hot." He says that "one of the reasons we're going to win is that at the Democratic National Convention we did what Americans do when at their best," and he refers to the "opening of doors" that the choice of Ferraro symbolized. He receives big cheers. Obviously, the Mondale people think Ferraro will be helpful in these West Coast states. Mondale says, "We have set aside this campaign day to talk about the most important issue on earth today, and that is controlling those god-awful nuclear weapons before they destroy us all." He continues, "In this election, there's much at stake, but nothing more important than getting control of those weapons and moving toward a safer world. It's a campaign which raises the question of what kind of people are we. Americans have always been peace-loving people. Today, most Americans understand how deeply these weapons threaten peace and our peace of mind. They hear their children talking about nuclear nightmares and they yearn for a safer world. That's the issue. All Americans want peace, Mr. Reagan." He is going strong now, as he says, "That's not the property of any political party. There's not one political party that believes in American greatness and one that does not. There's not one political party that is patriotic and one that is not. There's not one political party that believes in family and one that does not." And he adds, "And while we're at it, there's not one political party that believes in God and one that does not." He receives huge applause and cheers. He goes on, "So let's stop this nonsense that there is a party of weakness and a party of strength. To say that America is divided on the need for both peace and strength insults our people and encourages our enemies."



Mondale says, "We need you in Oregon. We need you in the Western United States to win this election—and we need you from this day right through to that election—and one of the key issues which divides us without any question is who would be best in moving this nation toward a safer world and getting control of those weapons." He attacks Reagan's record on arms control some more, saying things he has said all week—but now he is so familiar with what he wants to say that it comes out more naturally than before. From time to time, one can see a politician hit his stride, and that is what's happening here. Mondale says, "Mr. Reagan has a thing about arms control. He thinks it's weakness. Every President before him has understood. Every Joint Chiefs of Staff before him has understood that arms control is not weakness, it's strength." The crowd cheers him so loudly that his next words can't be heard. Then he says, "And we need a President who understands that." He repeats his intention, if he is elected, to, on his first day in office, "send a note to my Russian counterpart asking him to meet me in Geneva within six months to negotiate a mutual and verifiable treaty." This crowd cheers loudly; it is clearly more enthusiastic than the American Legion was. Mondale has to motivate these people to have any chance of winning out here, and he is clearly encouraged by the response he is receiving. He talks again about Kennedy's example, and, taking cognizance of the rain, which has become a downpour, and of the good nature of the crowd for sticking with him, he closes out his remarks. An experienced politician knows when to stop talking. He says, "I have been involved in every arms-control fight over the last twenty years. I understand it. I know it. I'm experienced. I've worked with the leaders of the world. My opponent has opposed every arms-control effort over the last twenty years. Let's elect a President who will lead us toward a safer world and get on with the business—" The cheering of the crowd drowns him out. "Let's go get it done. Give us your help and we'll win."

TOWARD the end of the long flight from Portland to Washington, I have a talk with Mondale. He is seated in the front compartment of the plane, with his staff. For much of the trip back, he has been working on the speech on religion that he will deliver tomorrow morning in Washington—and he has also been catching some sleep. Now Mondale—wearing faded jeans and a bright blue-green



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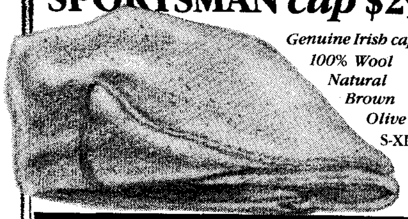

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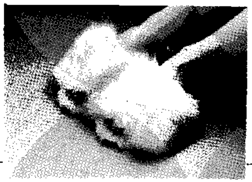

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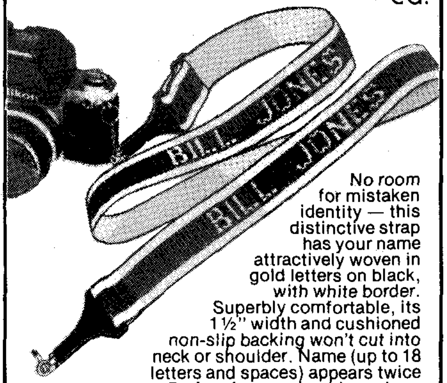

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sweater, and shoeless (some sneakers are nearby), and finishing off a cigar as we begin to talk—looks fairly refreshed.

I begin by asking him what it was that so obviously affected his mood at the Portland rally, and he replies, "I liked the event. There were thousands of people there. I saw this crowd of people who could have left with dignity and they didn't."

Then, when I ask him how he accounts for the disparity between his standing and Reagan's in the polls, he replies, "Well, I think there are several things. Number one, I think there has been a belief that perhaps Reagan is not beatable, and the Reagan people are spreading that with all the strength they can. Then, there's the natural, I believe, pause after someone has been nominated, on the part of all the supporters of others, to get over their concerns and support someone who they had sort of agreed shouldn't be President. That takes a while. You've got Hart, Cranston, Jackson, Glenn, all those people out there, millions of them, that wanted somebody else. And it takes them a while to think things through and come around. And then we lost some time last month—we were on a tremendous high coming out of the Convention. Even though I think Ferraro has over the long run strengthened herself and our ticket by meeting the test, and I sensed that, it did lose us a couple of weeks when we couldn't get our message out. Those are some of the things that I think have been at work here."

I ask Mondale what he thinks he has to do to close the gap.

He replies, "First of all, speak clearly and with strength. Join the central issues. Bring the case home as hard as I can. Raise the stakes, so that people can see this is not a blur but a choice, and that our future is at stake. At least, the kind of future I describe is at stake. Show leadership."

"How do you do that?" I ask.

He replies, "Well, for example, Reagan is locked up—people can't get to him. I'm not protecting myself at all. I go to three hundred meatcutters sponsored by a major chain and let 'em throw anything they want at me. I go to a student body and take on all comers. I go to the American Legion and give a strong speech on arms control. I lay down my own budget with the good news and the bad news. And I think the contrast will become more apparent, and it comes down to leader-

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ship and strength, willingness to trust the public, and so on."

I ask Mondale if he plans to continue to use the over-all theme of "What kind of people are we?"

"Yes," he replies. "Because what I'm trying to show there is that this is about more than the individual you elect. This is also a test of what Americans believe and who we are. If we let Reagan become increasingly cruel toward the vulnerable, what kind of people are we? If we show arrogance toward the earth, the land, the water, the environment, what kind of people are we? Are we trustees of this earth or aren't we? If we fail this next generation in their education, learning, what kind of people are we? I think that's the way it should be put, because it engages everybody. Then we're all asking ourselves the same question. It's not what I see alone, it's what we as Americans see."

When I ask Mondale about the past month, he replies, "It was a frustrating August, because the key to an effective campaign is a clear message. And things kept happening to cut across our message. For example, I had three days when I was talking about defense reform—a very, very important issue. It wasn't totally lost, but mostly it was. But one of the things that just irritate the hell out of me is that here is this Reagan never holding a news conference, ducking totally from the press, sticking his head up like a gopher out of a foxhole once in a while, chirping and disappearing. That, and trying to make the national media sort of just a kept, unpaid outlet for his version of the news. And meanwhile someone like myself who is open gets his message cut across all the time, because in addition to my message there's always something around. Like today, I gave a speech on arms control, and a couple of the press tried to get from me what did I think of Tip O'Neill's comment that I should have been— I don't even know what Tip said today." (Today, O'Neill said that Mondale should stop "allowing himself to be punched around by Reagan," and should "come out slugging" against Reagan.) Mondale continued, "And here's the President trying to resist debates." (Mondale is pressing for six debates—a number he knows he won't get—and the Reagan people have so far agreed to one, and the expectation is that there will be two.) "He doesn't want to answer any of the questions. Here Regan comes out with a horror piece

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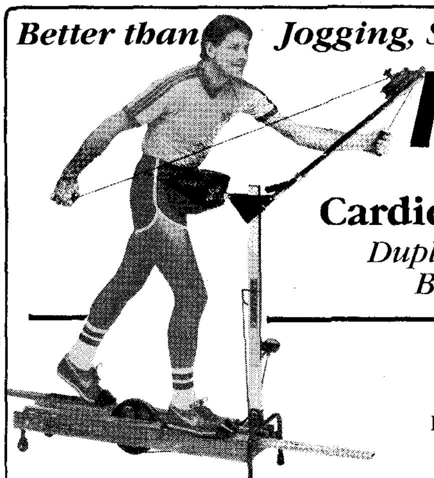

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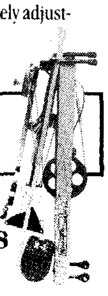

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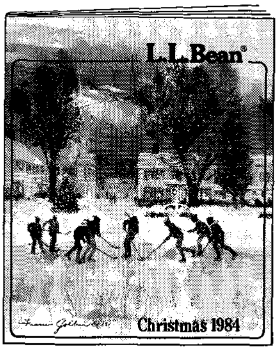

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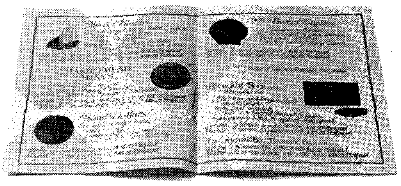

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on my budget." (Yesterday, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan said that Mondale would raise taxes on every household by an average of $1,890—a prediction that was based on some faulty premises.) Mondale continues, "The President got embarrassed because he doesn't have one of his own. But I'm the one that's answering the questions. That's my job—but it's also Reagan's."

Mondale also says that the White House is "trying to use Secret Service as political security." He says, "Did you see all the signs today with sticks on them—you know, off on the edges —for Reagan and against abortion and so on? Well, at Reagan rallies they don't allow anybody in with sticks. Then when they get in they hand out sticks with Reagan signs on them." (This occurred at a rally in Cincinnati in August. Also, the Secret Service has kept reporters away from Reagan during campaign trips, in the name of security.) "All of it enforced. You know, I really admire the Secret Service, but they're being put in a position I'm sure they don't like—totally inappropriate."

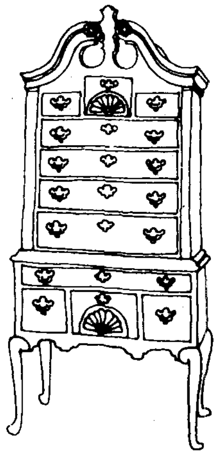
I ask Mondale whether, now that he has moved from the primaries to the general election, he is planning to be more thematic.

"Have to be," he replies. "They have to know what my message is. The one thing that people keep saying is 'What is'—they don't put it this way—'What's your slogan?' And I've decided that that's not— now maybe I'll come out with one, but I've decided that this is not a campaign about a slogan. This is a campaign about what kind of people we are, and that comes up in a host of ways. And it's around that question that my campaign is being pressed."

As the plane circles to land in Washington, I ask Mondale whether he felt anything happening this week in terms of his getting himself across, and he replies, "Well, you know, I come back encouraged. I see more excitement, I see bigger crowds. I see people becoming engaged. I'm starting to hear snippets of hope. One test is when politicians show up—they can have reasons to be busy if they don't want to be there. But more and more they're around. That tells me that in terms of their careers they feel it's probably a good idea to be there."

As we land, I ask Mondale if he feels anything happening to his own stride and pacing as he tries out his fall campaign.

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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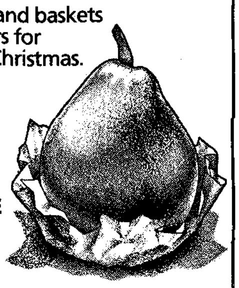

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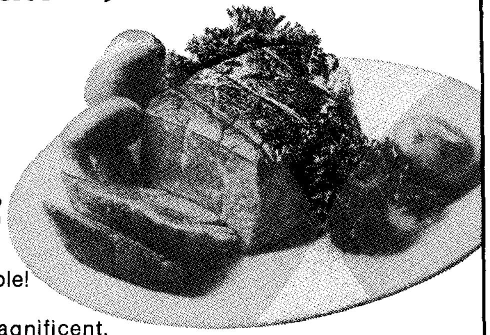
He replies, "Yes. I think it's coming. I really enjoy this a lot more than the primaries. I always hated fighting with my fellow-Democrats. I hated a divided Democratic Party. We've united that Party now. Now I have the chance to carry out what I've really wanted to do all along—the debate with Reagan about the future of our country. That's what we're doing now, and I find that a lot more fulfilling, and, of course, it's very challenging to figure out how to best make that case. And while I'm not satisfied yet, I think it's coming."

SEPTEMBER 12

WASHINGTON. In his speech on religion, given here last Thursday morning before the B'nai B'rith, Mondale took on both President Reagan and the religious right, which he said the Administration had "opened its arms to." He criticized Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada and chairman of the Reagan campaign, for having sent a letter just before the Republican Convention to forty-five thousand ministers which opened, "Dear Christian Leader," told them that "as leaders under God's authority we cannot afford to resign ourselves to idle neutrality," and urged them to organize registration drives in their churches to reëlect Reagan and Bush. Mondale said, "Most Americans would be surprised to learn that God is a Republican." He went on to say, "And if Senator Laxalt's letter were an isolated example, one might dismiss it as partisan zealotry." He offered as other examples Jerry Falwell's benediction at the Republican Convention on the night Reagan was nominated, in which Falwell referred to Reagan and Bush as "God's instruments for rebuilding America." Mondale attacked right-wing "Christian" report cards, which grade politicians on moral issues. One report card, Mondale said, "brands me as anti-family and unchristian." Saying that he does not "call for the suppression of these voices," he went on to say that he was "alarmed by the rise of what a former Republican congressman calls 'moral McCarthyism.' " (He was referring to former Representative John Buchanan, of Alabama.) Mondale said, "A determined band is raising doubts about people's faith. They are reaching for government power to impose their own beliefs on other people." He said he had been encouraged when he read that Reagan did not intend to speak more on the issue, and



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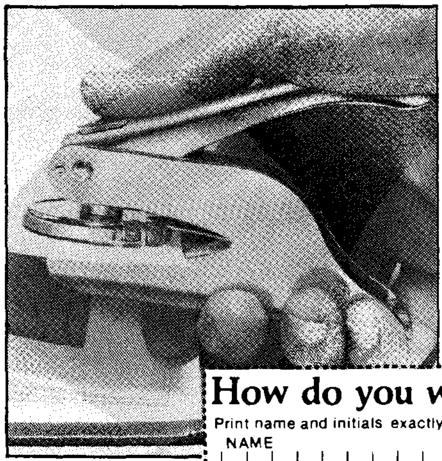

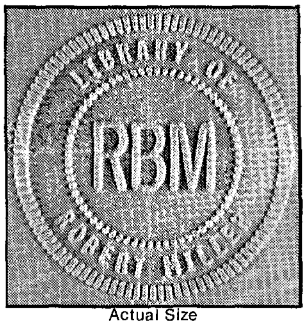

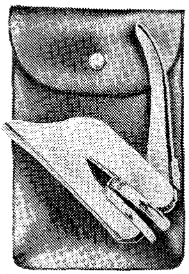

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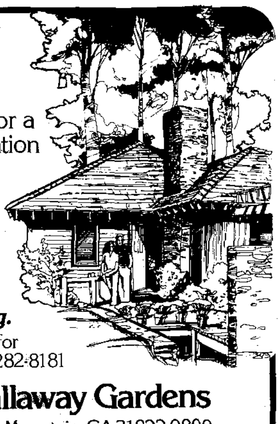

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added, "But before he slips out the back door there are a few fires in the house worth putting out."

Mondale said, "I believe in an America that honors what Thomas Jefferson first called the 'wall of separation between church and state.' " He continued, "I believe in an America where government is not permitted to dictate the religious life of our people; where religion is a private matter between individuals and God, between families and their churches and synagogues, with no room for politicians in between." He said, "To ask the state to enforce the religious life of our people is to betray a telling cynicism about the American people." And he added, "Moreover, history teaches us that if that force is unleashed it will corrupt our faith, divide our nation, and embitter our people. Today, that force is being wielded by an extreme fringe poised to capture the Republican Party and tear it from its roots in Lincoln." He criticized the Republican Convention some more. Mondale went on to say, "Americans have only one President at a time. He must use his leadership to unify us. He must dispute his opponents with respect. The civility of our public debates depends on our willingness to accept the good faith of those who disagree. Our President must rejoice in the noise of public argument; it is the music of freedom." He added, "No President should attempt to transform policy debates into theological disputes." Noting that Reagan had said at the prayer breakfast in Dallas that anyone who opposes a constitutional amendment permitting school prayer is "intolerant of religion," Mondale pointed out that a number of church groups, as well as the B'nai B'rith, are also opposed to the constitutional amendment, and he added, "And they are also not intolerant of religion." (On the day before Mondale gave his speech, a group of Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and Baptist leaders called on both parties to "reject categorically the pernicious notions that only one brand of politics or religion meets with God's approval and that others are necessarily evil.")

In his speech, Mondale said that he understood the "yearning for traditional values," and attributed this to the fact that "over the last generation, waves of change have swept our nation." He continued, "No institution has been untouched. Religion, marriage, business, government, education —each has been questioned, and each has struggled toward new foundations

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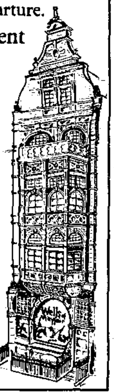

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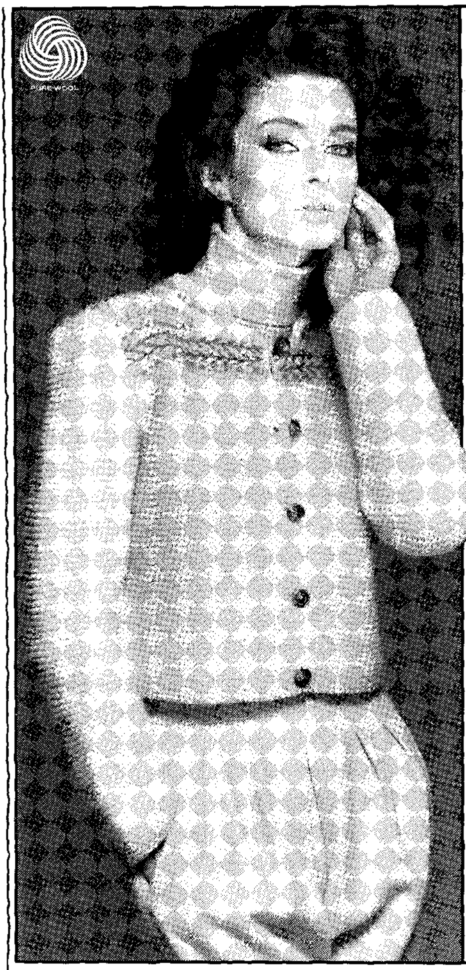
and new rules." He said, "By and large, it has been healthy for us. Our society is stronger, and not weaker, because women now have more opportunities and more choices. Our economy is stronger, and not weaker, because business must protect the environment. Our government is stronger because its leaders are accountable to a more skeptical public. Our churches and synagogues are stronger because they have struggled toward new ways to connect with their communities. Our schools and colleges are stronger because they opened their doors to the richness and diversity of America." Then he said, "But change is not easy. Many Americans have been upset to see traditions questioned. They have watched durable values give way to emptiness. And, too often, they have seen that void filled recklessly or self-indulgently." He said, "I join those Americans in their concerns," and he said that he stood with them in their outrage at the explosion of drug traffic, at child-molesting, at crime in the streets, at the growth of pornography, and at "low standards—whether they infect the classroom, the workplace, the government, or the street corner." He said, "From this turbulence and unease, a great yearning has been born in America in recent years. It is a quest for stable values. It is a search for deeper faith. And it deserves welcome and respect."

Mondale said this seeking of traditional values "is not a simple tide," and added, "It has undertows. And in the hands of those who would exploit it this legitimate search for moral strength can become a force of social divisiveness and a threat to individual freedom." He went on to say, "The truth is, the answer to a weaker family is not a stronger state. It is stronger values. The answer to lax morals is not legislated morals. It is deeper faith, greater discipline, and personal excellence." Mondale said, "Roosevelt said that the Presidency is preëminently a place of moral leadership. Our President sets the moral tone for our nation. He is a mirror in which we see what kind of people we are. And when he speaks of family, faith, and flag he must invoke such charged words to include Americans, not divide them; to inspire confidence, not arouse fears." And he added, referring to symbols Reagan has used heavily, "Family must not become code for intolerance. Religion must not become code for censorship. Neighborhood must not become code for discrimina-



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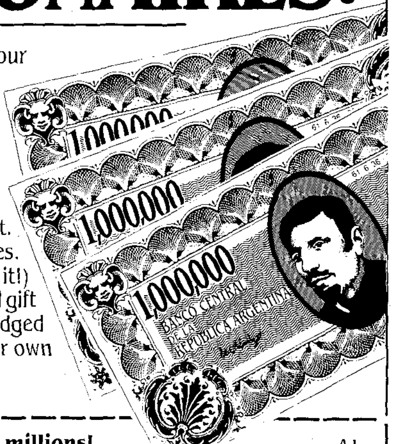
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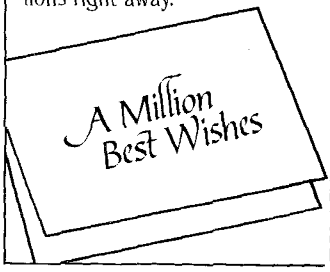

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tion. Law must not become code for repression. Work must not become code for callousness. Flag must not become code for jingoism. Peace must not become code for war." He ended by quoting President Eisenhower (who, he noted, had been little mentioned at the Republican Convention): " 'We—Republicans and Democrats alike—are motivated by the same loyalty to the flag; by the same devotion to freedom and human dignity; by the same high purposes for the nation's security and its welfare.' "

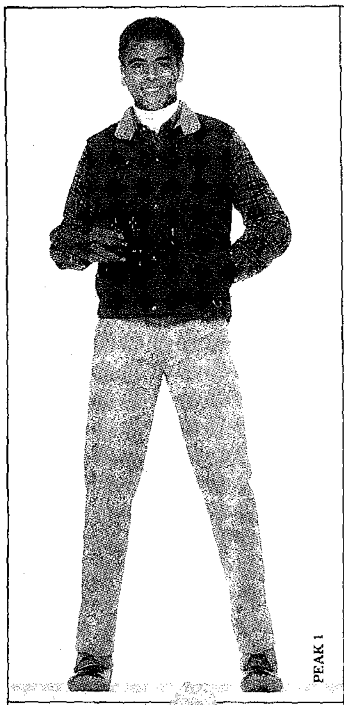
Reagan, in his speech before the B'nai B'rith, later that morning, stuck to more general topics, though he did say, "The United States of America is, and must remain, a nation of openness to people of all beliefs." And he added, "The unique thing about America is a wall in our Constitution separating church and state." He made a number of references to Jewish writers and Jewish history, and he reaffirmed his support for Israel.

Later in the day, Mondale spoke before the National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., where he was introduced by Jesse Jackson. In his speech there, Mondale made many of the same points that he had before the B'nai B'rith, but then also gave an impassioned call for those things he felt that government should take a role in—enforcing civil rights, and producing economic and social justice.

Also on Thursday, Mondale went to Capitol Hill to meet with Democratic senators and representatives, to reassure them that he was in fact taking the fight to Reagan and to urge them to direct their criticism at Reagan instead of him. He is said to have been greeted warmly by these members, with many of whom he has had long and close ties; afterward, O'Neill publicly praised him. Then Mondale went on to Atlanta, where, on Friday morning, he had a breakfast meeting with Bert Lance and with other leading Georgia Democrats who had managed to be busy elsewhere when Mondale wanted to hold an event in Macon in August.

ON Monday, in Philadelphia, Mondale announced his program for reducing the deficit by two-thirds over four years—another gambit in his bid to be seen as levelling with the American people, stepping up to hard questions, and dealing with questions about the future, as well as being more "fair" than the Reagan Administration. Mondale had actually raised the challenge to himself by saying in his acceptance speech that he would reduce the deficit by two-thirds rather than by half, as he had been saying earlier in his campaign. Mondale began by using the deficit projected by the Congressional Budget Office—about two hundred and sixty billion dollars—rather than the one that the Administration recently projected, which is a hundred billion dollars lower. Many, if not most, of the things Mondale proposed he had proposed earlier in the year; he found the additional revenue needed for the two-thirds reduction by proposing some new (if in part unspecified) tax reforms, and by projecting larger savings as a result of lower interest on the national debt. Mondale would raise an estimated eighty-five billion dollars in taxes. Under his plan, families earning twenty-five thousand dollars or less (more than half the taxpayers) would pay no additional taxes, while those earning more than that would pay more, on a graduated basis. The provision of the 1981 tax-cut law which allows taxes to be indexed for inflation starting in 1985 would be modified for all those earning more than twenty-five thousand dollars to compensate for inflation of more than four per cent. (Mondale's original proposal would have deferred all indexing for this group. This change offsets the effect of higher inflation on other taxpayers but cuts the incentive to the government to permit inflation.) Mondale's plan would put a cap on the third year of Reagan's tax cut for those earning sixty thousand dollars a year or more; would impose a surcharge equal to ten per cent of the tax paid on family incomes of over a hundred thousand dollars and individual incomes of over seventy thousand dollars; and impose a fifteen-per-cent minimum tax on corporations. Mondale asserts that everyone making up to sixty thousand dollars would be better off, because interest rates would come down.

A new element in the Mondale plan is a proposal that all new taxes raised would be set aside in a trust fund that would go toward reducing the debt; this move is designed to shield Mondale from the charge of "tax and spend." Under the Mondale plan, there would be thirty billion dollars in additional spending—for education, environmental research, competitiveness in trade, rebuilding roads and bridges, and restoration of some of the Reagan cuts in social spending—and this would be offset by cuts in other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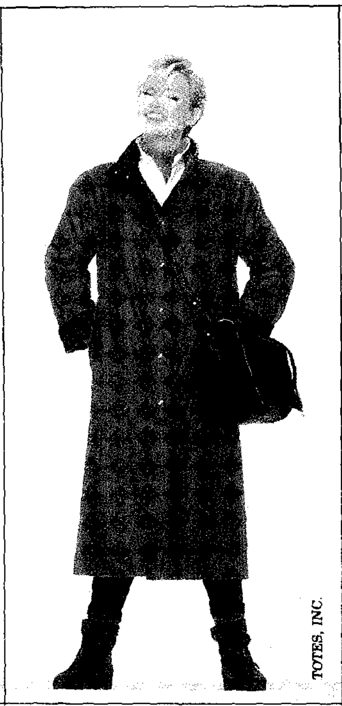
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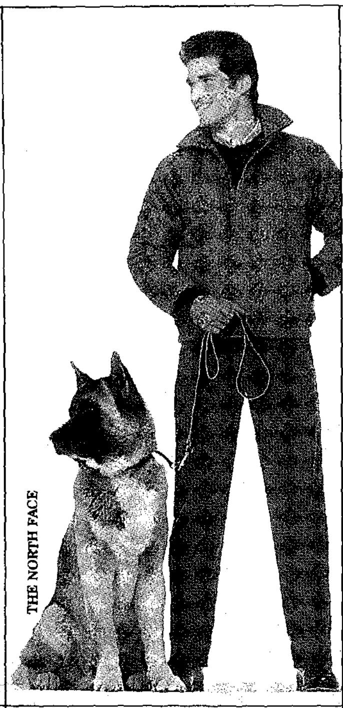
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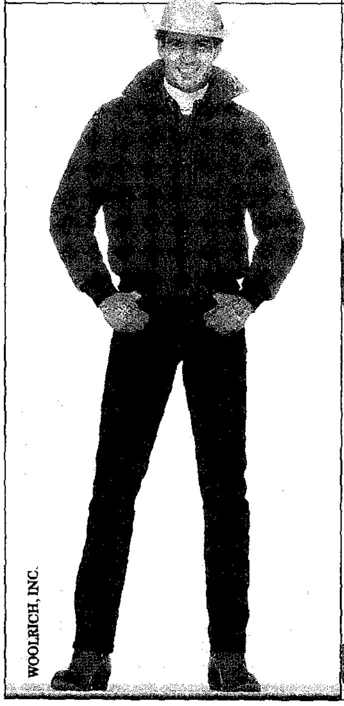
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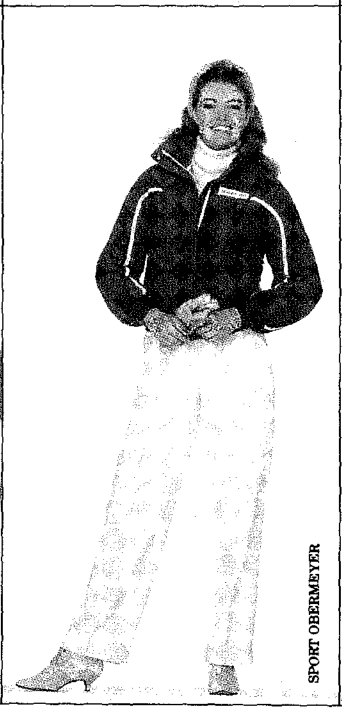
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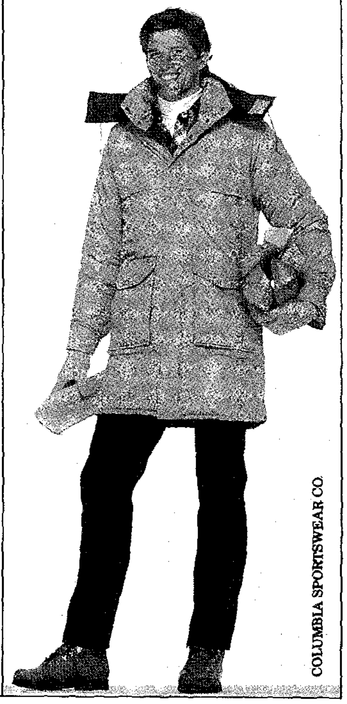
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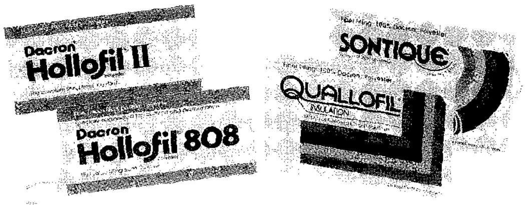

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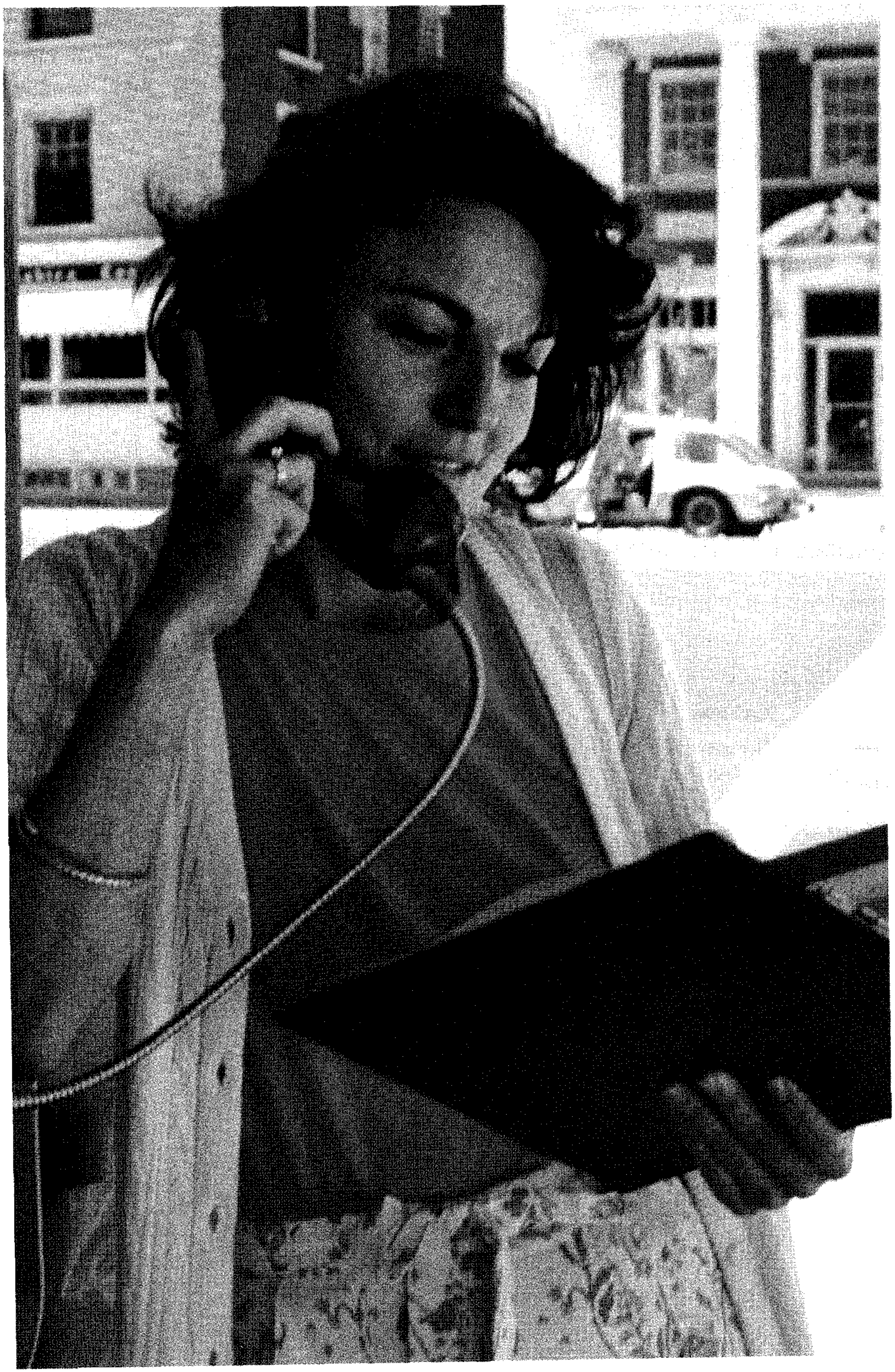

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spending. Some of these savings, such as cuts in health-care costs and in agriculture programs and defense, Mondale had talked about earlier. Whether all the numbers would withstand close scrutiny, whether all his economic assumptions would pan out, or whether all of Mondale's projected savings would be enacted can't be known now. But Mondale's was the most detailed proposal a Presidential candidate had made—and, in any event, had a larger point. Mondale had taken a big gamble, and no one, on either side, could be sure how it would turn out, but his is a campaign of big gambles now—to, as his aides say, get the attention of the American people and try to redefine what the election is about.

Other revenues would come from a presumed rate of growth to be stimulated by a presumed looser monetary policy of the Federal Reserve Board. Any additional spending, Mondale said, would have to be financed on a "pay-as-you-go" basis—by finding new revenues. One interesting aspect of Mondale's program is its recognition of limits; a leading Democrat from the New Deal and Great Society traditions is stipulating a new fiscal conservatism for the Democrats—an acceptance that, especially under present conditions, there are constraints on what government can do. In Philadelphia, Mondale said, of Reagan, "When it comes to the deficits, he is neither a moderate nor a conservative; he's a radical." He added, "There's no debt in the history of humanity that even compares to what he's been doing to our economy." He said that Reagan "whistles right along—'no problem'—when everybody knows there's a problem." He said Reagan was running a "happy-talk campaign." (One theory that the Mondale campaign has is that there is resentment "out there" of Reagan's painting things as more rosy than many think they are.)

Inevitably, the Administration landed on Mondale's plan on the day that it was announced. It was left to Bush, Regan, and others to offer more detailed critiques. Reagan, in a brief photo opportunity at the White House while he was meeting with the National Baptist Convention leaders, dismissed the plan as "nothing new." Reagan said, "He told us several weeks ago he was going to raise the people's taxes." When reporters asked Reagan if he would offer his own specific budget-reduction plans, he cut off the questioning, saying, "Now, this is a photo opportunity, and I'm going to stay with the business at hand."

YESTERDAY, Mondale got a strong dose of being up against an incumbent. Reagan announced that he would meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Washington at the end of the month, during Gromyko's annual visit to the United Nations. Mondale, who was trying to have the focus of the day be on the deficit, made the best of the situation, saying, "I'm glad it's occurring," but said that it was "pretty pathetic that an Administration, in the middle of its campaign for reëlection, has its first meeting not with the Soviet counterpart of the President but with the Foreign Minister." Mondale said, trying to raise the ante for Reagan, "If they would come out with a significant arms-control agreement, I would be thrilled."

TODAY, the House ethics committee voted unanimously to investigate charges that Ferraro had violated the financial-disclosure laws when she claimed an exemption from disclosing the financial status of her husband. This action came as no great surprise: the conservative Washington Legal Foundation had brought a charge against Ferraro, and the Ethics Committee, protective of its image, couldn't not investigate it. Meanwhile, Ferraro had become embroiled in a dispute with the Catholic hierarchy, particularly New York Archbishop John J. O'Connor, over her position on abortion. Ferraro, like other prominent Catholic politicians, says that she is personally opposed to abortion but that, as a public official, she should not impose her religious views on others. Substantial numbers of anti-abortion picketers have been turning up at her appearances, and the whole issue is becoming a distraction from what she has been trying to say.

Also today, a Washington *Post*–ABC poll showed Reagan leading Mondale by sixteen points—this is a gain of nine points for Reagan since shortly before the two Conventions. A new Gallup poll has Reagan ahead by fifteen points, and a new Louis Harris poll gives Reagan a lead of thirteen points. The *Post*–ABC poll showed Mondale losing ground on the "leadership" issue; and it also said that while half the people feel that they are not better off financially than they were when Reagan took office, a majority of them feel that they would be

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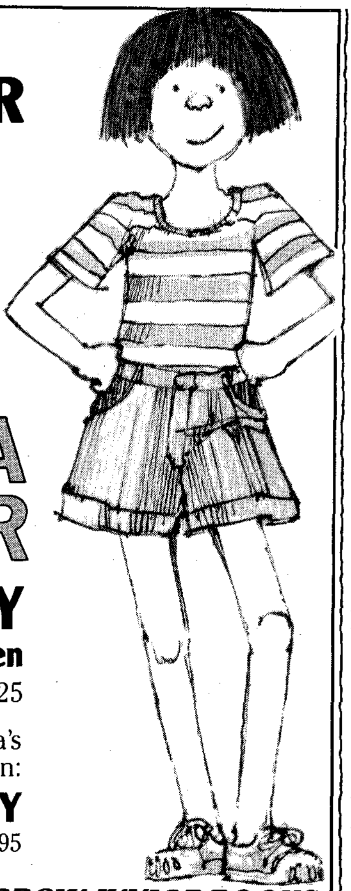

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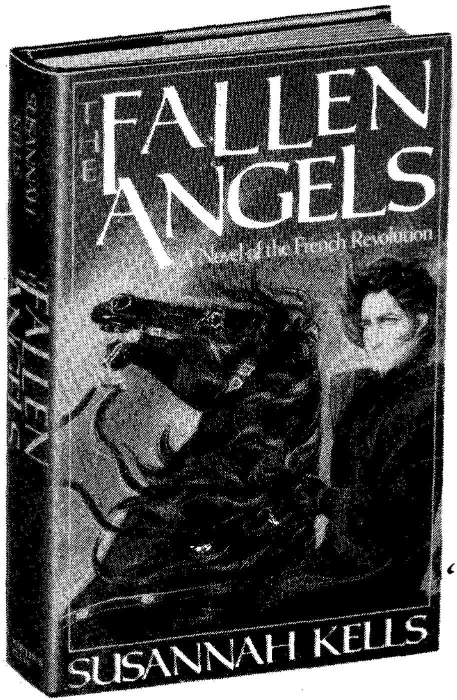

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better off under Reagan than under Mondale, and they tend to blame the Democratic Congress and previous Presidents for the deficit more than they do Reagan.

Mondale, meanwhile, has been campaigning in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois, and will campaign in Mississippi tomorrow. Some of the events reflected questionable scheduling again, and Mondale is said to be unhappy about this. However, he drew a large crowd in Peoria today, and told it, "This deficit must be cut, but the question is which one of us will do it fairly." He attacked Reagan for having tried to cut Social Security, and said, "He took an axe, a sledgehammer out and tried to destroy help for our schoolchildren, our students who need to go on to college. He took an axe out and tried to destroy help for our handicapped children," and, Mondale said, Reagan tried to cut school lunches, help for pregnant mothers and newborn infants, and tried to cut money for protecting the environment. Mondale said that Reagan went so far "that even the Republicans wouldn't go along with his cuts." He continued, "There's a limit to what Americans will permit to happen in this good country of ours." He said, "This is a contest over what kind of people we are."

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a Reuters wire dispatch*]

The U.S. Air Force said today faulty wiring and welding at its new launch pad in California would be completed in time for its first space shuttle launch to go ahead as scheduled.

•

D-DAY: THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE—This documentary uses original archival footage to portray the background and follow-up of history's greatest ambiguous attack.—*Listing in Take Five, program guide of KNME-TV, in Albuquerque.*

It seemed pretty straightforward to us.

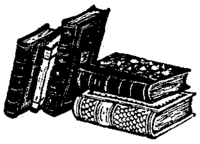
•

Townspeople were uncharacteristically dressed to the nines, watching opera star Marilyn Horne sing with the Eugene Symphony on the impressive stage of the Silva Concert Hall, the centerpiece of the $22.3 million complex. The gala seemed like the start of a new era of economic revitalization for the town. Excitement hung in the air, palpable as the smoke from the field burning that clouds Eugene skies every summer.—*Kristi Turnquist in Oregon Magazine.*

And excitement doesn't get soot all over your fancy clothes.

BOOKS

Time



WE in the modern industrial world are accustomed to wearing watches and looking at clocks, and so we regard time as a moral custodian—a constant demanding, exhorting, or reproving presence in our lives. Yet such an attitude toward the passage of days and nights, seasons and years is not an inherited characteristic of human beings, as David Landes, a distinguished economic and social historian, begins to remind us in the very title of his recent book, "Revolution in Time: Clocks and the Making of the Modern World" (Harvard; $20). His aim is to shed light on the origins of a particular sensibility, and in order to do so he confronts us with the distant past, when the experience of being on this earth was different subjectively as well as objectively: "The first thing one has to remember is that it is not 'natural' to want to know the precise time—that is, time as expressed in hours, minutes, and subminutes. We take such a need for granted, because hundreds of years of time discipline have inured us to it." Such intense discipline did not exert itself upon the great majority of people in earlier centuries, and, indeed, even now millions of men, women, and children manage to live their lives without recourse to chronometric gadgets worn on the wrist or placed near the pillow. The author's description of T'ang and Sung Dynasty China (a period that stretched from the seventh century to the twelfth) still applies to much of our century's so-called Third World:

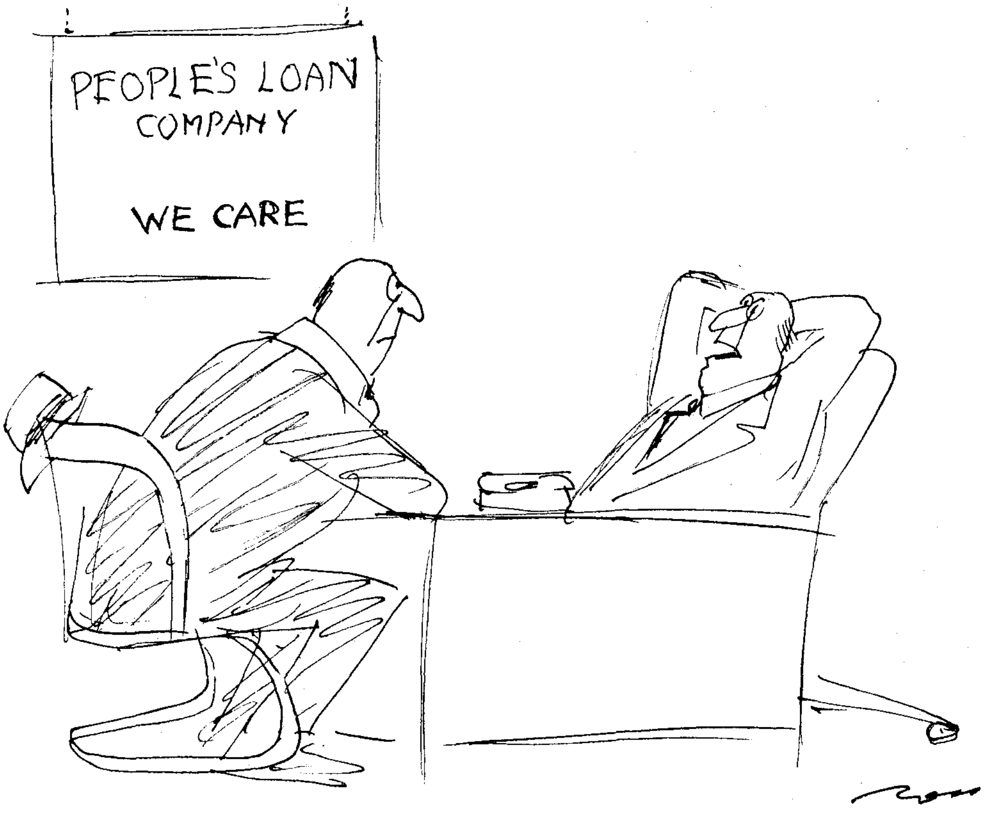
> In places where the peasants farmed collectively, a drum might summon the people to labor in the fields, but this does not imply the existence of temporal obligations or points of reference. Such signals were presumably themselves irregular, dictated by nature, weather, and the varying requirements of agriculture, conforming not to schedule but to opportunity and circumstances.

Even in the cities, we are reminded, artisans and craftsmen did not constantly check the time of day. The author distinguishes between "busyness"—a constant effort to do one's work—and "productivity," which has to do with "output per unit of time." The latter notion is what our factories and offices take for granted, and contrasts with an earlier way of regarding day and night:

> The craftsman awoke with the dawn and the animals and worked as long as natural light or oil lamps permitted. In the typical household workshop, one person, usually the newest apprentice, would "sleep on one ear," wake before the others, start the fire, get the water, then get the others up; and the same person would usually shut things down at night.

Not that such people were indifferent to the passage of time. They saw the sun rise and set; they watched its daily movement across the sky—from daybreak to the arrival of darkness. On the other hand, "sensing or observing the passage of time," the author points out, "is not the same thing as knowing and using it." Moreover, some cultures confined such knowledge and use to an élite. The Chinese, for instance, developed ingenious water clocks, but these were instruments of court astronomers, "the only persons who were permitted in principle to use timekeeping." Each Chinese emperor handed down his own calendar, often ignoring that of his predecessor. Time was royal property. Even when Europeans (such as the Italian Jesuit Matteo Ricci, in the sixteenth century) brought portable clocks to China, there was a clear refusal to embrace the alien machinery. The Western missionaries, not to mention traders, were regarded as barbarians; their timepieces were deemed aspects of a crudely intrusive world, and an "assault on China's self-esteem." The Chinese social and commercial order had no need for what was developing into Western time, as symbolized by the clock, which not only was a public monument but was becoming available to more and more people as a private device—one that ultimately exerted enormous control over the lives of those who possessed it. Soon enough, it was utterly indispensable.

"The clock did not create an interest in time measurement," we are told, but, rather, "the interest in time measurement led to the invention of the clock"—perhaps the most important and provocative statement of this book. In a splendidly erudite yet accessible series of chapters, Professor Landes addresses the history of that interest—the remote origins, really, of capitalism. As R. H. Tawney and Max Weber have done in a more theoreti-



"I'm very sorry, sir, but just this morning we adopted a new policy whereby we don't care."

cal history, Landes connects certain Christian values with the growth of Western commerce. He does so, for example, through an account of what time came to mean for the Benedictine monasteries of the sixth century. The earliest Christians, who were Jews, prayed in the tradition of their ancient faith—in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening, though at no precise hour. Gradually, the Christians made further ritual demands on themselves—moments of supplication meant to affirm with special urgency the important particularity of a new faith. Such practices were by no means set, however; there were collective religious vigils, spontaneous outbursts of worship, devotions uttered during work pauses or in connection with a meal. Liturgy was as yet bound to the sun's cycle. In upper Egypt in the fourth century, a monk named Pachomius countered what Landes felicitously calls a "prevailing eremetic individualism" with a carefully spelled-out set of mandates concerning precisely when just about everything should happen: food taken, work done, prayers spoken, sleep embraced. Now there was an "office" (*publicum officium*), to be recited at certain hours, and now the multitude of harassed ordinary men and women could go about their lives with the assurance that somewhere at specific moments in the day a clergy was attentive to each human being's divine interests through the medium of an established sequence of entreaties to God.

By no means did all of Christendom suddenly become seized by an exact and strict temporal obsession—*this* to be said *then*, no matter what. It was still possible to let common-sense visual cues determine the saying of Mass—the faint light of morning, the intense light of midday, the waning light of the afternoon, the evening's darkness. On the other hand, at one spot in the steadily expanding Christian world a decided and fastidious specificity took hold of the monks' communication with God:

> It was in the West, in the Rule of Saint Benedict, that the new order of the offices found its first complete and detailed realization: six (later seven) daytime services (lauds, prime, tierce, sext, none, vespers, and compline) and one at night (vigils, later matins). As the very names indicate, most of these were designated and set in terms of clock hours. Hence the very term "canonical hour," which eventually became synonymous with the office itself: one "recited the hours."

This emerging punctuality gets, in Professor Landes's book, an analysis worthy of its complex sources. The monks wanted a regularity that insured everyone's simultaneous petition of the Almighty—who, it was thought, would more likely heed the organized many than the random requests of individuals. Moreover, "idleness is an enemy of the soul," St. Benedict insisted: *laborare est orare*—working *is* praying. Mindful of such a strain of ideology, the author understands why "time and the calendar were just about the only aspect of medieval science that moved ahead in this period." All other knowledge, he points out, suffered "a drastic regression." But the monks rang their admonitory bells, and gradually those bells became automated; that is, they pronounced regular hours instead of sounding to the occasional tug of a monk performing his early-morning or late-evening duty.

Such a monastic spirit exerted no little influence upon the secular world. If the clergy maintained a constant busyness, those who worked the fields followed their example, and so did those who worked in the towns, the "bourgs" (hence the later term "bourgeoisie"). Witnesses to a human landscape of widespread pestilence, suffering, and death, the monks urged an almost feverish cycle of supplication, not to mention toil, in one or another vineyard. Work proved one to be relatively well; work might even justify one (and hence reduce personal jeopardy) in God's sight. The result: an expanding commerce, increasingly regulated by considerations of output achieved in a given span of time.

What we take for granted—the authority of a factory's time clock, punched by worker after worker—was for medieval artisans (already a proletariat, being no longer producers themselves but, rather, sellers of their labor) a source of considerable apprehension: whose time was it that the bells, the public clocks, announced each day? Over the centuries, technology would provide the answer to this question, as clocks and then watches enabled the individual to own time—even to carry it about, as a companion and a piece of property. The emergence of the spring-driven clock (in the beginning of the fifteenth century) and the watch (toward the end of the century) marked the onset of a new individualism. No one person invented these symbols of our civilization; they emerged here and there from an expanding scientific understanding and,

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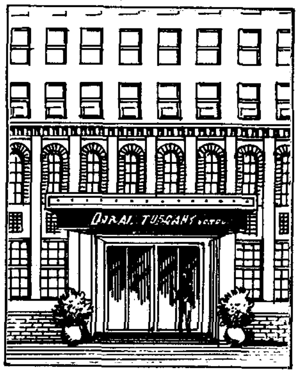

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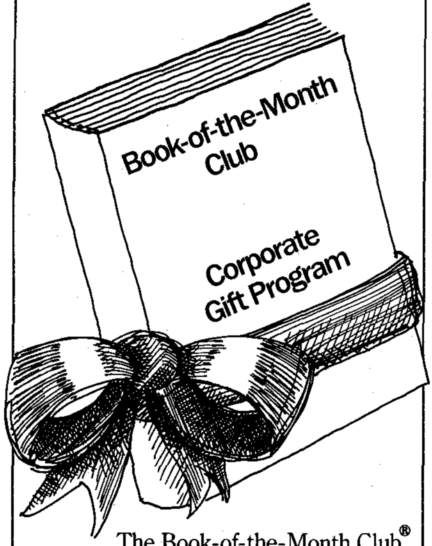

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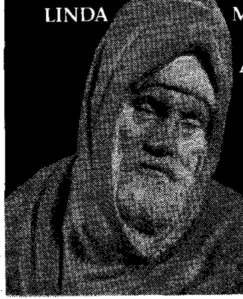

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as well, a new capability in the application of knowledge to practical matters. The author turns away from the word "invention" in favor of "a silent transition occurring in several centers more or less contemporaneously." By 1518, watches had become so small that King Francis I of France could have one in the hilt of his dagger; later in the century England's Elizabeth wore a watch that not only told her the time but could make an alarming point of it by emitting a prong that scratched her finger. Such watches were not at all accurate by our standards, but these singular royal displays were soon followed by a proliferation of timepieces; they became fixtures in the lives of burghers and, collectively, a great spur to European industrialization.

The technical side of this advance receives substantial attention from Professor Landes; he provides numerous pictures and diagrams of an increasingly accurate timekeeping capacity, and in his text he describes how these wondrous gadgets work. But he is at his best as a social essayist, examining the implications of what we are likely to take for granted: the arbitrary division of day and night into hours, minutes, and seconds, with all its consequences for transportation, services, and factory life. Here is Professor Landes applying his usual wry and elegant erudition to the changing world of nineteenth-century British travel:

> The advertisements of the day reflect the heightened time consciousness: they boast of ever-faster schedules, announce precise departures and connections. What they do not talk about is horses driven to exhaustion and death by the effort to save minutes in a prerailway age. Thus, the locomotive, when it came in the 1820s, found a society already prepared for it psychologically and horologically by half a century of record and leg breaking. The builders of the Liverpool-Manchester line thought that most of their business would take the form of freight. They could not have been more profitably wrong.

As people rushed to meet travel schedules, workers learned the penalties of tardiness (various fines, or even the loss of a job) and the rewards of being on time and laboring hard and long—a clock, for instance, "a favorite prize for good workers." Soon entire nations were not only regulating themselves chronologically (the zones we now accept as givens) but fighting over which one would prevail as the world's dominant watch- and clockmaker. The Swiss, we know, prevailed—the Protestant Swiss, Calvin's

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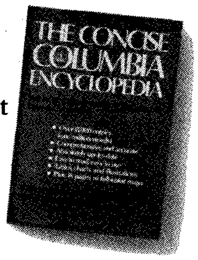

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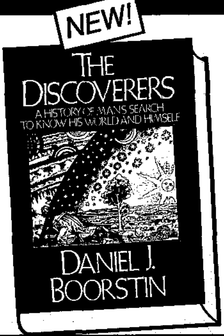

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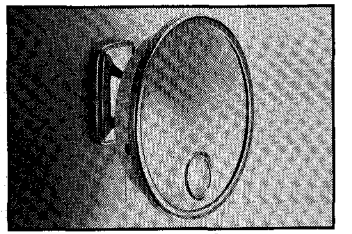

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heirs. Professor Landes offers no single explanation for that triumph—though the aggressive, relentless determination of a particular segment of a small nation clearly impresses him. Today, that achievement is endangered. Though some will always want the "prestige, artistry, luxury, snobbery" that the Swiss watchmakers offer, their "comparative advantage in skill and experience has been devalued overnight by the quartz revolution." Ever since Pierre Curie noticed what came to be called "piezoelectricity"—the oscillation of quartz crystals when touched by electricity—the traditional watch industry has been living on borrowed time. Quartz watches can be produced quickly anywhere by semiskilled workers. The Swiss themselves have opened factories in Hong Kong: acquiescent, low-paid labor is now the chief determinant of watchmaking profit margins.

The quartz watch is not the final innovation, we are told. Mickey Mouse watches gave way rather quickly to Timex watches, and now many of us demand of watches not only the time and the date but calculations of all sorts, and alarms meant to sound various warnings. The author mentions "swirling currents of technological change" at the end of his wonderfully instructive, delightfully readable book, and he sees no chance at all that we will break free of clock time—our master, our benefactor, our occasional tyrant. The larger question, of course, is beyond his scope—maybe anyone's. "I know what time is, but if someone asks me I cannot tell him," St. Augustine said centuries ago. David Landes tells us we have yet to improve upon that observation, even as our physicists, with their explorations, make the second seem like an eternity. The late-twentieth-century mind boggles when it contemplates light as energy, time as matter, all the heavens as a looming "black hole." Meanwhile, most of us moving along on this earthly journey mark it with an acquired sense that surely rivals in power and significance that of sight, sound, or smell: time, the constant measure of the particular interval each person calls a life. —ROBERT COLES

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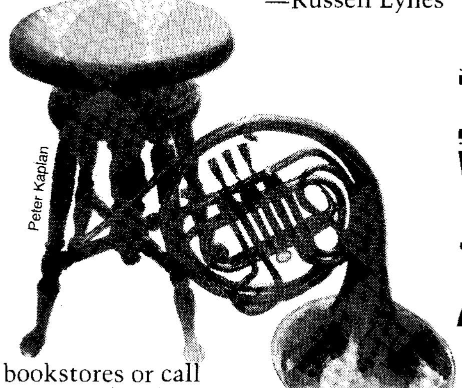

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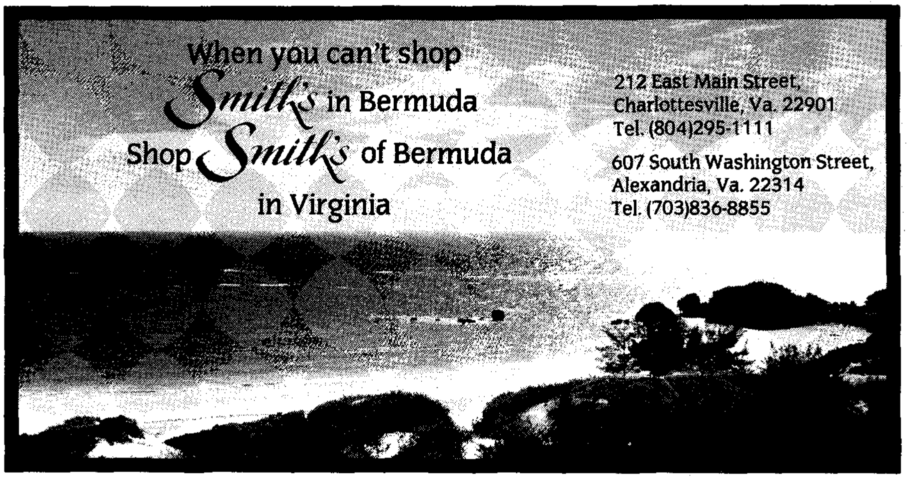
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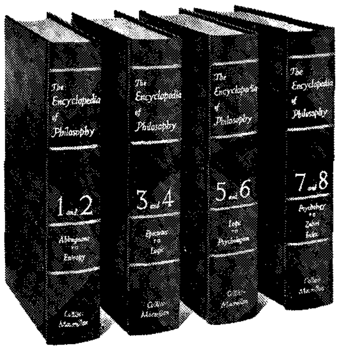

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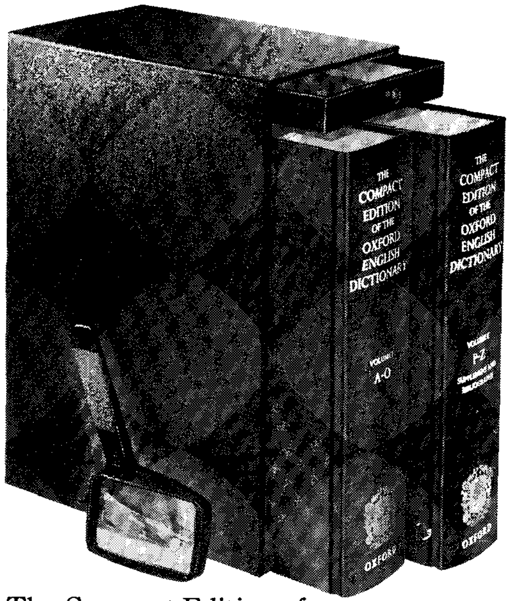

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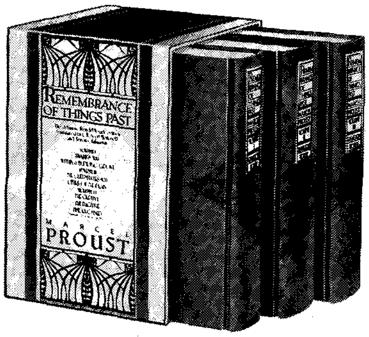

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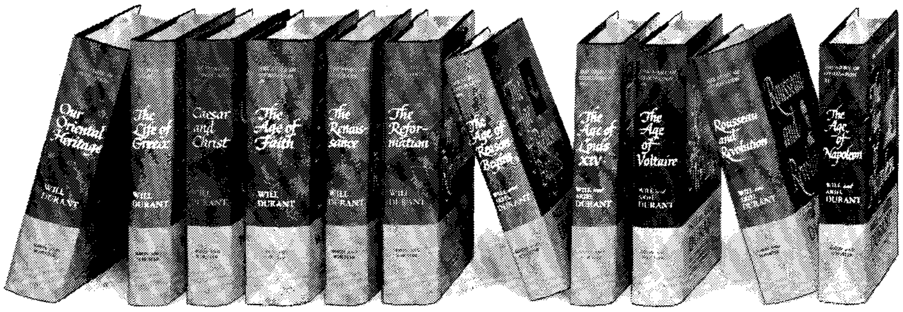

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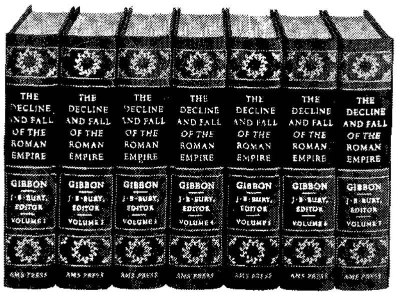

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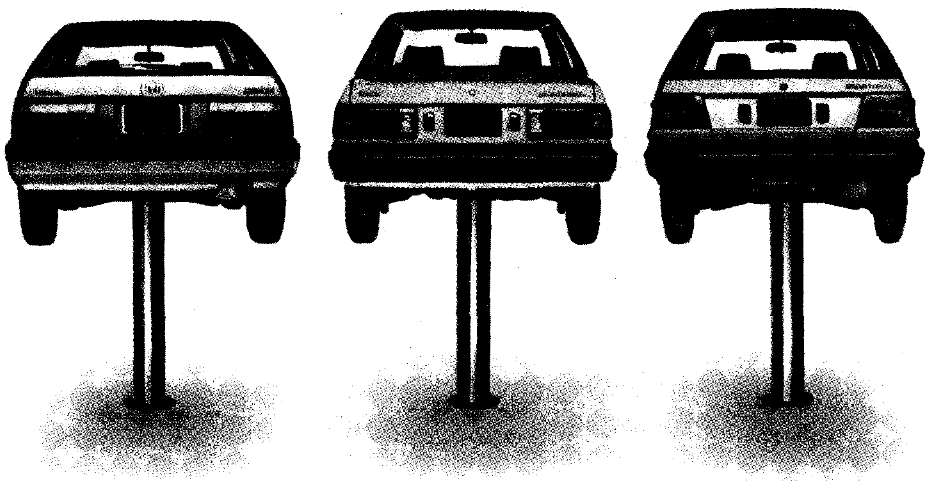
Ford Escort spends less time in the air than these Japanese imports.



Ford Escort has been carefully engineered to help lower your cost of ownership by reducing required scheduled maintenance operations.

Number of Scheduled Maintenance Operations Required*	
Honda Accord	58
Nissan Sentra	54
Toyota Tercel	37
Ford Escort	20

The chart above shows just how well it stacks up against the leading Japanese imports.

Escort's efficient CVH engine will also do its part to help keep your operating costs way down. [37] EPA Est. MPG, 56 Est. HWY.**

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*For five years or 50,000 miles. Scheduled maintenance performed at regular intervals is, of course, essential. But don't forget that other vehicle checks (fluid levels, tire pressure, headlight alignment, etc.) also should be performed periodically by you or a qualified technician. Vehicles in severe use require additional maintenance.

**For comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Escort mileage applicable to sedans with FS engine and without power steering and A/C. Not available in California.

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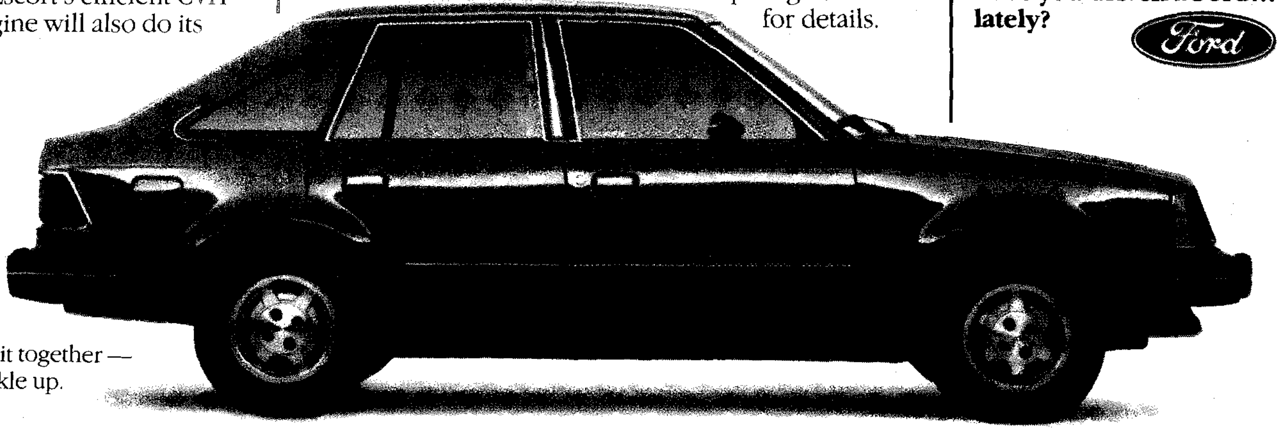
Ford



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